THE LUCUBRATIONS OF *Iſaac Bickerſtaff* Eſq;

VOL. II.

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THE LUCUBRATIONS OF *Isaac Bickerstaff* Esq;

VOL. II.

Οὐ χρὴ παννύχιον εὕδειν βουληφόρον ἀνδρά. Homer.

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THE

LUCUBRATIONS

OF



VOL. II.

TO

Edward Wortley Mountague, Eſq;

SIR,

WHEN I ſend you this Volume, I am rather to make you a Requeſt than a Dedication. I muſt deſire, that if you think fit to throw away any Moments on it, you would not do it after reading thoſe excellent Pieces with which you are uſually converſant. The Images which you will meet with here, will be very feint, after the Peruſal of the *Greeks* and *Romans*, who are your Ordinary Companions. I muſt confeſs I am obliged to you for the Taſt of many of their Excellencies, which I had not obſerved till you pointed them to me. I am very proud that there are ſome Things in theſe Papers which I know you pardon; and it is no ſmall Pleaſure to have ones Labours ſuffered by the Judgment of a Man who ſo well underſtands the true Charms of Eloquence and

Poeſie. But I direct this Addreſs to you; not that I think I can entertain you with my Writings, but to thank you for the new Delight I have from your Converſation in thoſe of other Men.

May you enjoy a long Continuance of the true Reliſh of the Happineſs Heaven hath beſtowed upon you. I know not how to ſay a more affectionate Thing to you, than to wiſh that you may be always what you are; and that you may ever think, as I know you now do, that you have a much larger Fortune than you want. I am,

SIR,

Your moſt Obedient, and

Moſt Humble Servant,

Iſaac Bickerſtaff.

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Charles Woodroffe, *of the City of* Wincheſter, *D. D.*
Sir Jo. Woolf, *Knight and Alderman*
John Goden Woolf
Mr. George Woolley
Mr. H. Worſley [2 *Books*]
Sidney Wortley Montague *Eſq;*
Edw. Wortley Montague *Eſq;*
Mr. Joſeph Wright [2 *Books*]
Mr. Thomas Wylde
Richard Wynne *Eſq;*

THE

[N° 51.]

THE TATLER:

BY

Iſaac Bickerſtaff Eſq;

VOL. II.

Quicquid agunt Homines noſtri Farrago Libelli.

From *Thurſday, Auguſt* 4. to *Saturday, Auguſt* 6. 1709.

White's Chocolate-houſe, Auguſt 5.

The Hiſtory of Orlando *the Fair.* Chap. II.

FOrtune being now propitious to the gay *Orlando*, he dreſs'd, he ſpoke, he mov'd, as a Man might be ſuppos'd to do in a Nation of Pigmies, and had an equal Value for our Approbation or Diſlike. It is uſual for thoſe who profeſs a Contempt of the World, to fly from it and live in Obſcurity; but *Orlando*, with a greater Magnanimity, contemn'd it, and appeared in it to tell 'em ſo. If therefore his exalted Mien met with an unwelcome Reception, he was ſure always to double the Cauſe which gave the Diſtaſt. You ſee

Mr. Ben. Wall, *Merchant*
Horatio Walpole *Eſq;*
Mr. G. Walpole
Mr. H. Walpole, *Junior*
R. Walpole *Eſq; Treaſurer of the Navy*
William Wardour *Eſq;*
Mr. John Warner, *Goldſmith*
Mrs. Warter
Mr. Waterhouſe
Hon. E. Watſon
Mr. John Webſter
Sir Tho. Webſter *Bar.*
Abraham Weekes, *of* Rookely *in* Hants, *Eſq;*
Mr. Weld
Joſ. Wells *Eſq; Serjeant at Law*
Sir John Wentworth
Mr. Charles Weſt, *Apothecary*
Mr. John Weſt
Mr. T. Wharton
Brigadier-General Whetham
Mr. William Whiddon
Mr. Joſeph Whiſton, *Dyer*
Sir Paul Whitchote *Bar.*
Mr. George Whitehead [2 *Books*]
Mr. Samuel Whitſted
Mr. Richard Whitworth [2 *Books*]
Mr. Robert Wilks
Lieutenant-Colonel Windham
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our Beauties affect a Negligence in the Ornament of their Hair, and adjuſting their Head-dreſſes, as conſcious that they adorn whatever they wear. *Orlando* had not only this Humour in common with other Beauties, but alſo had a Neglect whether Things became him or not, in a World he contemn'd. For this Reaſon, a noble Particularity appear'd in all his Oeconomy, Furniture, and Equipage. And to convince the preſent little Race, how unequal all their Meaſures were to an *Antidiluvian*, as he call'd himſelf, in reſpect of the Inſects which now appear for Men, he ſometimes rode in an open Tumbril, of leſs Size than ordinary, to ſhow the Largeneſs of his Limbs, and the Grandeur of his Perſonage, to the greater Advantage: At other Seaſons, all his Appointments had a Magnificence, as if it were form'd by the Genius of *Trimalchio* of old, which ſhow'd it ſelf in doing ordinary Things with an Air of Pomp and Grandeur. *Orlando* therefore call'd for Tea by Beat of Drum; his Valet got ready to ſhave him by a Trumpet to Horſe; and Water was brought for his Teeth, when the Sound was chang'd to Boots and Saddle.

In all theſe glorious Exceſſes from the common Practice, did the happy *Orlando* live and reign in an uninterrupted Tranquility, till an unlucky Accident brought to his Remembrance, that one Evening he was married before he courted the Nuptials of *Villaria*. Several fatal *Memorandums* were produced to revive the Memory of this Accident, and the unhappy Lover was for ever baniſhed her Preſence, to whom he

ow'd

ow'd the Support of his juſt Renown and Gallantry. But Diſtreſs does not debaſe noble Minds; it only changes the Scene, and gives them new Glory by that Alteration. *Orlando* therefore now raves in a Garret, and calls to his Neighbour-Skies to pity his Dolors, and to find Redreſs for an unhappy Lover. All high Spirits, in any great Agitation of Mind, are inclin'd to relieve themſelves by Poetry: The renown'd Porter of *Oliver* had not more Volumes around his Cell in his College of *Bedlam*, than *Orlando* in his preſent Apartment. And tho' inſerting Poetry in the midſt of Proſe be thought a Licence among correct Writers not to be indulg'd, it is hop'd, the Neceſſity of doing it, to give a juſt Idea of the Hero of whom we treat, will plead for the Liberty we ſhall hereafter take, to print *Orlando*'s Soliloquies in Verſe and Proſe, after the Manner of great Wits, and ſuch as thoſe to whom they are nearly ally'd.

Will's Coffee-houſe, Auguſt 5.

A good Company of us were this Day to ſee, or rather to hear, an artful Perſon do ſeveral Feats of Activity with his Throat and Wind-pipe. The firſt Thing wherewith he preſented us, was a Ring of Bells, which he imitated in a moſt miraculous Manner; after that, he gave us all the different Notes of a Pack of Hounds, to our great Delight and Aſtoniſhment. The Company expreſs'd their Applauſe with much Noiſe; and never was heard ſuch an Harmony of Men and Dogs: But a certain plump merry Fellow, from an Angle of the Room, fell a crow-

ing like a Cock ſo ingeniouſly, that he won our Hearts from the other Operator in an Inſtant. As ſoon as I ſaw him, I recollected I had ſeen him on the Stage, and immediately knew it to be *Tom. Mirrour*, the Comical Actor. He immediately addreſs'd himſelf to me, and told me, he was ſurpriz'd to ſee a Virtuoſo take Satisfaction in any Repreſentations below that of humane Life; and ask'd me, Whether I thought this acting Bells and Dogs was to be conſidered under the Notion of Wit, Humour, or Satyr? Were it not better, continued he, to have ſome particular Picture of Man laid before your Eyes, that might incite your Laughter? He had no ſooner ſpoke the Word, but he immediately quitted his natural Shape, and talked to me in a very different Air and Tone from what he had uſed before; upon which all that ſat near us laugh'd; but I ſaw no Diſtortion in his Countenance, or any Thing that appear'd to me diſagreeable. I ask'd *Pacolet*, What meant that ſudden Whiſper about us? For I could not take the Jeſt. He anſwered, The Gentleman you were talking to, aſſum'd your Air and Countenance ſo exactly, that all fell a laughing to ſee how little you knew your ſelf, and how much you were enamoured with your own Image. But that Perſon, (continued my Monitor) if Men would make the right Uſe of him, might be as Inſtrumental to their reforming Errors in Geſture, Language, and Speech, as a Dancing-Maſter, Linguiſt, or Orator. You ſee he laid your ſelf before you with ſo much Addreſs, that you ſaw nothing particular in his Behaviour: He

He has ſo happy a Knack of repreſenting Errors and Imperfections, that you can bear your Faults in him as well as in your ſelf: He is the firſt Mimick that ever gave the Beauties, as well as the Deformities, of the Man he acted. What Mr. *Dryden* ſaid of a very great Man, may be well apply'd to him:

He is
Not one, but all Mankind's Epitome.

You are to know, that this *Pantomime* may be ſaid to be a Species of himſelf: He has no Commerce with the reſt of Mankind, but as they are the Objects of Imitation; like the *Indian* Fowl, called the *Mock-Bird*, who has no Note of his own, but hits every Sound in the Wood as ſoon as he hears it; ſo that *Mirrour* is at once a Copy and an Original. Poor *Mirrour*'s Fate (as well as Talent) is like that of the Bird we juſt now ſpoke of: The Nightingale, the Linnet, the Lark, are delighted with his Company; but the Buzzard, the Crow, and the Owl, are obſerved to be his mortal Enemies. Whenever *Sophronius* meets *Mirrour*, he receives him with Civility and Reſpect, and well knows, a good Copy of himſelf can be no Injury to him; but *Bathillus* ſhuns the Secret where he expects to meet him; for he that knows his every Step and Look is conſtrained and affected, muſt be afraid to be rival'd in his Action, and of having it diſcovered to be unnatural, by its being practiſed by another as well as himſelf.

From my own Apartment, Auguſt 5.

Letters from *Coventry* and other Places have been ſent to me, in Anſwer to what I have ſaid in Relation to my Antagoniſt Mr. *Powell*, and adviſe me, with warm Language, to keep to Subjects more proper for me than ſuch high Points. But the Writers of theſe Epiſtles miſtake the Uſe and Service I propoſe to the learned World by ſuch Obſervations: For you are to underſtand, That the Title of this Paper gives me a Right in taking to my ſelf, and inſerting in it, all ſuch Parts of any Book or Letter which are foreign to the Purpoſe intended, or profeſs'd by the Writer: So that ſuppoſe two great Divines ſhould argue, and treat each other with Warmth and Levity unbecoming their Subject or Character, all that they ſay unfit for that Place is very proper to be inſerted here. Therefore from Time to Time, in all Writings which ſhall hereafter be publiſhed, you ſhall have from me Extracts of all that ſhall appear not to the Purpoſe; and for the Benefit of the gentle Reader, I will ſhow what to turn over unread, and what to peruſe. For this End I have a Mathematical Sive preparing, in which I will ſift every Page and Paragraph; and all that falls through, I ſhall make bold with for my own Uſe. The ſame Thing will be as beneficial in Speech; for all ſuperfluous Expreſſions in Talk fall to me alſo: As, when a Pleader at the Bar deſigns to be extremely impertinent and troubleſome, and cries, *Under Favour of the Court* —— *With Submiſſion, my Lord* —— *I humbly offer* —— and, *I think I have well conſidered this Matter*; *for I would be very*

very far from trifling with your Lordſhip's Time, or treſpaſſing upon your Patience—However, thus I will venture to ſay—and ſo forth. Or elſe, when a ſufficient ſelf-conceited Coxcomb is bringing out ſomething in his own Praiſe, and begins, *Without Vanity*, I muſt take this upon me to aſſert. There is alſo a Trick which the Fair Sex have, that will greatly contribute to ſwelling my Volumes: As, when a Woman is going to abuſe her beſt Friend, *Pray* (ſaid ſhe) *have you heard what I ſaid of Mrs. ſuch a one: I am heartily ſorry to hear any thing of that Kind, of one I have ſo great a Value for; but they make no Scruple of telling it; and it was not ſpoken of to me as a Secret, for now all the Town rings of it.* All ſuch Flowers in Rhetorick, and little Refuges for Malice, are to be noted, and naturally belong only to Tatlers. By this Method you will immediately find Volumes contract themſelves into Octavo's, and the Labour of a Fortnight got over in half a Day.

This is to give Notice, That if any able-bodied Palatine *will enter into the Bonds of Matrimony with* Betty Pepin, *the ſaid* Palatine *ſhall be ſettled in a Freehold of* 40s per Annum *in the County of* Middleſex.

The TATLER. [No. 52.

From *Saturday*, *Auguſt* 6. to *Tueſday*, *Auguſt*, 9. 1709.

White's Chocolate-houſe, Auguſt 8.

Delamira *reſigns her Fan.*

LOng had the Crowd of the Gay and Young ſtood in Suſpence as to their Fate in their Paſſion to the beauteous *Delamira*; but all their Hopes are lately vaniſhed, by the Declaration that ſhe has made of her Choice, to take the happy *Archibald* for her Companion for Life. Upon her making this known, the Expence of Sweet Powder and Jeſſamine are conſiderably abated; and the Mercers and Milleners complain of her Want of publick Spirit, in not concealing longer a Secret which was ſo much the Benefit of Trade. But ſo it has happen'd; and no one was in Confidence with her in carrying on this Treaty but the matchleſs *Virgulta*, whoſe Deſpair of ever entring the Matrimonial State, made her, ſome Nights before *Delamira*'s Reſolution was publiſhed to the World, addreſs her ſelf to her in the following Manner:

Delamira, *You are now going into that State of Life, wherein the Uſe of your Charms is wholly to be applied to the pleaſing only one Man. That ſwimming Air of your Body, that janty bearing of your Head over one Shoulder, and that inexpreſſible Beauty in your Manner of playing your Fan, muſt be lower'd*

lower'd into a more confin'd Behaviour; to ſhow, That you would rather ſhun than receive Addreſſes for the future. Therefore, dear Delamira, *give me thoſe Excellencies you leave off, and acquaint me with your Manner of Charming: For I take the Liberty of our Friendſhip to ſay, That when I conſider my own Stature, Motion, Complexion, Wit or Breeding, I cannot think my ſelf any Way your Inferior; yet do I go through Crowds without wounding a Man, and all my Acquaintance marry round me, while I live a Virgin unask'd, and (I think) unregarded.*

Delamira heard her with great Attention, and with that Dexterity which is natural to her, told her, That all ſhe had above the reſt of her Sex and contemporary Beauties was wholly owing to a Fan (which was left her by her Mother, and had been long in the Family) which whoever had in Poſſeſſion, and uſed with Skill, ſhould command the Hearts of all her Beholders: And ſince (ſaid ſhe ſmiling) I have no more to do with extending my Conqueſts or Triumphs, I'll make you a Preſent of this ineſtimable Rarity. *Virgulta* made her Expreſſions of the higheſt Gratitude for ſo uncommon a Confidence in her, and deſir'd ſhe would ſhow her what was peculiar in the Management of that Utenſil, which render'd it of ſuch general Force while ſhe was Miſtreſs of it. *Delamira* reply'd. You ſee, Madam, *Cupid* is the principal Figure painted on it; and the Skill in playing this Fan is, in your ſeveral Motions of it, to let him appear as little as poſſible; for honourable

nourable Lovers fly all Endeavours to enſnare 'em; and your *Cupid* muſt hide his Bow and Arrow, or he'll never be ſure of his Game. You may obſerve, continued ſhe, That in all publick Aſſemblies, the Sexes ſeem to ſeparate themſelves, and draw up to attack each other with Eye-ſhot: That is the Time when the Fan, which is all the Armour of Woman, is of moſt Uſe in our Defence; for our Minds are conſtrued by the waving of that little Inſtrument, and our Thoughts appear in Compoſure or Agitation according to the Motion of it. You may obſerve, when *Will Peregrine* comes into the Side-Box, Miſs *Gatty* flutters her Fan as a Fly does its Wings round a Candle; while her elder Siſter, who is as much in Love with him as ſhe is, is as grave as a Veſtal at his Entrance, and the Conſequence is accordingly. He watches half the Play for a Glance from her Siſter, while *Gatty* is overlooked and neglected. I wiſh you heartily as much Succeſs in the Management of it as I have had: If you think fit to go on where I left off, I will give you a ſhort Account of the Execution I have made with it. *Cimon*, who is the dulleſt of Mortals, and tho' a wonderful great Scholar, does not only pauſe, but ſeems to take a Nap with his Eyes open between every other Sentence in his Diſcourſe: Him have I made a Leader in Aſſemblies; and one Blow on the Shoulder as I paſſed by him, has raiſed him to a downright Impertinent in all Converſations. The airy *Will. Sampler* is become a Lethargick by this my Wand, as *Cimon* is ſprightly. Take it, good Girl, and uſe it without

without Mercy; for the Reign of Beauty never laſted full Three Years, but it ended in Marriage, or Condemnation to Virginity. As you fear therefore the one, and hope for the other, I expect an Hourly Journal of your Triumphs; for I have it by certain Tradition, that it was given to the firſt who wore it by an Inchantreſs, with this remarkable Power, That it beſtows a Husband in half a Year to her who does not over-look her proper Minute; but aſſigns to a long Deſpair the Woman who is well offer'd, and neglects that Propoſal. May Occaſion attend your Charms, and your Charms ſlip no Occaſion. Give me, I ſay, an Account of the Progreſs of your Forces at our next Meeting, and you ſhall hear what I think of my new Condition. I ſhould meet my future Spouſe this Moment. Farewell. Live in juſt Terror of the dreadful Words, SHE WAS.

From my own Apartment, Auguſt 8.

I had the Honour this Evening to viſit ſome Ladies, where the Subject of the Converſation was *Modeſty*, which they commended as a Quality quite as becoming in Men as in Women. I took the Liberty to ſay, It might be as beautiful in our Behaviour as in theirs; yet it could not be ſaid, it was as ſucceſsful in Life; for as it was the only Recommendation in them, ſo it was the greateſt Obſtacle to us both in Love and Buſineſs. A Gentleman preſent was of my Mind, and ſaid, That we muſt deſcribe the Difference between the Modeſty of Women and that of Men, or we ſhould be confounded in our Reaſonings upon it; for this Virtue is to be regarded

regarded with Regard to our different Ways of Life. The Woman's Province is to be careful in her Oeconomy, and chaſt in her Affection: The Man's, to be active in the Improvement of his Fortune, and ready to undertake whatever is conſiſtent with his Reputation for that End. Modeſty therefore in a Woman has a certain agreeable Fear in all ſhe enters upon; and in Men, it is compoſed of a right Judgment of what is proper for them to attempt. From hence it is, that a diſcreet Man is always a modeſt one. It is to be noted, that Modeſty in a Man is never to be allowed as a good Quality, but a Weakneſs, if it ſuppreſſes his Virtue, and hides it from the World, when he has at the ſame Time a Mind to exert himſelf. A *French* Author ſays very juſtly, That Modeſty is to the other Virtues in a Man, what Shade in a Picture is to the Parts of the Thing repreſented: It makes all the Beauties conſpicuous, which would otherwiſe be but a wild Heap of Colours. This Shade on our Actions muſt therefore be very juſtly applied; for if there be too much, it hides our good Qualities, inſtead of ſhowing them to Advantage. *Neſtor* in *Athens* was an unhappy Inſtance of this Truth; for he was not only in his Profeſſion the greateſt Man of that Age, but had given more Proofs of it than any other Man ever did; yet for Want of that natural Freedom and Audacity which is neceſſary in Commerce with Men, his perſonal Modeſty overthrew all his publick Actions. *Neſtor* was in thoſe Days a skilful Architect, and in a Manner the Inventor of the Uſe of Mechanick Powers, which

which he brought to ſo great Perfection, that he knew to an Atom what Foundation would bear ſuch a Superſtructure: And they record of him, That he was ſo prodigiouſly exact, that for the Experiment-ſake, he built an Edifice of great Beauty, and ſeeming Strength; but contrived ſo as to bear only its own Weight, and not to admit the Addition of the leaſt Particle. This Building was beheld with much Admiration by all the Virtuoſi of that Time; but fell down with no other Preſſure, but the ſettling of a *Wren* upon the Top of it: Yet *Neſtor*'s Modeſty was ſuch, that his Art and Skill were ſoon diſregarded, for Want of that Manner with which Men of the World ſupport and aſſert the Merit of their own Performances. Soon after this Inſtance of his Art, *Athens* was, by the Treachery of its Enemies, burnt to the Ground. This gave *Neſtor* the greateſt Occaſion that ever Builder had to render his Name immortal, and his Perſon venerable: For all the new City roſe according to his Diſpoſition, and all the Monuments of the Glories and Diſtreſſes of that People were erected by that ſole Artiſt: Nay, all their Temples, as well as Houſes, were the Effects of his Study and Labour; inſomuch, that it was ſaid by an old Sage, Sure, *Neſtor* will now be famous; for the Habitations of Gods, as well as Men, are built by his Contrivance. But this baſhful Quality ſtill put a Damp upon his great Knowledge, which has as fatal an Effect upon Men's Reputations as Poverty; for as it was ſaid, The poor Man ſaved the City, and the poor Man's Labour was forgot; ſo here we find,

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The Modeſt Man built the City, and the Modeſt Man's Skill was unknown. Thus we ſee every Man is the Maker of his own Fortune; and what is very odd to conſider, he muſt in ſome Meaſure be the Trumpet of his Fame: Not that Men are to be tolerated who directly praiſe themſelves, but they are to be endued with a Sort of defenſive Eloquence, by which they ſhall be always capable of expreſſing the Rules and Arts by which they govern themſelves. *Varillus* was the Man of all I have read of the happieſt in the true Poſſeſſion of this Quality of Modeſty. My Author ſays of him, Modeſty in *Varillus* is really a Virtue: for it is a voluntary Quality, and the Effect of good Senſe. He is naturally bold and enterpriſing; but ſo juſtly diſcreet, that he never acts or ſpeaks any Thing, but thoſe who behold him know he has forborn much more than he has perf rmed or utter'd, out of Deference to the Perſons before whom he is. This makes *Varillus* truly amiable, and all his Attempts ſucceſsful; for as bad as the World is thought to be by thoſe who are perhaps unskill'd in it, Want of Succeſs in our Actions is generally owing to Want of Judgment in what we ought to attempt, or a ruſtick Modeſty which will not give us Leave to undertake what we ought. But how unfortunate this diffident Temper is to thoſe who are poſſeſs'd with it, may be beſt ſeen in the Succeſs of ſuch as are wholly unacquainted with it. We have one peculiar Elegance in our Language above all others, which is conſpicuous in the Term *Fellow*. This word added to any of our Adjectives

ctives extremely varies, or quite alters the Senſe of that with which it is joined. Thus, though a modeſt Man is the moſt unfortunate of all Men, yet a modeſt Fellow is as ſuperlatively happy. A modeſt Fellow is a ready Creature, who with great Humility, and as great Forwardneſs, viſits his Patrons at all Hours, and meets 'em in all Places, and has ſo moderate an Opinion of himſelf, that he makes his Court at large: If you won't give him a great Employment, he will be glad of a little one. He has ſo great a Deference for his Benefactor's Judgment, that as he thinks himſelf fit for any Thing he can get, ſo he is above nothing which is offered. He is like the young Batchelor of Arts, who came to Town recommended to a Chaplain's Place; but none being vacant, modeſtly accepted of that of a Poſtillion. We have very many conſpicuous Perſons of this undertaking yet modeſt Turn; I have a Grandſon, who is very happy in this Quality: I ſent him in the Time of the laſt Peace into *France*. As ſoon as he landed at *Calais*, he ſent me an exact Account of the Nature of the People, and the Policies of the King of *France*. I got him ſince choſen a Member of a Corporation: The modeſt Creature, as ſoon as he came into the Common-Council, told a Senior Burgeſs, he was perfectly out in the Orders of their Houſe. In other Circumſtances, he is ſo thoroughly a modeſt Fellow, that he ſeems to pretend only to Things he underſtands. He is a Citizen only at Court, and in the City a Courtier. In a Word, to ſpeak the Characteriſtical Difference between

a

a Modeſt Man and a Modeſt Fellow; the Modeſt Man is in Doubt in all his Actions; a Modeſt Fellow never has a Doubt from his Cradle to his Grave.

The TATLER. [N°53.

From *Tueſday, Auguſt* 9. to *Thurſday, Auguſt* 11. 1709.

White's Chocolate-houſe, Auguſt 10.

The Civil Husband.

THE Fate and Character of the inconſtant *Oſmyn*, is a juſt Excuſe for the little Notice taken by his Widow, of his Departure out of this Life, which was equally troubleſome to *Elmira* his faithful Spouſe, and to himſelf. That Life paſs'd between them after this Manner, is the Reaſon the Town has juſt now received a Lady with all that Gaiety, after having been a Relict but Three Months, which other Women hardly aſſume under Fifteen after ſuch a Diſaſter. *Elmira* is the Daughter of a rich and worthy Citizen, who gave her to *Oſmyn* with a Portion which might have obtained her an Alliance with our nobleſt Houſes, and fix'd her in the Eye of the World, where her Story had not been now to be related: For her good Qualities had made her the Object of univerſal Eſteem among the polite Part of Mankind, from whom ſhe has been baniſh'd and immur'd till the Death of her Goaler. It is now full Fifteen Years ſince that beauteous Lady was given into

into the Hands of the happy *Oſmyn*, who in the Senſe of all the World received at that Time a Preſent more valuable than the Poſſeſſion of both the *Indies*. She was then in her early Bloom, with an Underſtanding and Diſcretion very little inferior to the moſt experienced Matrons. She was not beholden to the Charms of her Sex, that her Company was preferable to any *Oſmyn* could meet with abroad; for were all ſhe ſaid conſidered, without Regard to her being a Woman, it might ſtand the Examination of the ſevereſt Judges. She had all the Beauty of her own Sex, with all the Converſation-Accompliſhments of ours. But *Oſmyn* very ſoon grew ſurfeited with the Charms of her Perſon by Poſſeſſion, and of her Mind by Want of Taſte; for he was one of that looſe Sort of Men, who have but one Reaſon for ſetting any Value upon the Fair Sex, who conſider even Brides but as new Women, and conſequently neglect 'em when they ceaſe to be ſuch. All the Merit of *Elmira* could not prevent her becoming a meer Wife within few Months after her Nuptials; and *Oſmyn* had ſo little Reliſh for her Converſation, that he complained of the Advantages of it. My Spouſe (ſaid he to one of his Companions) is ſo very diſcreet, ſo good, ſo virtuous, and I know not what, that I think her Perſon is rather the Object of Eſteem than of Love; and there is ſuch a Thing as a Merit, which cauſes rather Diſtance than Paſſion. But there being no *Medium* in the State of Matrimony, their Life began to take the uſual Gradations to become the moſt irkſome of all Beings.

They grew in the firſt Place very complaiſant; and having at Heart a certain Knowledge that they were indifferent to each other, Apologies were made for every little Circumſtance which they thought betray'd their mutual Coldneſs. This laſted but few Months, when they ſhow'd a Difference of Opinion in every Trifle; and, as a Sign of certain Decay of Affection, the Word *perhaps* was introduc'd in all their Diſcourſe. *I have a Mind to go to the Park,* ſays ſhe, *but* perhaps, *my Dear, you will want the Coach on ſome other Occaſion. He would very willingly carry her to the Play; but* perhaps, *ſhe had rather go to Lady* Centaure's *and play at* Ombre. They were both Perſons of good Diſcerning, and ſoon found that they mortally hated each other, by their Manner of hiding it. Certain it is, that there are ſome Genio's which are not capable of pure Affection, and a Man is born with Talents for it as much as for Poetry or any other Science. *Oſmyn* began too late to find the Imperfection of his own Heart, and us'd all the Methods in the World to correct it, and argue himſelf into Return of Deſire and Paſſion for his Wife, by the Contemplation of her excellent Qualities, his great Obligations to her, and the high Value he ſaw all the World except himſelf did put upon her. But ſuch is Man's unhappy Condition, that tho' the Weakneſs of the Heart has a prevailing Power over the Strength of the Head, yet the Strength of the Head has but ſmall Force againſt the Weakneſs of the Heart. *Oſmyn* therefore ſtruggled in vain to revive departed Deſire; and for that Reaſon reſolved

ved to retire to one of his Estates in the Country, and pass away his Hours of Wedlock in the noble Diversions of the Field; and in the Fury of a disappointed Lover, made an Oath, to leave neither Stag, Fox, or Hare living, during the Days of his Wife. Besides, that Country Sports would be an Amusement, he hoped also that his Spouse would be half killed by the very Sense of seeing this Town no more, and would think her Life ended as soon as she left it. He communicated his Design to *Elmira*, who received it (as now she did all Things) like a Person too unhappy to be relieved or afflicted by the Circumstance of Place. This unexepected Resignation made *Osmyn* resolve to be as obliging to her as possible; and if he could not prevail upon himself to be kind, he took a Resolution at least to act sincerely, and communicate frankly to her the Weakness of his Temper, to excuse the Indifference of his Behaviour. He disposed his Houshold in the Way to *Rutland*, so as he and his Lady travelled only in the Coach for the Convenience of Discourse. They had not gone many Miles out of Town, when *Osmyn* spoke to this Purpose:

My Dear, *I believe I look quite as silly, now I am going to tell you I do not love you, as when I first told you I did. We are now going into the Country together, with only one Hope for making this Life agreeable, Survivorship: Desire is not in our Power; mine is all gone for you. What shall we do to carry it with Decency to the World, and hate one another with Discretion?*

The Lady anſwered without the leaſt Obſervation on the Extravagance of his Speech:

My Dear, *You have lived moſt of your Days in a Court, and I have not been wholly unacquainted with that Sort of Life. In Courts, you ſee Good-will is ſpoken with great Warmth, Ill-will covered with great Civility. Men are long in Civilities to thoſe they hate, and ſhort in Expreſſions of Kindneſs to thoſe they love. Therefore, my Dear, let us be well-bred ſtill, and it is no Matter, as to all who ſee us, whether we love or hate: And to let you ſee how much you are beholden to me for my Conduct, I have both hated and deſpiſed you, my Dear, this half Year; and yet neither in Language or Behaviour has it been viſible but that I loved you tenderly. Therefore, as I know you go out of Town to divert Life in Purſuit of Beaſts, and Converſation with Men juſt above 'em; ſo, my Life, from this Moment, I ſhall read all the learned Cooks who have ever writ, ſtudy Broths, Plaiſters, and Conſerves, till from a fine Lady I become a Notable Woman. We muſt take our Minds a Note or two lower, or we ſhall be tortur'd by Jealouſy or Anger. Thus I am reſolved to kill all keen Paſſions by employing my Mind on little Subjects, and leſſening the Eaſineſs of my Spirit; while you, my Dear, with much Ale, Exerciſe, and ill Company, are ſo good, as to endeavour to be as contemptible as it is neceſſary for my Quiet I ſhould think you.*

To *Rutland* they arriv'd, and liv'd with great, but ſecret Impatience for many ſucceſſive Years,

Years, till *Oſmyn* thought of an happy Expedient to give their Affairs a new Turn. One Day he took *Elmira* aſide, and ſpoke as follows:

My Dear, *You ſee here the Air is ſo temperate and ſerene, the Rivulets, the Groves, and Soil, ſo extremely kind to Nature, that we are ſtronger and firmer in our Health ſince we left the Town; ſo that there is no Hope of a Releaſe in this Place: But if you will be ſo kind as to go with me to my Eſtate in the Hundreds of* Eſſex, *it is poſſible ſome kind Damp may one Day or other relieve us. If you will condeſcend to accept of this Offer, I will add that whole Eſtate to your Jointure in this County.*

Elmira, who was all Goodneſs, accepted the Offer, removed accordingly, and has left her Spouſe in that Place to reſt with his Fathers.

This is the real Figure in which *Elmira* ought to be beheld in this Town, and not thought guilty of an Indecorum, in not profeſſing the Senſe, or bearing the Habit of Sorrow, for one who robbed her of all the Endearments of Life, and gave her only common Civility, inſtead of Complacency of Manners, Dignity of Paſſion, and that conſtant Aſſemblage of ſoft Deſires and Affections which all feel who love, but none can expreſs.

Will's Coffee-houſe, Auguſt 10.

Mr. *Truman*, who is a mighty Admirer of Dramatick Poetry, and knows I am about a Tragedy, never meets me, but he is giving Admonitions and Hints for my Conduct. Mr. *Bickerſtaff*

erſtaff, (ſaid he) I was reading laſt Night your ſecond Act you were ſo kind to lend me; but I find you depend mightily upon the Retinue of your Hero to make him magnificent. You make Guards, and Uſhers, and Courtiers, and Commons, and Nobles, march before, and then enters your Prince, and ſays, they can't defend him from his Love. Why, prithee *Iſaac*, who ever thought they could? Place me your loving Monarch in a Solitude; let him have no Senſe at all of his Grandeur, but let it be eaten up with his Paſſion. He muſt value himſelf as the greateſt of Lovers, not as the firſt of Princes: And then let him ſay a more tender Thing than ever Man ſaid before — For his Feather and Eagle's Beak are nothing at all. The Man is to be expreſſed by his Sentiments and Affections, and not by his Fortune or Equipage. You are alſo to take Care, that at his firſt Entrance he ſays ſomething which may give us an Idea of what we are to expect in a Perſon of his Way of Thinking. *Shakeſpear* is your Pattern. In the Tragedy of *Cæſar*, he introduces his Hero in his Night-Gown. He had at that Time all the Power of *Rome:* Depos'd Conſuls, Subordinate Generals, and Captive Princes, might have preceded him; but his Genius was above ſuch Mechanick Methods of ſhowing Greatneſs. Therefore he rather preſents that great Soul debating upon the Subject of Life and Death with his intimate Friends, without endeavouring to prepoſſeſs his Audience with empty Show and Pomp. When thoſe who attend him talk of the many Omens which had appeared that Day, he anſwers:

Cow-

Cowards die many Times before their Deaths;
The Valiant never taſt of Death but once.
Of all the Wonders that I yet have heard,
It ſeems to me moſt ſtrange that Men ſhould fear;
Seeing that Death, a neceſſary End,
Will come, when it will come.

When the Hero has ſpoken this Sentiment, there is nothing that is great which cannot be expected, from one whoſe firſt Poſition is the Contempt of Death to ſo high a Degree, as making his *Exit* a Thing wholly indifferent, and not a Part of his Care, but that of Heaven and Fate.

St. *James*'s *Coffee-houſe*, *Auguſt* 10.

Letters from *Bruſſels* of the 15th Inſtant, *N. S.* ſay, That Major-General *Ravignan* returned on the 8th with the *French* King's Anſwer to the intended Capitulation for the Citadel of *Tournay*; which is, That he does not think fit to ſign that Capitulation, except the Allies will grant a Ceſſation of Arms in general, during the Time in which all Acts of Hoſtility were to have ceas'd between the Citadel and the Beſiegers. Soon after the Receipt of this News, the Cannon on each Side began to play. There are Two Attacks againſt the Citadel, commanded by General *Lottum*, and General *Schuylemberg*, which are both carried on with great Succeſs; and it is not doubted but the Citadel will be in the Hands of the Allies before the laſt Day of this Month. Letters from *Ipres* ſay, That on the 9th Inſtant, Part of the Garriſon of that Place had mutinied in Two Bodies, each

conſiſting of Two Hundred; who being diſpers'd the ſame Day, a Body of Eight Hundred appear'd in he Market-Place at Nine the Night following, and ſeized all Manner of Proviſions; but were with much Difficulty quieted. The Governor has not puniſhed any of the Offenders, the Diſſatisfaction being univerſal in that Place; and it is thought, the Officers foment thoſe Diſorders, that the Miniſtry may be convinced of the Neceſſity of paying thoſe Troops, and ſupplying them with Proviſions. Theſe Advices add, That on the 14th the Marquis *d' Eſte* paſs'd Expreſs through *Bruſſels* from the Duke of *Savoy*, with Advice, that the Army of his Royal Highneſs had forced the Retrenchments of the Enemy in *Savoy*, and defeated that Body of Men which guarded thoſe Paſſes under the Command of the Marquis *de Thouy*.

The TATLER. [N° 54.

From *Thurſday*, *Auguſt* 11. to *Saturday*, *Auguſt* 13. 1709

White's Chocolate-houſe, Auguſt 12.

Of the Government of Affection.

WHEN Labour was pronounced to be the Portion of Man, that Doom reached the Affections of his Mind, as well as his Perſon, the Matter on which he was to feed, and all the animal and vegetable World about him. There is therefore an aſſiduous Care and Cul-

Cultivation to be beſtowed upon our Paſſions and Affections; for they, as they are the Excreſcencies of our Souls, like our Hair and Beards, look horrid or becoming, as we cut or let 'em grow. All this grave Preface is meant to aſſign a Reaſon in Nature for the unaccountable Behaviour of *Duumvir*, the Husband and Keeper. Ten Thouſand Follies had this unhappy Man eſcap'd, had he made a Compact with himſelf to be upon his Guard, and not permitted his vagrant Eye to let in ſo many different Inclinations upon him, as all his Days he has been perplex'd with. But indeed, at preſent he has brought himſelf to be confin'd only to one prevailing Miſtreſs; between whom and his Wife, *Duumvir* paſſes his Hours in all the Viciſſitudes which attend Paſſion and Affection, without the Intervention of Reaſon. *Laura* his Wife, and *Phillis* his Miſtreſs, are all with whom he has had, for ſome Months, the leaſt amorous Commerce. *Duumvir* has paſſed the Noon of Life; but cannot withdraw from thoſe Entertainments which are pardonable only before that Stage of our Being, and which after that Seaſon are rather Puniſhments than Satisfactions: For pall'd Appetite is humorous, and muſt be gratify'd with Sauces rather than Food. For which End, *Duumvir* is provided with an haughty, imperious, expenſive, and fantaſtick Miſtreſs, to whom he retires from the Converſation of an affable, humble, diſcreet and affectionate Wife. *Laura* receives him after Abſence with an eaſie and unaffected Complacency; but that he calls inſipid: *Phillis* rates him for his Abſence, and bids

bids him return from whence he came: This he calls Spirit and Fire. *Laura*'s Gentleneſs is thought mean; *Phillis*'s Inſolence, ſprightly. Were you to ſee him at his own Home, and his Miſtreſs's Lodgings, to *Phillis* he appears an obſequious Lover, to *Laura* an imperious Maſter. Nay, ſo unjuſt is the Taſte of *Duumvir*, that he own *Laura* has no ill Quality, but that ſhe is his Wife; *Phillis* no good one, but that ſhe is his Miſtreſs. And he has himſelf often ſaid, were he married to any one elſe, he would rather keep *Laura* than any Woman living; yet allows at the ſame Time, that *Phillis*, were ſhe a Woman of Honour, would have been the moſt inſipid Animal breathing. The other Day *Laura*, who has a Voice like an Angel, began to ſing to him: Fie Madam, he cry'd, we muſt be paſt all theſe Gaieties. *Phillis* has a Note as rude and as loud as that of a Milk-Maid: When ſhe begins to warble; Well, ſays he, There is ſuch a pleaſing Simplicity in all that Wench does—In a Word, the affectionate Part of his Heart being corrupted, and his true Taſte that Way wholly loſt, he has contracted a Prejudice to all the Behaviour of *Laura*, and a general Partiality in Favour of *Phillis*. It is not in the Power of the Wife to do a pleaſing Thing, nor in the Miſtreſs to commit one that is diſagreeable. There is ſomething too melancholly in the Reflection on this Circumſtance to be the Subject of Raillery. He ſaid a ſour Thing to *Laura* at Dinner the other Day; upon which ſhe burſt into Tears. What the Devil, Madam, ſays he, can't I ſpeak in my own

own Houſe? He anſwer'd *Phillis* a little abruptly at Supper the ſame Evening; upon which, ſhe threw his Periwig into the Fire. Well, ſaid he, thou art a brave Termagant Jade; Do you know, Huſſey, that fair Whig coſt Forty Guineas? Oh *Laura!* Is it for this that the faithful *Chromius* ſigh'd for you in vain? How is thy Condition alter'd, ſince Crowds of Youth hung on thy Eye, and watch'd its Glances? It is not many Months ſince *Laura* was the Wonder and Pride of her own Sex, as well as the Deſire and Paſſion of ours. At Plays and at Balls, the juſt Turn of her Behaviour, the Decency of her Virgin Charms, chaſtis'd, yet added to Diverſions. At Publick Devotions, her winning Modeſty, her reſign'd Carriage, made Virtue and Religion appear with new Ornaments, and in the natural Apparel of Simplicity and Beauty. In ordinary Converſations, a ſweet Conformity of Manners, and an Humility which heighten'd all the Complacencies of good Breeding and Education, gave her more Slaves than all the Pride of her Sex ever made Woman wiſh for. *Laura*'s Hours are now ſpent in the ſad Reflection on her Choice, and that deceitful Vanity (almoſt inſeparable from the Sex) of believing, ſhe could reclaim one that had ſo often enſnared others; as it now is, it is not even in the Power of *Duumvir* himſelf to do her Juſtice: For tho' Beauty and Merit are Things real, and independent on Taſte and Opinion, yet Agreeableneſs is Arbitrary, and the Miſtreſs has much the Advantage of the Wife. But whenever Fate is ſo kind to her and her Spouſe

as

as to end her Days, with all this Paſſion for *Phillis*, and Indifference for *Laura*, he has a Second Wife in View, who may avenge the Injuries done to her Predeceſſor. *Aglaura* is the deſtin'd Lady, who has liv'd in Aſſemblies, has Ambition and Play for her Entertainment, and thinks of a Man, not as the Object of Love, but the Tool of her Intereſt or Pride. If ever *Aglaura* comes to the Empire of this Inconſtant, ſhe will endear the Memory of her Predeceſſor. But in the mean Time, it is melancholy to conſider, That the Virtue of a Wife is like the Merit of a Poet, never juſtly valued, till after Death.

From my own Apartment, Auguſt. 11.

As we have profeſſed, that all the Actions of Men are our Subject, the moſt ſolemn are not to be omitted, if there happen to creep into their Behaviour any Thing improper for ſuch Occaſions. Therefore the Offence mention'd in the following Epiſtles (tho' it may ſeem to be committed in a Place ſacred from Obſervation) is ſuch, that it is our Duty to remark upon it; for tho' he who does it is himſelf only guilty of an Indecorum, he occaſions a Criminal Levity in all others who are preſent at it.

Mr. Bickerſtaff,

IT being mine, as well as the Opinion of many others, that your Papers are extremely well fitted to reform any irregular or indecent Practice, I preſent the following, as one which requires your Correction. My ſelf, and a great many good People who frequent the Divine Service at St. Paul's, *have been a long Time ſcandaliz'd by the imprudent*

dent Conduct of Stentor *in that Cathedral. This Gentleman, you muſt know, is always very exact and zealous in his Devotion, which, I believe, no Body blames; but then he is accuſtom'd to roar and bellow ſo terribly loud in the* Reſponſes, *that he frightens even us of the Congregation, who are daily us'd to him; and one of our Petty-Cannons, a Punning* Cambridge *Scholar, calls his Way of Worſhip, a* Bull-Offering. *His harſh untunable Pipe is no more fit than a Raven's to join with the Muſick of a Choir; yet no Body having been enough his Friend, I ſuppoſe, to inform him of it, he never fails, when preſent, to drown the Harmony of every Hymn and Anthem, by an Inundation of Sound beyond that of the Bridge at the Ebb of the Tide, or the neighbouring Lions in the Anguiſh of their Hunger. This is a Grievance which, to my certain Knowledge, ſeveral worthy People deſire to ſee redreſs'd; and if by inſerting this Epiſtle in your Paper, or by repreſenting the Matter your own Way, you can convince* Stentor, *that Diſcord in a Choir is the ſame Sin that Schiſm is in the Church in general, you would lay a great Obligation upon us, and make ſome Attonement for certain of your Paragraphs which have not been highly approved by us. I am,*

SIR,

St. *Paul's* Church-yard, *Aug.* 11.

Your moſt humble Servant,

Jeoffry Chanticleer.

It is wonderful there ſhould be ſuch a general Lamentation, and the Grievance ſo frequent, and yet the Offender never know any Thing of it. I have received the following Letter from

from my Kinſman at the *Herald's-Office*, near the ſame Place.

Dear Couſin,

THIS Office, which has had its Share in the impartial Juſtice of your Cenſures, demands at preſent your Vindication of their Rights and Privileges. There are certain Hours when our young Heralds are exercis'd in the Faculties of making Proclamation, and other Vociferations, which of Right belongs to us only to utter: But at the ſame Hours, Stentor *in St.* Paul's *Church, in Spight of the Coaches, Carts,* London *Cries, and all other Sounds between us, exalts his Throat to ſo high a Key, that the moſt Noiſy of our Order is utterly unheard. If you pleaſe to obſerve upon this, you will ever oblige,* &c.

There have been communicated to me ſome other ill Conſequences from the ſame Cauſe; as, the overturning of Coaches by ſudden Starts of the Horſes as they paſs'd that Way, Women pregnant frighten'd, and Heirs to Families loſt; which are Publick Diſaſters, tho' ariſing from a good Intention: But it is hoped, after this Admonition, that *Stentor* will avoid an Act of ſo great Supererogation, as ſinging without a Voice.

But I am diverted from proſecuting *Stentor*'s Reformation, by an Account, That the Two faithful Lovers, *Liſander* and *Coriana*, are dead; for no longer ago than the firſt of the laſt Month they ſwore eternal Fidelity to each other, and to love till Death. Ever ſince that time, *Liſander*

der has been twice a Day at the Chocolate-houſe, viſits in every Circle, is miſſing Four Hours in Four and Twenty, and will give no Account of himſelf. Theſe are undoubted Proofs of the Departure of a Lover; and conſequently *Coriana* is alſo dead as a Miſtreſs. I have written to *Stentor* to give this Couple Three Calls at the Church-Door, which they muſt hear, if they are living within the Bills of Mortality; and if they do not anſwer at that Time, they are from that Moment added to the Number of my Defunct.

The TATLER. [№ 55.

—— *Paulo Majora canamus.*

From *Saturday*, *Auguſt* 13. to *Tueſday*, *Auguſt* 16. 1709.

White's *Chocolate-houſe*, *Auguſt* 15.

WHILE others are buſied in Relations which concern the Intereſts of Princes, the Peace of Nations, and the Revolutions of Empire, I think (tho' theſe are very great Subjects) my Theme of Diſcourſe is ſometimes to be of Matters of a yet higher Conſideration. The ſlow Steps of Providence and Nature, and ſtrange Events which are brought about in an Inſtant, are what, as they come within our View and Obſervation, ſhall be given to the Publick. Such Things are not accompanied with Show and Noiſe, and therefore ſeldom draw the Eyes of

of the unattentive Part of Mankind; but are very proper at once to exerciſe our Humanity, pleaſe our Imaginations, and improve our Judgments. It may not therefore be unuſeful to relate many Circumſtances, which were obſervable upon a late Cure done upon a young Gentleman who was born Blind, and on the 29th of *June* laſt received his Sight at the Age of Twenty Years, by the Operation of an Oculiſt. This happened no farther off than *Newington*, and the Work was prepar'd for in the following Manner. The Operator, Mr. *Grant*, having obſerved the Eyes of his Patient, and convinced his Friends and Relations, among others the Reverend Mr. *Caſwell* Miniſter of the Place, that it was highly probable he ſhould remove the Obſtacle which prevented the Uſe of his Sight; all his Acquaintance, who had any Regard for the young Man, or Curioſity to be preſent when one of full Age and Underſtanding received a new Senſe, aſſembled themſelves on this Occaſion. Mr. *Caſwell* being a Gentleman particularly curious, deſired the whole Company, in caſe the Blindneſs ſhould be cured, to keep Silence, and let the Patient make his own Obſervations, without the Direction of any Thing he had received by his other Senſes, or the Advantage of diſcovering his Friends, by their Voices. Among ſeveral others, the Mother, Brethren, Siſters, and a young Gentlewoman for whom he had a Paſſion, were preſent. The Work was performed with great Skill and Dexterity. When the Patient firſt received the Dawn of Light, there appeared ſuch an

an Extacy in his Action, that he ſeemed ready to ſwoon away in the Surprize of Joy and Wonder. The Surgeon ſtood before him with his Inſtruments in his Hand. The young Man obſerved him from Head to Foot; after which he ſurveyed himſelf as carefully, and ſeem'd to compare him to himſelf; and obſerving both their Hands, ſeem'd to think they were exactly alike, except the Inſtruments, which he took for Parts of his Hands. When he had continued in this Amazement ſome Time, his Mother could not longer bear the Agitations of ſo many Paſſions as throng'd upon her, but fell upon his Neck, crying out, My Son! My Son! The Youth knew her Voice, and could ſpeak no more than, Oh me! Are you my Mother? and fainted. The whole Room, you will eaſily conceive, were very affectionately employed in recovering him; but above all, the young Gentlewoman who loved him, and whom he loved, ſhreik'd in the loudeſt Manner. That Voice ſeem'd to have a ſudden Effect upon him as he recover'd, and he ſhowed a double Curioſity in obſerving her as ſhe ſpoke and call'd to him; till at laſt he broke out, What has been done to me? Whither am I carried? Is all this about me, the Thing I have heard ſo often of? Is this the Light? Is this Seeing? Were you always thus happy, when you ſaid you were glad to ſee each other? Where is *Tom*, who uſed to lead me? But I could now, methinks, go any where without him. He offered to move, but ſeem'd afraid of every Thing around him. When they ſaw his Difficulty, they told

him, till he became better acquainted with his new Being, he muſt let the Servant ſtill lead him. The Boy was call'd for, and preſented to him. Mr. *Caſwell* ask'd him, What Sort of Thing he took *Tom* to be before he had ſeen him. He anſwer'd, He believed there was not ſo much of him as of himſelf; but he fancied him the ſame Sort of Creature. The Noiſe of this ſudden Change made all the Neighbourhood throng to the Place where he was. As he ſaw the Crowd thickening, he deſired Mr. *Caſwell* to tell him, how many there were in all to be ſeen. The Gentleman, ſmiling, anſwered him, That it would be very proper for him to return to his late Condition, and ſuffer his Eyes to be covered, till they had received Strength; for he might remember well enough, that by Degrees he had from little and little come to the Strength he had at preſent in his Ability of Walking and Moving; and that it was the ſame Thing with his Eyes, which, he ſaid, would loſe the Power of continuing to him that wonderful Tranſport he was now in, except he would be contented to lay aſide the Uſe of them, till they were ſtrong enough to bear the Light without ſo much Feeling, as he knew he underwent at preſent. With much Reluctance he was prevailed upon to have his Eyes bound, in which Condition they kept him in a dark Room, till it was proper to let the Organ receive its Objects without farther Precaution. During the Time of this Darkneſs, he bewail'd himſelf in the moſt diſtreſſed Manner, and accuſed all his Friends, complaining, that ſome Incan-

Incantation had been wrought upon him, and ſome ſtrange Magick uſed to deceive him into an Opinion, that he had enjoyed what they called Sight. He added, That the Impreſſions then let in upon his Soul would certainly diſtract him, if he were not ſo at that preſent. At another Time he would ſtrive to name the Perſons he had ſeen among the Crowd after he was couched, and would pretend to ſpeak (in perplexed Terms of his own making) of what he in that ſhort Time obſerv'd. But on the 6th Inſtant it was thought fit to unbind his Head, and the young Woman whom he loved was inſtructed to open his Eyes accordingly, as well to indear her ſelf to him by ſuch a Circumſtance, as to moderate his Extaſies by the Perſwaſion of a Voice, which had ſo much Power over him as hers ever had. When this belov'd young Woman began to take off the Binding of his Eyes, ſhe talk'd to him as follows:

'Mr. *William*, I am now taking the Binding 'off, though when I conſider what I am doing, 'I tremble with the Apprehenſion, that (tho' 'I have from my very Childhood loved you, 'dark as you were, and tho' you had con-'ceived ſo ſtrong a Love for me, yet) you will 'find there is ſuch a Thing as Beauty, which 'may enſnare you into a Thouſand Paſſions of 'which you now are Innocent, and take you 'from me for ever. But before I put my ſelf 'to that Hazard, tell me in what Manner that 'Love you always profeſſed to me entered into

'your Heart; for its uſual Admiſſion is at the 'Eyes.

The young Man anſwered, 'Dear *Lidia*, If 'I am to loſe by Sight the ſoft Pantings which 'I have always felt when I heard your Voice; 'If I am no more to diſtinguiſh the Step of her 'I love when ſhe approaches me, but to change 'that ſweet and frequent Pleaſure for ſuch an 'Amazement as I knew the little Time I lately 'ſaw; Or if I am to have any Thing beſides, 'which may take from me the Senſe I have of 'what appeared moſt pleaſing to me at that Time '(which Apparition it ſeems was you): Pull 'out theſe Eyes, before they lead me to be un-'grateful to you, or undo my ſelf. I wiſh'd for 'them but to ſee you; pull them out, if they 'are to make me forget you.

Lidia was extremely ſatisfied with theſe Aſſurances; and pleaſed her ſelf with playing with his Perplexities. In all his Talk to her, he ſhewed but very faint Idea's of any Thing which had not been received at the Ear; and cloſed his Proteſtation to her by ſaying, That if he were to ſee *Valentia* and *Barcelona*, whom he ſuppoſed the moſt eſteemed of all Women, by the Quarrel there was about them, he would never like any but *Lidia*.

St. *James*'s *Coffee-houſe*, *Auguſt* 15.

We have repeated Advices of the entire Defeat of the *Swediſh* Army near *Pultowa* on the 27th of *June*, *O. S.* And Letters from *Berlin* give the following Account of the Remains of the

the *Swediſh* Army ſince the Battle: Prince *Menzikoff* being order'd to purſue the Victory, came up with the *Swediſh* Army (which was left to the Command of General *Lewenhaupt*) on the 30th of *June*, *O. S.* on the Banks of the *Boriſthenes*; whereupon he ſent General *Lewenhaupt* a Summons to ſubmit to his preſent Fortune: *Lewenhaupt* immediately diſpatched Three General Officers to that Prince, to treat about a Capitulation; but the *Swedes*, tho' they conſiſted of 15000 Men, were in ſo great Want of Proviſion and Ammunition, that they were obliged to ſurrender themſelves at Diſcretion. His Czariſh Majeſty diſpatch'd an Expreſs to General *Goltz* with an Account of theſe Particulars, and alſo with Inſtructions to ſend out Detachments of his Cavalry to prevent the King of *Sweden*'s joining his Army in *Poland*. That Prince made his Eſcape with a ſmall Party, by ſwimming over the *Boriſthenes*. The laſt Letters from the Duke of *Marlborough*'s Camp at *Orchies* of the 19th Inſtant adviſe, That Monſieur *Ravignan* being returned from the *French* Court with an Account, That the King of *France* refuſed to ratify the Capitulation for the Surrender of the Citadel of *Tournay*, the Approaches have been carried on with great Vigour and Succeſs: Our Miners have diſcovered ſeveral of the Enemy's Mines, who have ſprung divers others, which did little Execution; but for the better Security of the Troops, both Aſſaults are carried on by the cautious Way of Sapping. On the 18th, the Confederate Army made a general Forage without any Loſs. Marſhal *Villars* continues in

his former Camp, and applies himſelf with great Diligence in caſting up new Lines behind the old on the *Scarp*. The Duke of *Marlborough* and Prince *Eugene* deſigned to begin a General Review of the Army on the 20th.

The TATLER. [N° 56.

Quicquid agunt Homines noſtri Farrago Libelli.

From *Tueſday*, *Auguſt* 16. to *Thurſday*, *Auguſt* 18. 1709.

White's *Chocolate-houſe*, *Auguſt* 17.

THere is a young Foreigner committed to my Care, who puzzles me extremely in the Queſtions he asks about the Perſons of Figure we meet in Publick Places. He has but very little of our Language, and therefore I am mightily at a Loſs to expreſs to him Things, for which they have no Word in that Tongue to which he was born. It has been often my Anſwer, upon his asking, Who ſuch a fine Gentleman is? That he is what we call a *Sharper*, and he wants my Explication. I thought it would be very unjuſt to tell him, he is the ſame the *French* call *Coquin*; the *Latins*, *Nebulo*; or the *Greeks*, Ρασκαλ: For as Cuſtom is the moſt powerful of all Laws, and that the Order of Men we call *Sharpers* are received amongſt us, not only with Permiſſion, but Favour, I thought it unjuſt to uſe them like Perſons upon no Eſtabliſhment. Beſides that, it would be an unpar

unpardonable Diſhonour to our Country, to let him leave us with an Opinion, that our Nobility and Gentry kept Company with common Thiefs and Cheats; I told him, they were a Sort of tame Huſſars that were allowed in our Cities, like the wild Ones in our Camp, who had all the Privileges belonging to us, but at the ſame Time were not tied to our Diſcipline or Laws. *Aletheus*, who is a Gentleman of too much Virtue for the Age he lives in, would not let this Matter be thus palliated, but told my Pupil, That he was to underſtand, that Diſtinction, Quality, Merit, and Induſtry, were laid aſide amongſt us by the Incurſions of theſe civil Huſſars, who had got ſo much Countenance, that the Breeding and Faſhion of the Age turned their Way to the Ruin of Order and Oeconomy in all Places where they are admitted. But *Sophronius*, who never falls into Heat upon any Subject, but applies proper Language, Temper, and Skill, with which the Thing in Debate is to be treated, told the Youth that Gentleman had ſpoken nothing but what was literally true, but fell upon it with too much Earneſtneſs to give a true Idea of that Sort of People he was declaiming againſt, or to remedy the Evil which he bewail'd: For the Acceptance of theſe Men being an Ill which hath crept into the Converſation-part of our Lives, and not into our Conſtitution it ſelf, it muſt be corrected where it began, and conſequently is to be amended only by bringing Raillery and Deriſion upon the Perſons who are guilty, or thoſe who converſe with them. For the

Sharpers (continued he) at preſent are not as formerly, under the Acceptation of Pick-pockets; but are by Cuſtom erected into a real and venerable Body of Men, and have ſubdued us to ſo very particular a Deference to them, that tho' they are known to be Men without Honour or Conſcience, no Demand is called a Debt of Honour ſo indiſputably as theirs. You may loſe your Honour to them, but they lay none againſt you: As the Prieſthood in Roman-Catholick Countries can purchaſe what they pleaſe for the Church, but they can alienate nothing from it. It is from this Toleration, that *Sharpers* are to be found among all Sorts of Aſſemblies and Companies, and every Talent amongſt Men is made Uſe of by ſome one or other of the Society for the Good of their Common Cauſe: So that an unexperienced young Gentleman is as often enſnared by his Underſtanding as his Folly: For who could be unmoved, to hear the eloquent *Dromio* explain the Conſtitution, talk in the Key of *Cato*, with the Severity of one of the ancient Sages, and debate the greateſt Queſtion of State in a common Chocolate or Coffee-houſe; Who could, I ſay, hear this generous Declamator, without being fired at his noble Zeal, and becoming his profeſſed Follower, if he might be admitted. *Monoculus*'s Gravity would be no leſs inviting to a Beginner in Converſation, and the Snare of his Eloquence would equally catch one who had never ſeen an old Gentleman ſo very wiſe, and yet ſo little ſevere. Many other Inſtances of extraordinary Men among the Brotherhood might

might be produced; but every Man who knows the Town, can ſupply himſelf with ſuch Examples without their being named. *Will. Vafer*, who is skilful at finding out the ridiculous Side of a Thing, and placing it in a new and proper Light, (tho' he very ſeldom talks) thought fit to enter into this Subject. He has lately loſt certain looſe Sums, which half the Income of his Eſtate will bring in within ſeven Years: Beſides which, he propoſes to marry to ſet all right. He was therefore indolent enough to ſpeak of this Matter with great Impartiality. 'When I look round me, ſaid this eaſy Gentle-'man, and conſider in a juſt Ballance us Bub-'bles, Elder Brothers, whoſe Support our dull 'Fathers contrived to depend upon certain 'Acres; with the Rooks, whoſe Anceſtors left 'them the wild World; I cannot but admire 'their Fraternity, and contemn my own. Is 'not *Jackey Heyday* much to be preferred to the 'Knight he has bubbled? *Jack* has his Equi-'page, his Wenches, and his Followers: The 'Knight ſo far from a Retinue, that he is almoſt 'one of *Jack*'s. However, he is gay, you ſee, 'ſtill; a florid Outſide —His Habit ſpeaks the 'Man—And ſince he muſt unbutton, he would 'not be reduced outwardly, but is ſtripped to 'his upper Coat. But tho' I have great Temp-'tation to it, I will not at this Time give the 'Hiſtory of the loſing Side, but ſpeak the Effects 'of my Thoughts, ſince the Loſs of my Money, 'upon the gaining People. This ill Fortune 'makes moſt Men contemplative, and given to 'Reading; at leaſt it has happened ſo to me;

'and

'and the Riſe and Fall of the Family of Sharpers 'in all Ages has been my Contemplation.

I find, all Times have had of this People; *Homer*, in his excellent Heroick Poem, calls them *Myrmidons*, who were a Body who kept among themſelves, and had nothing to loſe; therefore never ſpared either *Greek* or *Trojan*, when they fell in their Way, upon a Party. But there is a memorable Verſe which gives us an Account of what broke that whole Body, and made both *Greeks* and *Trojans* Maſters of the Secret of their Warfare and Plunder. There is nothing ſo pedantick as many Quotations; therefore I ſhall inform you only, that in this Battalion there were two Officers called *Therſites* and *Pandarus*; they were both leſs renowned for their Beauty than their Wit; but each had their particular Happineſs, that they were plunged over Head and Ears in the ſame Water, which made *Achilles* invulnerable; and had ever after certain Gifts which the reſt of the World were never to enjoy. Among others, they were never to know they were the moſt dreadful to the Sight of all Mortals, never to be diffident of their own Abilities, never to bluſh, or ever to be wounded but by each other. Tho' ſome Hiſtorians ſay, Gaming began among the *Lydians* to divert Hunger, I could cite many Authorities to prove it had its Riſe at the Siege of *Troy*; and that *Ulyſſes* won the Sevenfold Shield at Hazard. But be that as it may, the Ruin of the Corps of the *Myrmidons* proceeded from a Breach between *Therſites* and *Pandarus*. The Firſt of theſe was Leader of a Squadron, wherein

wherein the latter was but a private Man; but having all the good Qualities neceſſary for a Partizan, he was the Favourite of his Officer. But the whole Hiſtory of the ſeveral Changes in the Order of Sharpers, from thoſe *Myrmidons* to our Modern Men of Addreſs and Plunder, will require that we conſult ſome ancient Manuſcripts. As we make theſe Enquiries, we ſhall diurnally communicate them to the Publick, that the Knights of the Induſtry may be better underſtood by the good People of *England*. Theſe Sort of Men in ſome Ages, were Sycophants and Flatterers only, and were endued with Arts of Life to capacitate them for the Converſation of the Rich and Great; but now the Bubble courts the Impoſtor, and pretends at the utmoſt to be but his Equal. To clear up the Reaſons and Cauſes in ſuch Revolutions, and the different Conduct between Fools and Cheats, ſhall be one of our Labours for the Good of this Kingdom. How therefore Pimps, Footmen, Fiddlers, and Lacqueys, are elevated into Companions in this preſent Age, ſhall be accounted for, from the Influence of the Planet *Mercury* on this Iſland; the Aſcendency of which Sharper over *Sol*, who is a Patron of the Muſes, and all honeſt Profeſſions, has been noted by the learned *Job Gadbury* to be the Cauſe, that *Cunning and Trick are more eſteemed than Art and Science*. It muſt be allowed alſo, to the Memory of Mr. *Partridge*, late of *Cecil-ſtreet* in the *Strand*, that in his Anſwer to an Horary Queſtion, At what Hour of the Night to ſet a Fox-Trap in *June* 1705? He has largely diſcuſs'd,

under

under the Character of *Reynard*, the Manner of ſurprizing all Sharpers as well as him. But of theſe great Points, after more mature Deliberation.

St. *James*'s *Coffee-houſe*, *Auguſt* 17.

To *Iſaac Bickerſtaff* Eſq;

SIR,

WE *have nothing at preſent new, but that we underſtand by ſome Owlers, old People die in* France. *Letters from* Paris *of the* 10*th Inſtant*, N.S. *ſay, That Monſieur* d'Andre *Marquis* d'Oraiſon *dy'd at* 85; *Monſieur* Brumars, *at* 102 *Years, dy'd for Love of his Wife, who was* 92 *at her Death, after* 70 *Years Cohabitation.* Nicolas de Boutheiller, *Pariſh-Preacher of* Saſſeville, *being a Batchelor, held out till* 116. *Dame* Claude de Maſſy, *Relict of Monſieur* Peter de Monceaux *Grand Audiencer of* France, *dy'd on the* 7*th Inſtant, aged* 107. *Letters of the* 17*th ſay, Monſieur* Chreſtien de Lemoignon *dy'd on the* 7*th Inſtant, a Perſon of great Piety and Virtue; but having dy'd young, his Age is concealed for Reaſons of State. On the* 15*th his moſt Chriſtian Majeſty, atended by the Dauphin, the Duke of* Burgundy, *the Duke and Dutcheſs of* Berry, *aſſiſted at the Proceſſion which he yearly performs, in Memory of a Vow made by* Lewis *the XIIIth*, 1638: *For which Act of Piety, his Majeſty received Abſolution of his Confeſſor, for the Breach of all inconvenient Vows made by himſelf. I am,*

SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant,

Humphrey Kidney.

From

From my own Apartment, Auguſt 17.

I am to acknowledge ſeveral Letters which I have lately received; among others, one ſubſcribed *Philanthropos*, another *Emilia*, both which ſhall be honour'd. I have a Third from an Officer of the Army, wherein he deſires I would do Juſtice to the many gallant Actions which have been done by Men of private Characters, or Officers of lower Stations, during this long War; that their Families may have the Pleaſure of ſeeing we lived in an Age wherein Men of all Orders had their proper Share in Fame and Glory. There is nothing I ſhould undertake with greater Pleaſure than Matters of this kind: If therefore they who are acquainted with ſuch Facts, would pleaſe to communicate them, by Letter directed to me at Mr. *Morphew*'s, no Pains ſhould be ſpared to put them in a proper and diſtinguiſhing Light.

This is to admoniſh Stentor, *That it was not Admiration of his Voice, but my Publication of it, which has lately increaſed the Number of his Hearers.*

The

The TATLER. [N° 57.

Quicquid agunt Homines noſtri Farrago Libelli.

From *Thurſday*, *Auguſt* 18. to *Saturday*, *Auguſt* 20. 1709.

Will's Coffee-houſe, *Auguſt* 1.

I Was this Evening repreſenting a Complaint ſent me out of the Country from *Emilia*. She ſays, her Neighbours there have ſo little Senſe of what a Refined Lady of the Town is, that ſhe who was a celebrated Wit in *London*, is in that dull Part of the World in ſo little Eſteem, that they call her in their baſe Style a *Tongue-Pad*. Old *Truepenny* bid me adviſe her to keep her Wit till ſhe comes to Town again, and admoniſh her, that her Wit and Breeding are local; for a Fine Court-Lady is as aukward among Country Houſewives, as one of them would appear in a Drawing-Room. 'Tis therefore the moſt uſeful Knowledge one can attain at, to underſtand among what Sort of Men we make the beſt Figure; for if there be a Place where the beauteous and accompliſhed *Emilia* is unacceptable, it is certainly a vain Endeavour to attempt pleaſing in all Converſations. Here is *Will. Vbi*, who is ſo thirſty after the Reputation of a Companion, that his Company is for any Body that will accept of it; and for Want of knowing whom to chuſe for himſelf, is never choſen by others. There is a certain Chaſtity of Behaviour which makes a Man deſirable, and which,

which, if he tranſgreſſes, his Wit will have the ſame Fate with *Delia*'s Beauty, which no one regards, becauſe all know it is within their Power. The beſt Courſe *Emilia* can take, is, to have leſs Humility; for if ſhe could have as good an Opinion of her ſelf for having every Quality, as ſome of her Neighbours have of themſelves with one, ſhe would inſpire even them with a Senſe of her Merit, and make that Carriage (which is now the Subject of their Deriſion) the ſole Object of their Imitation. Till ſhe has arrived at the Value of her ſelf, ſhe muſt be contented with the Fate of that uncommon Creature, a Woman too humble.

White's *Chocolate-houſe*, *Auguſt* 19.

Since my laſt, I have received a Letter from *Tom Trump*, to deſire that I would do the Fraternity of Gameſters the Juſtice to own, that there are notorious Sharpers who are not of their Claſs. Among others, he preſented me with the Picture of *Harry Copperſmith* in Little, who (he ſays) is at this Day worth half a Plumb, by Means much more indirect than by falſe Dice. I muſt confeſs, there appeared ſome Reaſon in what he aſſerted; and he met me ſince, and accoſted me in the following Manner: 'It is wonderful to me, Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, that you can pretend to be a Man of 'Penetration, and fall upon us Knights of the 'Induſtry as the wickedeſt of Mortals, when 'there are ſo many who live in the conſtant 'Practice of baſer Methods unobſerved. You 'cannot (tho' you know the Story of my ſelf 'and the *North Briton*) but allow I am an ho-

'neſter

'neſter Man than *Will. Copperſmith*, for all his 'great Credit among the *Lombards*. I get my 'Money by Men's Follies, and he gets his by 'their Diſtreſſes. The declining Merchant com-'municates his Griefs to him, and he aug-'ments them by Extortion. If therefore Re-'gard is to be had to the Merit of the Perſons 'we injure, Who is the more blameable, he that 'oppreſſes an unhappy Man, or he that cheats 'a fooliſh One? All Mankind are indifferently 'liable to adverſe Strokes of Fortune; and he 'who adds to them, when he might relieve 'them, is certainly a worſe Subject, than he 'who unburdens a Man whoſe Proſperity is 'unweildy to him. Beſides all which, he that 'borrows of *Copperſmith*, does it out of Neceſ-'ſity; he that plays with me, does it out of 'Choice." I allowed *Trump* there are Men as bad as himſelf, which is the Height of his Pre-tenſions; and muſt confeſs, that *Copperſmith* is the moſt wicked and impudent of all Sharpers: A Creature that cheats with Credit, and is a Robber in the Habit of a Friend. The Contem-plation of this worthy Perſon made me reflect on the wonderful Succeſſes I have obſerved Men of the meaneſt Capacities meet with in the World, and recollected an Obſervation I once heard a ſage Man make, which was, That he had obſerved, that in ſome Profeſſions, the lower the Underſtanding, the greater the Capacity. I remember, he inſtanced that of a Banker, and ſaid, That the fewer Appetites, Paſſions, and Idea's a Man had, he was the better for his Bu-neſs. There is little Sir *Triſtram*, without Con-nexion

nexion in his Speech, or ſo much as common Senſe, has arrived by his own natural Parts at one of the greateſt Eſtates amongſt us. But honeſt Sir *Triſtram* knows himſelf to be but a Repoſitory for Caſh: He is juſt ſuch an Utenſil as his Iron Cheſt, and may rather be ſaid to hold Money, than poſſeſs it. There is nothing ſo pleaſant as to be in the Converſation of theſe wealthy Proficients. I had lately the Honour to drink Half a Pint with Sir *Triſtram*, *Harry Copperſmith*, and *Giles Twoſhoes*. Theſe Wags give one another Credit in Diſcourſe according to their Purſes; they jeſt by the Pound, and make Anſwers as they honour Bills. Without Vanity, I thought my ſelf the Prettieſt Fellow of the Company; but I had no Manner of Power over one Muſcle in their Faces, tho' they ſneer'd at every Word ſpoken by each other. Sir *Triſtram* called for a Pipe of Tobacco; and telling us Tobacco was a *Pot-Herb*, bid the Drawer bring in t'other Half-Pint. *Twoſhoes* laughed at the Knight's Wit without Moderation. I took the Liberty to ſay, it was but a Pun. A Pun! ſays *Copperſmith:* You would be a better Man by 10000 *l.* if you could pun like Sir *Triſtram*. With that, they all burſt out together. The Queer Curs maintained this Style of Dialogue till we had drank our Quarts a-piece by Half-Pints. All I could bring away with me, is, That *Twoſhoes* is not worth Twenty Thouſand Pounds; for his Mirth, tho' he was as inſipid as either of the others, had no more Effect upon the Company, than if he had been a Bankrupt.

From my own Apartment, Auguſt 19.

I have heard, it has been adviſed by a Dioceſan to his inferior Clergy, that inſtead of broaching Opinions of their own, and uttering Doctrines which may lead themſelves and Hearers into Errors, they would read ſome of the moſt celebrated Sermons printed by others for the Inſtruction of their Congregations. In Imitation of ſuch Preachers at Second-hand, I ſhall tranſcribe from *Bruyere* one of the moſt elegant Pieces of Raillery and Satyr which I have ever read. He deſcribes the *French*, as if ſpeaking of a People not yet diſcover'd, in the Air and Style of a Traveller.

I have heard talk of a Country where the old Men are Gallant, Polite and Civil: The young Men, on the contrary, Stubborn, Wild, without either Manners or Civility. They are free from Paſſion for Women, at the Age when in other Countries they begin to feel it; and prefer Beaſts, Victuals, and ridiculous Amours, before them. Amongſt theſe People, he is ſober who is never drunk with any Thing but Wine; the too frequent Uſe of it has rendered it flat and inſipid to them: They endeavour by Brandy, and other ſtrong Liquors, to quicken their Taſte, already extinguiſh'd, and want nothing to compleat their Debauches, but to drink Aqua Fortis. *The Women of that Country haſten the Decay of their Beauty, by their Artifices to preſerve it: They paint their Cheeks, Eyebrows, and Shoulders, which they lay open, together with their Breaſts, Arms and Ears, as if they were afraid to hide thoſe Places which they think will pleaſe, and never think they ſhow*

ſhow enough of them. The Phyſiognomies of the People of that Country are not at all neat, but confuſed and embarraſſed with a Bundle of ſtrange Hair, which they prefer before their natural: With this they weave ſomething to cover their Heads, which deſcends down half Way their Bodies, hides their Features, and hinders you from knowing Men by their Faces. This Nation has beſides this, their God and their King. The Grandees go every Day at a certain Hour to a Temple they call a Church: At the upper End of that Temple there ſtands an Altar conſecrated to their God, where the Prieſt celebrates ſome Myſteries which they call holy, ſacred and tremendous. The great Men make a vaſt Circle at the Foot of the Altar, ſtanding with their Backs to the Prieſt and the Holy Myſteries, and their Faces erected towards their King, who is ſeen on his Knees upon a Throne, and to whom they ſeem to direct the Deſires of their Hearts, and all their Devotion. However, in this Cuſtom there is to be remarked a Sort of Subordination; for the People appear adoring their Prince, and their Prince adoring God. The Inhabitants of this Region call it — *'Tis from Forty eight Degrees of Latitude, and more than Eleven hundred Leagues by Sea, from the* Iroquois *and* Hurons.

Letters from *Hampſtead* ſay, There is a Coxcomb arrived there, of a Kind which is utterly new. The Fellow has Courage, which he takes himſelf to be obliged to give Proofs of every Hour he lives. He is ever fighting with the Men, and contradicting the Women. A Lady who ſent him to me, ſuperſcribed him with this Deſcription out of *Suckling:*

I am a Man of War and Might,
And know thus much, that I can fight,
Whether I am i'th' Wrong or Right,
Devoutly.

No Woman under Heaven I fear,
New Oaths I can exactly ſwear;
And forty Healths my Brains will bear,
Moſt ſtoutly.

The TATLER. [N° 58.

From *Saturday, Auguſt* 20. to *Tueſday, Auguſt* 22. 1709.

White's Chocolate-houſe, Auguſt 22.

POOR *Cynthio* (who does me the Honour to talk to me now and then very freely of his moſt ſecret Thoughts, and tells me his moſt private Frailties) own'd to me, that tho' he is in his very Prime of Life, Love had killed all his Deſires, and he was now as much to be truſted with a Fine Lady, as if he were Eighty. That one Paſſion for *Clariſſa* has taken up (ſaid he) my whole Soul, and all my idle Flames are extinguiſhed, as you may obſerve, ordinary Fires are often put out by the Sunſhine. This was a Declaration not to be made, but upon the higheſt Opinion of a Man's Sincerity; yet as much a Subject of Raillery as ſuch a Speech would be, it is certain, that Chaſtity is a nobler Quality, and as much to be valued in Men as in Women. The mighty *Scipio*, who (as *Bluffe* ſays in the Comedy) *was a pretty Fellow*

low in his Time, was of this Mind, and is celebrated for it by an Author of good Senſe. When he lived, Wit, and Humour, and Raillery, and publick Succeſs, were at as high a Pitch at *Rome*, as at preſent in *England*; yet I believe, there was no Man in thoſe Days thought that General at all ridiculous in his Behaviour in the following Account of him: *Scipio*, at Four and Twenty Years of Age, had obtained a great Victory, and a Multitude of Priſoners of each Sex, and all Conditions, fell into his Poſſeſſion: Among others, an agreeable Virgin in her early Bloom and Beauty. He had too ſenſible a Spirit to ſee the moſt lovely of all Objects without being moved with Paſſion: Beſides which, there was no Obligation of Honour or Virtue to reſtrain his Deſires towards one who was his by the Fortune of War. But a noble Indignation, and a ſudden Sorrow, which appeared in her Countenance, when a Conqueror caſt his Eyes upon her, raiſed his Curioſity to know her Story. He was informed, That ſhe was a Lady of the higheſt Condition in that Country, and contracted to *Indibilis*, a Man of Merit and Quality. The generous *Roman* ſoon placed himſelf in the Condition of that unhappy Man, who was to loſe ſo charming a Bride; and though a Youth, a Batchelor, a Lover, and a Conqueror, immediately reſolved to reſign all the Invitations of his Paſſion, and the Rights of his Power, to reſtore her to her deſtined Husband. With this Purpoſe he commanded her Parents and Relations, as well as her Husband, to attend him

at an appointed Time. When they met, and were waiting for the General, my Author frames to himſelf the different Concern of an unhappy Father, a deſpairing Lover, and a tender Mother, in the ſeveral Perſons who were ſo related to the Captive. But for Fear of injuring the delicate Circumſtances with an old Tranſlation, I ſhall proceed to tell you, That *Scipio* appears to them, and leads in his Priſoner into their Preſence. The *Romans* (as noble as they were) ſeemed to allow themſelves a little too much Triumph over the Conquer'd; therefore, as *Scipio* approached, they all threw themſelves on their Knees, except the Lover of the Lady: But *Scipio* obſerving in him a manly Sullenneſs, was the more inclined to favour him, and ſpoke to him in theſe Words: *It is not the Manner of the* Romans *to uſe all the Power they juſtly may: We fight not to ravage Countries, or break through the Ties of Humanity; I am acquainted with your Worth, and your Intereſt in this Lady: Fortune has made me your Maſter; but I deſire to be your Friend. This is your Wife; take her, and may the Gods bleſs you with her. But far be it from* Scipio *to purchaſe a looſe and momentary Pleaſure at the Rate of making an honeſt Man unhappy. Indibilis*'s Heart was too full to make him any Anſwer, but he threw himſelf at the Feet of the General and wept aloud. The Captive Lady fell into the ſame Poſture, and they both remained ſo till the Father burſt into the following Words; *Oh Divine* Scipio! *The Gods have given you more than humane Virtue. Oh Glorious Leader! Oh Wondrous Youth! Does not that*

obliged

obliged Virgin give you, while ſhe prays to the Gods for your Proſperity, and thinks you ſent down from them, Raptures, above all the Tranſports which you could have reaped from the Poſſeſſion of her injured Perſon? The temperate *Scipio* anſwered him without much Emotion, and ſaying, *Father, be a Friend to* Rome, retired. An immenſe Sum was offered as her Ranſom; but he ſent it to her Husband, and ſmiling, ſaid, This is a Trifle after what I have given him already; but let *Indibilis* know, that Chaſtity at my Age is a much more difficult Virtue to practiſe, than Generoſity. I obſerved, *Cynthio* was very much taken with my Narrative; but told me, this was a Virtue that would bear but a very inconſiderable Figure in our Days. However, I took the Liberty to ſay, that we ought not to loſe our Idea's of Things, though we had debauched our true Reliſh in our Practice. For after we have done laughing, ſolid Virtue will keep its Place in Men's Opinions: And though Cuſtom made it not ſo ſcandalous as it ought to be, to enſnare innocent Women, and triumph in the Falſhood; ſuch Actions as we have here related, muſt be accounted true Gallantry, and riſe the higher in our Eſteem, the farther they are removed from our Imitation.

Will's Coffee-houſe, Auguſt 22.

A Man would be apt to think in this laughing Town, that it were impoſſible a Thing ſo exploded as ſpeaking hard Words ſhould be practiſed by any one that had ever ſeen good Company; but as if there were a Standard in our Minds as well as Bodies, you ſee very many

juſt where they were Twenty Years ago, and more they cannot, will not arrive at. Were it not thus, the noble *Martius* would not be the only Man in *England* whom no Body can underſtand, though he talks more than any Man elſe. *Will. Dactyle* the Epigrammatiſt, *Jack Comma* the Grammarian, *Nick Croſſe-grain* who writes Anagrams, and my ſelf, made a pretty Company at a Corner of this Room, and enter'd very peaceably upon a Subject fit enough for us; which was, the Examination of the Force of the Particle *For*, when *Martius* joined us. He being well known to us all, asked what we were upon? For he had a Mind to conſummate the Happineſs of the Day, which had been ſpent among the Stars of the firſt Magnitude, among the Men of Letters; and therefore, to put a Period to it, as he had commenced it, he ſhould be glad to be allowed to participate of the Pleaſure of our Society. I told him the Subject. Faith, Gentlemen, ſaid *Martius*, your Subject is humble; and if you would give me Leave to elevate the Converſation, I ſhould humbly offer, that you would enlarge your Enquiries to the Word *For-as-much*: For though I take it, ſaid he, to be but one Word; yet, the Particle *Much* implying Quantity, the Particle *As* Similitude, it will be greater, and more like our ſelves, to treat of *For-as-much*: *Jack Comma* is always ſerious, and anſwer'd: 'Mar-'tius, I muſt take the Liberty to ſay, That you 'have fallen into all this Error and profuſe 'Manner of Speech by a certain Hurry in your 'Imagination, for Want of being more exact

'in

'in the Knowledge of the Parts of Speech; 'and it is ſo with all Men who have not well 'ſtudied the Particle *For*. You have ſpoken '*For* without making any Inference, which is the 'great uſe of that Particle. There is no Manner 'of Force in your Obſervation of Quantity 'and Similitude in the Syllables *As* and *Much*. 'But it is ever the Fault of Men of great Wit 'to be incorrect; which Evil they run into 'by an indiſcreet Uſe of the Word *For*. Con-'ſider all the Books of Controverſie which have 'been written, and I'll engage you will ob-'ſerve that all the Debate lies in this Point, 'Whether they brought in *For* in a juſt Man-'ner, or forced it in for their own Uſe, rather 'than as underſtanding the Uſe of the Word it 'ſelf? There is nothing like familiar Inſtances: 'You have heard the Story of the *Iriſhman*, who 'reading, *Money for Live Hair*, took a Lodging 'and expected to be paid for living at that 'Houſe. If this Man had known *For* was in 'that Place, of a quite different Signification 'from the Particle *To*, he could not have fallen 'into the Miſtake of taken *Live* for what the *La-'tins* call *Vivere*, or rather *Habitare*." *Martius* ſeem'd at a Loſs; and admiring his profound Learning, wiſhed he had been bred a Scholar, for he did not take the Scope of his Diſcourſe. This wiſe Debate, of which we had much more, made me reflect upon the Difference of their Capacities, and wonder that there could be as it were a Diverſity in Men's Genius for Non-ſenſe; that one ſhould bluſter, while another crept in Abſurdities. *Martius* moves like a blind

Man,

Man, lifting his Legs higher than the ordinary Way of Stepping; and *Comma*, like one who is only ſhort-ſighted, picking his Way when he ſhould be marching on. Want of Learning makes *Martius* a brisk entertaining Fool, and gives himſelf a full Scope; but that which *Comma* has, and calls Learning, makes him diffident, and curb his natural Miſunderſtanding, to the great Loſs of the Men of Raillery. This Converſation confirmed me in the Opinion, that Learning uſually does but improve in us what Nature endowed us with. He that wants good Senſe, is unhappy in having it, for he has thereby only more Ways of expoſing himſelf; and he that has Senſe knows that Learning is not Knowledge, but rather the Art of uſing it.

St. *James*'s *Coffee-houſe*, *Auguſt* 22.

We have undoubted Intelligence of the Defeat of the King of *Sweden*; and that Prince, (who for ſome Years had hovered like an approaching Tempeſt, and was looked up at by all the Nations of *Europe*, which ſeemed to expect their Fate according to the Courſe he ſhould take) is now, in all Probability, an unhappy Exile, without the common Neceſſaries of Life. His Czariſh Majeſty treats his Priſoners with great Gallantry and Diſtinction. Count *Rhensfeildt* has had particular Marks of his Majeſty's Eſteem, for his Merit and Services to his Maſter; but Count *Piper*, whom his Majeſty believes Author of the moſt violent Councils into which his Prince entered, is diſarmed and entertained accordingly. That deciſive Battle was ended at nine in the Morning,

and

and all the *Swediſh* Generals dined with the Czar that very Day, and received Aſſurances, That they ſhould find *Muſcovy* was not unacquainted with the Laws of Honour and Humanity.

The TATLER. [N° 59.

From *Tueſday*, *Auguſt* 23. to *Thurſday*, *Auguſt* 25. 1709.

White's Chocolate-houſe, *Auguſt* 24.

ÆSOP has gained to himſelf an immortal Renown for figuring the Manners, Deſires, Paſſions, and Intereſts of Men, by Fables of Beaſts and Birds: I ſhall in my future Accounts of our Modern Heroes and Wits, vulgarly called *Sharpers*, imitate the Method of that delightful Moraliſt; and think, I cannot repreſent thoſe Worthies more naturally than under the Shadow of a Pack of Dogs; for this Set of Men are like them, made up of Finders, Lurchers, and Setters. Some ſearch for the Prey, others purſue, others take it; and if it be worth it, they all come in at the Death and worry the Carcaſs. It would require a moſt exact Knowledge of the Field, and the Harbours where the Deer lie, to recount all the Revolutions in the Chaſe.

But I am diverted from the Train of my Diſcourſe of the Fraternity about this Town by Letters from *Hampſtead*, which give me an Account, there is a late Inſtitution there, under the Name of a *Raffling-Shop*, which is, it ſeems, ſecretly

ſecretly ſupported by a Perſon who is a deep Practitioner in the Law, and, out of Tenderneſs of Conſcience, has, under the Name of his Maid *Siſly*, ſet up this eaſier Way of Conveyancing and Alienating Eſtates from one Family to another. He is ſo far from having an Intelligence with the reſt of the Fraternity, that all the humbler Cheats who appear there, are faced by the Partners in the Bank, and driven off by the Reflection of Superior Braſs. This Notice is given to all the ſilly Faces that paſs that Way, that they may not be decoyed in by the ſoft Allurement of a Fine Lady, who is the Sign to the Pageantry. And at the ſame Time Signior *Hawksly*, who is the Patron of the Houſhold, is deſired to leave off this interloping Trade, or admit, as he ought to do, the Knights of the Induſtry to their Share in the Spoil. But this little Matter is only by Way of Digreſſion. Therefore to return our Worthies.

The preſent Race of Terriers and Hounds would ſtarve, were it not for the inchanted *Actæon*, who has kept the whole Pack for many Succeſſions of Hunting-Seaſons. *Actæon* has long Tracts of rich Soil; but had the Misfortune in his Youth to fall under the Power of Sorcery, and has been ever ſince, ſome Parts of the Year, a Deer, and in ſome Parts a Man. While he is a Man, (ſuch is the Force of Magick) he no ſooner grows to ſuch a Bulk and Fatneſs, but he is again turned into a Deer, and hunted till he is lean; upon which he returns to his Humane Shape. Many Arts have been tried, and many Reſolutions taken by *Actæon* him-

himſelf, to follow ſuch Methods as would break the Inchantment; but all have hitherto proved ineffectual. I have therefore, by Midnight Watchings and much Care, found out, that there is no Way to ſave him from the Jaws of his Hounds, but to deſtroy the Pack, which, by Aſtrological Præſcience, I find I am deſtin'd to perform. For which End I have ſent out my Familiar, to bring me a Liſt of all the Places where they are harboured, that I may know where to ſound my Horn, and bring them together, and take an Account of their Haunts and their Marks, againſt another Opportunity.

Will's Coffee-houſe, Auguſt 24.

The Author of the enſuing Letter, by his Name, and the Quotations he makes from the Ancient, ſeems a Sort of Spy from the Old World whom we Moderns ought to be careful of offending; therefore I muſt be free, and own it a fair Hit where he takes me, rather than diſoblige him.

SIR,

HAving a peculiar Humour of deſiring to be ſomewhat the better or wiſer for what I read, I am always uneaſy when, in any profound Writer, (for I read no others) I happen to meet with what I cannot underſtand. When this falls out, 'tis a great Grievance to me that I am not able to conſult the Author himſelf about his Meaning; for Commentators and a Sect that has little Share in my Eſteem, your elaborate Writings have, among many others, this Advantage, that their Author is ſtill alive, and

and ready (as his extenſive Charity makes us expect) to explain whatever may be found in them too ſublime for vulgar Underſtandings. This, Sir, makes me preſume to ask you, How the Hampſtead *Hero's Character could be perfectly new when the laſt Letters came away, and yet Sir* John Suckling *ſo well acquainted with it Sixty Years ago? I hope, Sir, you will not take this amiſs: I can aſſure you, I have a profound Reſpect for you; which makes me write this, with the ſame Diſpoſition with which* Longinus *bids us read* Homer *and* Plato. When in reading (*ſays he*) any of thoſe celebrated Authors, we meet with a Paſſage to which we cannot well reconcile our Reaſon, we ought firmly to believe, that were thoſe great Wits preſent to anſwer for themſelves, we ſhould to our Wonder be convinced, that we only are guilty of the Miſtakes we before attributed to them. *If you think fit to remove the Scruple that now torments me, 'twill be an Encouragement to me to ſettle a frequent Correſpondence with you, ſeveral Things falling in my Way which would not, perhaps, be altogether foreign to your Purpoſe, and whereon your Thoughts would be very acceptable to*

Your moſt humble Servant,

Obadiah Greenhat.

I own this is clean, and Mr. *Greenhat* has convinced me that I have write Nonſence; yet am I not at all offended at him.

Scimus, & hanc Veniam petimuſq; damuſq; Viciſſim.

This is the true Art of Raillery, when a Man turns another into Ridicule, and ſhows at the ſame

ſame Time he is in good Humour, and not urged on by Malice againſt the Perſon he rallies. *Obadiah Greenhat* has hit this very well: For to make an Apology to *Iſaac Bickerſtaff*, an unknown Student and Horary Hiſtorian, as well as Aſtrologer, and with a grave Face to ſay, He ſpeaks of him by the ſame Rules with which he would treat *Homer* and *Plato*, is to place him in Company where he cannot expect to make a Figure; and makes him flatter himſelf, that it is only being named with them which renders him moſt ridiculous.

I have not known, and I am now paſt my Grand Climacterick, being 64 Years of Age, according to my Way of Life, or rather (if you will allow Punning in an old Gentleman) according to my Way of Paſtime; I ſay, as old as I am, I have not been acquainted with many of the *Greenhats*. There is indeed one *Zedekiah Greenhat*, who is lucky alſo in his Way. He has a very agreeable Manner; for when he has a Mind throughly to correct a Man, he never takes from him any Thing, but he allows him ſomething for it; or elſe, he blames him for Things wherein he is not defective, as well as for Matters wherein he is. This makes a weak Man believe he is in Jeſt in the whole. T'other Day he told Beau *Prim*, who is thought impotent, that his Miſtreſs had declared ſhe would not have him, becauſe he was a Sloven, and had committed a Rape. The Beau bit at the Banter, and ſaid very gravely, He thought to be clean was as much as was neceſſary; and that as to the Rape, he wondered

by

by what Witchcraft that ſhould come to her Ears; but it had indeed coſt him a Hundred Pounds to huſh the Affair.

The *Greenhats* are a Family with ſmall Voices and ſhort Arms, therefore they have Power with none but their Friends: They never call after thoſe who run away from them, or pretend to take hold of you if you reſiſt. But it has been remarkable, that all who have ſhunned their Company, or not liſtened to them, have fallen into the Hands of ſuch as have knocked out their own Brains, or broken their Bones. I have looked over our Pedigree upon the Receipt of this Epiſtle, and find the *Greenhats* are a-kin to the *Staffs*. They deſend from *Maudlin*, the Left-handed Wife of *Nehemiah Bickerſtaff*, in the Reign of *Harry* II. And it is remarkable, that they are all Left-handed, and have always been very expert at Single Rapier. A Man muſt be very much uſed to their Play to know how to defend himſelf; for their Poſture is ſo different from that of the Right-handed, that you run upon their Swords if you puſh forward; and they are in with you, if you offer to fall back without keeping your Guard.

There have been alſo Letters lately ſent to me which relate to other People: Among the reſt, ſome whom I have heretofore declared to be ſo, are deceaſed. I muſt not therefore break thro' Rules ſo far, as to ſpeak ill of the Dead. This Maxim extends to all but the late *Partridge*, who ſtill denies his Death. I am informed indeed by ſeveral, that he walks; but I ſhall with all convenient Speed lay him.

St.

St. *James's Coffee-houſe, Auguſt* 24.

We hear from *Tournay*, That on the Night between the 22d and 23d, they went on with their Works in the Enemy's Mines, and levelled the Earth which was taken out of them. The next Day, at 8 in the Morning, when the *French* obſerved we were relieving our Trenches, they ſprung a larger Mine than any they had fired during this Siege, which killed only Four private Centinels. The enſuing Night, we had three Men and two Officers killed, as alſo ſeven Men wounded. Between the 24th and 25th, we repaired ſome Works, which the Enemy had ruined. On the next Day, ſome of the Enemy's Magazines blew up; and it is thought they were deſtroyed on Purpoſe by ſome of their Men, who are impatient of the Hardſhips of the preſent Service. There happened nothing remarkable for two or three Days following. A Deſerter, who came out of the Citadel on the 27th, ſays, the Garriſon is brought to the utmoſt Neceſſity; That their Bread and Water are both very bad, and that they were reduced to eat Horſe-Fleſh. The Manner of fighting in this Siege has diſcovered a Gallantry in our Men unknown to former Ages; their meeting with adverſe Parties under Ground, where every Step is taken with Apprehenſions of being blown up with Mines below them, or cruſhed by the Fall of the Earth above them, and all this acted in Darkneſs, has ſomething in it more terrible than ever is met with in any other Part of a Soldier's Duty. However, this is performed with great Chearfulneſs. In

other Parts of the War we have alſo good Proſpects: Count *Taun* has taken *Annecy*, and the Count *de Merci* marched into *Franche Comte*, while his Electoral Highneſs is much ſuperior in Number to Monſieur *d'Harcourt*; ſo that both on the Side of *Savoy* and *Germany*, we have Reaſon to expect very ſuddenly ſome great Event.

The TATLER. [N° 60.

From *Thurſday*, *Auguſt* 26. to *Saturday*, *Auguſt* 27. 1709.

White's *Chocolate-houſe*, *Auguſt* 26.

TO proceed regularly in the Hiſtory of my Worthies, I ought to give you an Account of what has paſſed from Day to Day in this Place; but a young Fellow of my Acquaintance has ſo lately been reſcued out of the Hands of the Knights of the Induſtry, that I rather chooſe to relate the Manner of his Eſcape from 'em, and the uncommon Way which was uſed to reclaim him, than to go on in my intended Diary.

You are to know then, that *Tom Wildair* is a Student of the *Inner Temple*, and has ſpent his Time, ſince he left the Univerſity for that Place, in the common Diverſions of Men of Faſhion; that is to ſay, in Whoring, Drinking, and Gaming. The Two former Vices he had from his Father; but was led into the laſt by the Converſation of a Partizan of the *Mirmi-*

Mirmidons who had Chambers near him. His Allowance from his Father was a very plentiful one for a Man of Senſe, but as ſcanty for a modern Fine Gentleman. His frequent Loſſes had reduced him to ſo neceſſitous a Condition, that his Lodgings were always haunted by impatient Creditors, and all his Thoughts employed in contriving low Methods to ſupport himſelf, in a Way of Life from which he knew not how to retreat, and in which he wanted Means to proceed. There is never wanting ſome good-natured Perſon to ſend a Man an Account of what he has no Mind to hear; therefore many Epiſtles were conveyed to the Father of this Extravagant, to inform him of the Company, the Pleaſures, the Diſtreſſes, and Entertainments, in which his Son paſſed his Time. The old Fellow received theſe Advices with all the Pain of a Parent, but frequently conſulted his Pillow to know how to behave himſelf on ſuch important Occaſions, as the Welfare of his Son, and the Safety of his Fortune. After many Agitations of Mind, he reflected, That Neceſſity was the uſual Snare which made Men fall into Meanneſs, and that a liberal Fortune generally made a liberal and honeſt Mind; he reſolved therefore to ſave him from his Ruin, by giving him Opportunities of taſting what it is to be at Eaſe, and encloſed to him the following Order upon Sir *Triſtram Caſh.*

SIR,

Pray, pay to Mr. Tho. Wildair, *or Order, the Sum of One Thouſand Pounds, and place it to the Account of,*

Yours, Humphrey Wildair.

Tom was ſo aſtoniſhed at the Receipt of this Order, that tho' he knew it to be his Father's Hand, and that he had always large Sums at Sir *Triſtram*'s; yet a Thouſand Pounds was a Truſt of which his Conduct had always made him appear ſo little capable, that he kept his Note by him, till he writ to his Father the following Letter:

Honoured Father,

I Have received an Order under your Hand for a Thouſand Pounds, in Words at Length, and I think I could ſwear it is your Hand. I have looked it over and over Twenty Thouſand Times. There is in plain Letters T, H, O, U, S, A, N, D: And after it, the Letters, P, O, U, N, D, S. I have it ſtill by me, and ſhall, I believe, continue reading it till I hear from you.

The old Gentleman took no Manner of Notice of the Receipt of his Letter; but ſent him another Order for Three Thouſand Pounds more. His Amazement on this ſecond Letter was unſpeakable. He immediately double-locked his Door, and ſate down carefully to reading and comparing both his Orders. After he had read 'em till he was half Mad, he walked Six or Seven

Seven Turns in his Chamber, then opens his Door, then locks it again; and to examine throughly this Matter, he locks his Door again, puts his Table and Chairs againſt it; then goes into his Cloſet, and locking himſelf in, reads his Notes over again about Nineteen Times, which did but increaſe his Aſtoniſhment. Soon after, he began to recollect many Stories he had formerly heard of Perſons who had been poſſeſſed with Imaginations and Appearances which had no Foundation in Nature, but had been taken with ſudden Madneſs in the Midſt of a ſeeming clear and untainted Reaſon. This made him very gravely conclude he was out of his Wits; and with a Deſign to compoſe himſelf, he immediately betakes him to his Night-cap, with a Reſolution to ſleep himſelf into his former Poverty and Senſes. To Bed therefore he goes at Noon-Day, but ſoon roſe again, and reſolved to viſit Sir *Triſtram* upon this Occaſion. He did ſo, and dined with the Knight, expecting he would mention ſome Advice from his Father about paying him Money; but no ſuch Thing being ſaid, Look ye, Sir *Triſtram*, (ſaid he) you are to know, that an Affair has happened, which —— Look you, (ſays *Triſtram*) I know, Mr. *Wildair*, you are going to deſire me to advance; but the late Call of the Bank, where I have not yet made my laſt Payment, has obliged me — *Tom* interrupted him, by ſhowing him the Bill of a Thouſand Pounds. When he had looked at it for a convenient Time, and as often ſurveyed *Tom*'s Looks and Countenance; Look you, Mr. *Wildair*, a Thouſand Pounds — Before he

could proceed, he ſhows him the Order for Three Thouſand more —— Sir *Triſtram* examined the Orders at the Light, and finding at the writing the Name, there was a certain Stroke in one Letter, which the Father and he had agreed ſhould be to ſuch Directions as he deſired might be more immediately honour'd, he forthwith pays the Mony. The Poſſeſſion of Four Thouſand Pounds gave my young Gentleman a new Train of Thoughts: He began to reflect upon his Birth, the great Expectations he was born to, and the unſuitable Ways he had long purſued. Inſtead of that unthinking Creature he was before, he is now provident, generous, and diſcreet. The Father and Son have an exact and regular Correſpondence, with mutual and unreſerved Confidence in each other. The Son looks upon his Father as the beſt Tenant he could have in the Country, and the Father finds the Son the moſt ſafe Banker he could have in the City.

Will's Coffee-houſe, Auguſt 26.

There is not any Thing in Nature ſo extravagant, but that you will find one Man or other that ſhall practiſe or maintain it; otherwiſe, *Harry Spondee* could not have made ſo long an Harangue as he did here this Evening, concerning the Force and Efficacy of well-applied Nonſence. Among Ladies, he poſitively averr'd, it was the moſt prevailing Part of Eloquence; and had ſo little Complaiſance as to ſay, a Woman is never taken by her Reaſon, but always by her Paſſion. He proceeded to aſſert, the Way to move that, was only to aſtoniſh her. I know (continued he) a very late Inſtance of this; for being by Acci-

Accident in the next Room to *Strephon*, I could not help over-hearing him as he made Love to a certain great Lady's Woman. The true Method in your Application to one of this ſecond Rank of Underſtanding, is not to elevate and ſurprize, but rather to elevate and amaze. *Strephon* is a perfect Maſter in this Kind of Perſwaſion: His Way is, to run over with a ſoft Air a Multitude of Words, without Meaning or Connexion, but ſuch as do each of 'em apart give a pleaſing Idea, tho' they have nothing to do with each other as he aſſembles 'em. After the common Phraſe of Salutation, and making his Entry into the Room, I perceived he had taken the fair Nymph's Hand, and kiſſing it, ſaid, Witneſs to my Happineſs ye Groves! Be ſtill ye Rivulets! Oh Woods, Caves, Fountains, Trees, Dales, Mountains, Hills, and Streams! Oh Faireſt! Could you love me? To which I over-heard her anſwer, with a very pretty Liſp, Oh *Strephon*! You are a dangerous Creature: Why do you talk theſe tender Things to me? But you Men of Wit——Is it then poſſible, ſaid the enamour'd *Strephon*, that ſhe regards my Sorrows? Oh Pity! thou Balmy Cure to an Heart o'erloaded. If Rapture, Solicitation, ſoft Deſire, and pleaſing Anxiety—But ſtill I live in the moſt afflicting of all Circumſtances, Doubt ——Cannot my Charmer name the Place and Moment?

There all thoſe Joys inſatiably to prove,
With which Rich Beauty feeds the Glutton Love.

Forgive me, Madam, it is not that my Heart is weary of its Chain, but —— This incoherent

Stuff was anſwer'd by a tender Sigh, Why do you put your Wit to a weak Woman? *Strephon* ſaw he had made ſome Progreſs in her Heart, and purſued it, by ſaying that he would certainly wait upon her at ſuch an Hour near *Roſamond*'s Pond; and then —— the Sylvian Deities, and Rural Powers of the Place, ſacred and inviolable to *Love*; *Love*, the Mover of all noble Hearts, ſhould hear his Vows repeated by the Streams and Ecchoes. The Aſſignation was accordingly made. This Style he calls the unintelligible Method of ſpeaking his Mind; and I'll engage, had this Gallant ſpoken plain *Engliſh*, ſhe had never underſtood him half ſo ready: For we may take it for granted, That he'll be eſteemed as a very cold Lover, who diſcovers to his Miſtreſs that he is in his Senſes.

From my own Apartment, Auguſt 26.

The following Letter came to my Hand, with a Requeſt to have the Subject recommended to our Leaders, particularly the Smart Fellows, who are deſired to repair to Major *Touch-hole*, who can help them to Firelocks that are only fit for Exerciſe.

Juſt ready for the Preſs.

'*Mars Triumphant*, or, *London's Glory*: Be-
' ing the whole Art of Encampment, with
' the Method of Embatteling Armies, marching
' them off, poſting the Officers, forming hollow
' Squares, and the various Ways of paying the
' Salute with the Half-pike; as it was perform-
' ed by the Train'd-Bands of *London* this Year
' One thouſand ſeven hundred and nine, in that
' Nurſery of *Bellona* the *Artillery-Ground*. Where-
' in

‘ in you have a new Method how to form a ‘ ſtrong Line of Foot, with large Intervals be- ‘ tween each Platon, very uſeful to prevent the ‘ breaking in of Horſe. A Civil Way of per- ‘ forming the Military Ceremony; wherein the ‘ Major alights from his Horſe, and at the Head ‘ of his Company ſalutes the Lieutenant-Colonel; ‘ and the Lieutenant-Colonel, to return the Com- ‘ pliment, courteouſly diſmounts, and after ‘ the ſame Manner ſalutes his Major: Exactly as ‘ it was performed, with abundance of Applauſe, ‘ on the 5th of *July* laſt. Likewiſe an Account ‘ of a new Invention made uſe of in the Red Re- ‘ giment to quell mutineering Captains; with ‘ ſeveral other Things alike uſeful for the Pub- ‘ lick. To which is added, an Appendix by ‘ Major *Touch-hole*; proving the Method of Diſ- ‘ cipline now uſed in our Armies to be very de- ‘ fective: With an Eſſay toward an Amend- ‘ ment. Dedicated to the Lieutenant-Colonel ‘ of the Firſt Regiment.

Mr. Bickerſtaff *has now in the Preſs*, A Defence of Aukward Fellows againſt the Claſs of the Smarts: *With a Diſſertation upon the Gravity which becomes weighty Perſons. Illuſtrated by Way of Fable, and a Diſcourſe on the Nature of the Elephant, the Cow, the Dray-Horſe, and the Dromedary, which have Motions equally ſteady and grave. To this is added, A Treatiſe written by an Elephant* (*according to* Pliny) *againſt receiving Foreigners into the Forreſt. Adapted to ſome preſent Circumſtances. Together with Alluſions to ſuch Beaſts as declare againſt the Poor* Palatines.

The

The TATLER. [N° 61.
From *Saturday*, *Auguſt* 27. to *Tueſday*, *Auguſt* 30. 1709.

White's *Chocolate-houſe*, *Auguſt* 29.

AMong many Phraſes which have crept into Converſation, eſpecially of ſuch Company as frequent this Place, there is not one which miſleads me more, than that of a *Fellow of a great deal of Fire*. This Metaphorical Term, *Fire*, has done much Good in keeping Coxcombs in Awe of one another; but at the ſame Time it has made 'em troubleſome to every Body elſe. You ſee in the very Air of a *Fellow of Fire*, ſomething ſo expreſſive of what he would be at, that if it were not for Self-Preſervation a Man would laugh out.

I had laſt Night the Fate to drink a Bottle with Two of theſe *Fire-men*, who are indeed diſperſed like the *Mirmidons* in all Quarters, and to be met with among thoſe of the moſt different Education. One of my Companions was a Scholar with *Fire*; the other a Soldier of the ſame Complexion. My learned Man would fall into Diſputes, and argue without any Manner of Provocation or Contradiction: The other was deciſive without Words, and would give a Shrug or an Oath to expreſs his Opinion. My learned Man was a meer Scholar, and my Man of War as meer a Soldier. The Particularity of the Firſt was ridiculous; that of the Second, terrible.

They

They were Relations by Blood, which in ſome Meaſure moderated their Extravagancies towards each other: I gave my ſelf up meerly as a Perſon of no Note in the Company, but as if brought to be convinced, that I was an inconſiderable Thing, any otherwiſe than that they would ſhow each other to me, and make me Spectator of the Triumph they alternately enjoy'd. The Scholar has been very converſant with Books, and the other with Men only; which makes 'em both ſuperficial: For the Taſte of Books is neceſſary to our Behaviour in the beſt Company, and the Knowledge of Men is required for a true Reliſh of Books: But they have both *Fire*, which makes one paſs for a Man of Senſe, and the other for a Fine Gentleman. I found I could eaſily enough paſs my Time with the Scholar; for if I ſeem'd not to do Juſtice to his Parts and Sentiments, he pitied me, and let me alone. But the Warrior could not let it reſt there; I muſt know all that happen'd within his ſhallow Obſervations of the Nature of the War: To all which he added an Air of Lazineſs, and Contempt of thoſe of his Companions who were eminent for delighting in the Exerciſe and Knowledge of their Duty. Thus it is, that all the young Fellows of much animal Life, and little Underſtanding, that repair to our Armies, uſurp upon the Converſation of reaſonable Men, under the Notion of having *Fire*.

The Word has not been of greater Uſe to ſhallow Lovers, to ſupply them with Chat to their Miſtreſſes, than it has been to pretended

Men

Men of Pleaſure to ſupport them in being pert and dull, and ſaying of every Fool of their Order, *Such a one has Fire.* There is Colonel *Truncheon*, who marches with Diviſions ready on all Occaſions; an Hero who never doubted in his Life, but is ever poſitively fix'd in the Wrong, not out of obſtinate Opinion, but invincible Stupidity.

It is very unhappy for this Latitude of *London*, that it is poſſible for ſuch as can learn only Faſhion, Habit, and a Set of common Phraſes of Salutation, to paſs with no other Accompliſhments, in this Nation of Freedom for Men of Converſation and Senſe. All theſe ought to pretend to, is, not to offend; but they carry it ſo far, as to be negligent, whether they offend or not; *For they have Fire.* But their Force differs from true Spirit, as much as a vicious from a mettleſome Horſe. A Man of *Fire* is a general Enemy to all the Waiters where you drink, is the only Man affronted at the Company's being neglected, and makes the Drawers abroad, his Valet de Chambre and Footman at home, know he is not to be provoked without Danger.

This is not the *Fire* that animates the noble *Marinus*, a Youth of good Nature, Affability, and Moderation. He commands his Ship, as an Intelligence moves its Orb: He is the vital Life, and his Officers the Limbs of the Machine. His Vivacity is ſeen in doing all the Offices of Life with Readineſs of Spirit, and Propriety in the Manner of doing them. To be ever active in laudable Purſuits, is the diſtinguiſhing Character

ſter of a Man of Merit; while the common Behaviour of every gay Coxcomb of *Fire* is to be confidently in the Wrong, and dare to perſiſt in it.

Will's Coffee-houſe, Auguſt 29.

It is a common Objection againſt Writings of a Satyrical Mixture, that they hurt Men in their Reputations, and conſequently in their Fortunes and Poſſeſſions; but a Gentleman who frequents this Room declared, he was of Opinion it ought to be ſo, provided ſuch Performances had their proper Reſtrictions. The greateſt Evils in humane Society are ſuch as no Law can come at; as in the Caſe of Ingratitude, where the Manner of obliging, very often leaves the Benefactor without Means of demanding Juſtice, though that very Circumſtance ſhould be the more binding to the Perſon who has received the Benefit. On ſuch an Occaſion, ſhall it be poſſible for the Malefactor to eſcape? And is it not lawful to ſet Marks upon Perſons who live within the Law, and do baſe Things? Shall not we uſe the ſame Protection of thoſe Laws to puniſh them, which they have to defend themſelves? We ſhall therefore take it for a very moral Action to find a good Appellation for Offenders, and to turn them into Ridicule under feigned Names.

I am advertiſed by a Letter of *Auguſt* the 25th, That the Name of *Copperſmith* has very much wanted Explanation in the City, and by that Means unjuſtly given, by thoſe who are conſcious they deſerve it themſelves, to an honeſt and worthy Citizen belonging to the *Copper-Office*; but that Word is framed out of a moral Conſide-

ration

ration of Wealth amongſt Men, whereby he that has gotten any Part of it by Injuſtice and Extortion, is to be thought in the Eye of virtuous Men ſo much the poorer for ſuch Gain. Thus all the Gold which is torn from our Neighbours, by making Advantage of their Wants, is Copper; and I authorize the *Lombards* to diſtinguiſh themſelves accordingly. All the honeſt, who make a reaſonable Profit, both for the Advantage of themſelves and thoſe they deal with, are Goldſmiths; but thoſe who tear unjuſtly all they can, Copperſmiths. At the ſame Time I deſire him who is moſt guilty, to ſit down ſatisfied with Riches and Contempt, and be known by the Title of, *The Copperſmith*; as being the Chief of that reſpected, contemptible Fraternity.

This is the Caſe of all others mentioned in our Lucubrations, particularly of *Stentor*, who goes on in his Vociferations at St. *Paul*'s with ſo much Obſtinacy, that he has received Admonition from St. *Peter*'s for it from a Perſon of eminent Wit and Piety; but who is by old Age reduced to the Infirmity of ſleeping at a Service, to which he has been Fifty Years attentive, and whoſe Death, when ever it happens, may with that of the Saints, well be called, Falling aſleep; for the Innocence of his Life makes him expect it as indifferently as he does his ordinary Reſt. This gives him a Chearfulneſs of Spirit to rally his own Weakneſs, and hath made him write to *Stentor* to harken to my Admonitions. Brother *Stentor*, (ſaid he) for the Repoſe of the Church, hearken to *Bickerſtaff*, and conſider, that

that while you are ſo devout at St. *Paul*'s, we cannot ſleep for you at St. *Peter*'s.

From my own Apartment, Auguſt 29.

There has been lately ſent me a much harder Queſtion than was ever yet put to me ſince I profeſſed Aſtrology; to wit, How far, and to what Age, Women ought to make their Beauty their chief Concern? The Regard and Care of their Faces and Perſons are as variouſly to be conſider'd, as their Complexions themſelves differ; but if one may tranſgreſs againſt the Careful Practice of the Fair Sex ſo much as to give an Opinion againſt it, I humbly preſume, that leſs Care, better apply'd, would increaſe their Empire, and make it laſt as long as Life. Whereas now, from their own Example, we take our Eſteem of their Merit from it, for it is very juſt, that ſhe who values her ſelf only on her Beauty, ſhould be regarded by others on no other Conſideration.

There is certainly a liberal and pedantick Education among Women as well as Men, and the Merit laſts accordingly. She therefore that is bred with Freedom, and in good Company, conſiders Men according to their reſpective Characters and Diſtinctions; while ſhe that is lock'd up from ſuch Obſervation, will conſider her Father's Butler not as a Butler, but as a Man. In like Manner, when Men converſe with Women, the Well-bred and Intelligent are looked upon with an Obſervation ſuitable to their different Talents and Accompliſhments, without Reſpect to their Sex; while a meer Woman can be obſerved under no Conſideration but that of

a Woman; and there can be but one Reaſon for placing any Value upon her, or loſing Time in her Company. Wherefore I am of Opinion, that the Rule for pleaſing long, is, to obtain ſuch Qualifications as would make them ſo, were they not Women.

Let the beauteous *Cleomira* then ſhew us her real Face, and know, that every Stage of Life has its peculiar Charms, and that there is no Neceſſity for Fifty to be Fifteen: That Childiſh colouring of her Cheeks is now as ungraceful, as that Shape would have been when her Face wore its real Countenance. She has Senſe, and ought to know, that if ſhe will not follow Nature, Nature will follow her. Time then has made that Perſon, which had (when I viſited her Grandfather) an agreeable Bloom, ſprightly Air, and ſoft Utterance, now no leſs graceful in a lovely Aſpect, an awful Manner, and maternal Wiſdom. But her Heart was ſo ſet upon her firſt Character, that ſhe neglects and repines at her preſent; not that ſhe is againſt a more ſtay'd Conduct in others, for ſhe recommends Gravity, Circumſpection, and Severity of Countenance, to her Daughter. Thus, againſt all Chronology, the Girl is the Sage, the Mother the Fine Lady.

But theſe great Evils proceed from an unaccountable wild Method in the Education of the better half of the World, the Women. We have no ſuch Thing as a Standard for good Breeding. I was the other Day at my Lady *Wealthy*'s, and asked one of her Daughters, How ſhe did? She anſwered, She never convers'd with

with Men. The ſame Day I viſited at Lady *Plantwell*'s, and asked her Daughter the ſame Queſtion. She anſwers, What's that to you, you old Thief? And gives me a Slap on the Shoulders.

I defy any Man in *England*, except he knows the Family before he enters, to be able to judge whether he ſhall be agreeable or not, when he comes into it. You find either ſome odd old Woman, who is permitted to rule as long as ſhe lives, in Hopes of her Death, and to interrupt all Things; or ſome impertinent young Woman, who will talk ſillily upon the Strength of looking beautifully. I will not anſwer for it, but it may be, that I (like all other old Fellows) have a Fondneſs for the Faſhions and Manners which prevailed when I was young and in Faſhion my ſelf: But certain it is, that the Taſte of Grace and Beauty is very much lower'd! The Fine Women they ſhow me now-a-days, are at beſt but pretty Girls to me, who have ſeen *Sachariſſa*, when all the World repeated the Poems ſhe inſpir'd; and *Villaria*, when a youthful King was her Subject. The Things you follow and make Songs on now, ſhould be ſent to knit, or ſit down to Bobbins or Bone-lace: They are indeed neat, and ſo are their Sempſtreſſes; they are pretty, and ſo are their Handmaids. But that graceful Motion, that awful Mein, and that winning Attraction, which grew upon 'em from the Thoughts and Converſations they met with in my Time, are now no more ſeen. They tell me, I am old: I am glad I am ſo; for I don't like your preſent young Ladies.

Thoſe among us who ſet up for any Thing of Decorum, do ſo miſtake the Matter, that they offend on the other Side. Five young Ladies who are of no ſmall Fame for their great Severity of Manners, and exemplary Behaviour, would lately go no where with their Lovers but to an Organ-Loft in a Church, where they had a Cold Treat, and ſome few Opera Songs, to their great Refreſhment and Edification. Whether theſe prudent Perſons had not been as much ſo, if this had been done at a Tavern, is not very hard to determine. 'Tis ſuch ſilly Starts and Incoherences as theſe, which undervalue the Beauteous Sex, and puzzle us in our Choice of Sweetneſs of Temper, and Simplicity of Manners, which are the only laſting Charms of Woman. But I muſt leave this important Subject at preſent, for ſome Matters which preſs for Publication; as you will obſerve in the following Letter:

Dear Sir,

'*TIS natural for diſtant Relations to claim Kindred with a riſing Family; though at this Time, Zeal to my Country, not Intereſt, calls me out. The City-Forces being ſhortly to take the Field, all good Proteſtants would be pleaſed that their Arms and Valour ſhould ſhine with equal Luſtre. A Council of War was lately held, the Honourable Colonel* Mortar *being Preſident. After many Debates, 'twas unanimouſly reſolved, That Major* Blunder, *a moſt expert Officer, ſhould be detached for* Bromingham *to buy Arms, and to prove his Fire-locks on the Spot, as well to prevent*

vent Expence, as Diſappointment in the Day of Battle. The Major being a Perſon of conſummate Experience, was inveſted with a Diſcretionary Power. He knew from ancient Story, that ſecuring the Rear, and making a glorious Retreat, was the moſt celebrated Piece of Conduct. Accordingly ſuch Meaſures were taken to prevent Surprize in the Rear of his Arms, that even Pallas *her ſelf, in the Shape of Ruſt, could not invade 'em. They were drawn into cloſe Order, firmly embodied, and arrived ſecurely without Touch-holes. Great and National Actions deſerve popular Applauſe; and as Praiſe is no Expence to the Publick, therefore, deareſt Kinſman, I communicate this to you, as well to oblige this Nurſery of Heroes, as to do Juſtice to my Native Country. I am*

Your moſt

London, Aug. 26.
Artillery Ground.

Affectionate Kinſman,

Offspring Twig.

A War-Horſe, belonging to one of the Colonels of the Artillery, to be Lett or Sold. He may be ſeen, adorn'd with Ribbands, and ſet forth to the beſt Advantage, the next Training-Day.

The TATLER. [N° 62.

From *Tueſday*, *Auguſt* 30. to *Thurſday*, *September* 1. 1709.

White's Chocolate-houſe, *Auguſt* 31.

THIS Place being frequented by Perſons of Condition, I am deſired to recommend a Dog-kennel to any who ſhall want a Pack. It lies not far from *Suffolk-ſtreet*, and is kept by Two who were formerly Dragoons in the *French* Service; but left Plundering for the more orderly Life of keeping Dogs: Beſides that, according to their Expectation, they find it more profitable, as well as more conducing to the Safety of their Skin, to follow this Trade, than the Beat of Drum. Their Reſidence is very convenient for the Dogs to whelp in, and bring up a right Breed to follow the Scent. The moſt eminent of the Kennel are Blood-hounds, which lead the Van, and are as follow:

A Liſt of the Dogs.

Jowler, of a right *Iriſh* Breed, called Captain.

Rockwood, of *French* Race, with long Hair, by the Courteſy of *England* called alſo Captain.

Pompey, a tall Hound, kennelled in a *Convent* in *France*, and knows a rich Soil.

Theſe

Theſe Two laſt hunt in Couple, and are followed by,

Ringwood, a *French* black Whelp of the ſame Breed, a fine open-mouth'd Dog; and an old ſick Hound, always in Kennel; but of the true Blood, with a good Noſe, *French* Breed.

There is alſo an *Italian* Greyhound, with good Legs, and knows perfectly the Ground from *Ghent* to *Paris*.

Ten Setting-Dogs, right *Engliſh*.

Four Mongrels of the ſame Nation.

And Twenty Whelps, fit for any Game.

Theſe Curs are ſo extremely hungry, that they are too keen at the Sport, and worry their Game before the Keepers can come in. The other Day a Wild-Boar from the North ruſhed into the Kennel, and at firſt indeed defended himſelf againſt the whole Pack; but they proved at laſt too many for him, and tore 25 Pounds of Fleſh from off his Back, with which they fillled their Bellies, and made ſo great a Noiſe in the Neighbourhood, that the Keepers are obliged to haſten the Sale. That Quarter of the Town where they are kennell'd is generally inhabited by Strangers, whoſe Blood the Hounds have often ſucked in ſuch a Manner, that many a *German* Count, and other *Virtuoſi*, who came from the Continent, have loſt the Intention of their Travels, and been unable to proceed on their Journey.

If theſe Hounds are not very ſoon diſpoſed of to ſome good Purchaſer, as alſo thoſe at the Kennels nearer St. *James*'s, it is humbly propoſed, that they may be all together tranſported

to *America*, where the Dogs are few, and the Wild-Beaſts many. Or, that during their Stay in theſe Parts, ſome eminent Juſtice of the Peace may have it in particular Direction to viſit their Harbours; and that the Sheriff of *Middleſex* may allow him the Aſſiſtance of the Common Hangman to cut off their Ears, or Part of them, for Diſtinction-ſake, that we may know the Blood-hounds from the Mongrels and Setters. Till theſe Things are regulated, you may inquire at an Houſe belonging to *Paris* at the upper End of *Suffolk-ſtreet*, or an Houſe belonging to *Ghent*, oppoſite to the lower End of *Pall-Mall*, and know further.

It were to be wiſhed that theſe Curs were diſpoſed of; for it is a very great Nuſance to have them tolerated in Cities. That of *London* takes Care, that the Common Hunt, aſſiſted by the Sergeants and Bailiffs, expel them wherever they are found within the Walls; though 'tis ſaid, ſome private Families keep them, to the Deſtruction of their Neighbours: But it is deſired, that all who know of any of theſe Curs, or have been bit by them, would ſend me their Marks, and the Houſes were they are harboured, and I do not doubt but I ſhall alarm the People ſo well, as to have them uſed like mad Dogs wherever they appear. In the mean Time, I adviſe all ſuch as entertain this Kind of Vermin, that if they give me timely Notice that their Dogs are diſmiſſed, I ſhall let them go unregarded, otherwiſe am obliged to admoniſh my Fellow-Subjects in this Behalf, and inſtruct them how to avoid being worried, when they are going about their

their lawful Profeſſions and Callings. There was lately a young Gentleman bit to the Bone; who has now indeed recovered his Health, but is as lean as a Skeleton. It grieved my Heart to ſee a Gentleman's Son run among the Hounds; but he is, they tell me, as fleet and as dangerous as the beſt of the Pack.

Will's Coffee-houſe, Auguſt 31.

This Evening was ſpent at our Table in Diſcourſe of Propriety of Words and Thoughts, which is Mr. *Dryden*'s Definition of Wit; but a very odd Fellow, who would intrude upon us, and has a Briskneſs of Imagination more like Madneſs than regular Thought, ſaid, that *Harry Jacks* was the firſt who told him of the taking of the Citadel of *Tournay*, and (ſays he) *Harry* deſerves a Statue more than the Boy who ran to the Senate with a Thorn in his Foot to tell of a Victory. We were aſtoniſhed at the Aſſertion; and *Spondee* asked him, What Affinity is there between that Boy and *Harry*, that you ſay their Merit reſembles ſo much as you juſt now told us? Why, (ſays he) *Harry* you know is in the *French* Intereſt, and it was more Pain to him to tell the Story of *Tournay*, than to the Boy to run upon a Thorn to relate a Victory which he was glad of. The Gentleman who was in the Chair upon the Subject of Propriety of Words and Thoughts, would by no Means allow, that there was Wit in this Compariſon; and urged, that to have any Thing gracefully ſaid, it muſt be natural; but that whatſoever was introduced in common Diſcourſe with ſo much Premeditation, was inſufferable. That Critick went on:

Had Mr. *Jacks* (ſaid he) told him the Citadel was taken, and another had anſwered, He deſerves a Statue as well as the *Roman* Boy, for he told it with as much Pain; it might have paſſed for a ſprightly Expreſſion: But there is a Wit for Diſcourſe, and a Wit for Writing. The Eaſineſs and Familiarity of the firſt, is not to ſavour in the leaſt of Study; but the Exactneſs of the other, is to admit of ſomething like the Freedom of Diſcourſe, eſpecially in Treatiſes of Humanity, and what regards the *Belles Lettres*. I do not in this allow, that *Bickerſtaff*'s *Tatlers*, or Diſcourſes of Wit by Retail, and for the Penny, ſhould come within the Deſcription of *Writing*. I bowed at his Compliment, and — But he would not let me proceed.

You ſee in no Place of Converſation the Perfection of Speech ſo much as in an accompliſh'd Woman. Whether it be, that there is a Partiality irreſiſtible when we judge of that Sex, or whatever it is, you may obſerve a wonderful Freedom in their Utterance, and an eaſy Flow of Words, without being diſtracted (as we often are who read much) in the Choice of Dictions and Phraſes. My Lady *Courtly* is an Inſtance of this: She was talking the other Day of Dreſs, and did it with ſo excellent an Air and Geſture, that you would have ſworn ſhe had learned her Action from our *Demoſthenes*. Beſides which, her Words were ſo particularly well adapted to the Matter ſhe talked of, that tho' Dreſs was a new Thing to us Men, ſhe avoided the Terms of Art in it, and deſcribed an unaffected Garb and Manner in ſo proper Terms, that ſhe came up to that

of

of *Horace*'s *Simplex Munditiis*; which, whoever can tranſlate in Two Words, has as much Eloquence as Lady *Courtly*. I took the Liberty to tell her, That all ſhe had ſaid with ſo much good Grace, was ſpoken in Two Words in *Harace*, but would not undertake to tranſlate them; upon which ſhe ſmiled, and told me, She believed me a very great Scholar, and I took my Leave.

From my own Apartment, Auguſt 31.

I have been juſt now reading the Introduction to the Hiſtory of *Catiline* by *Salluſt*, an Author who is very much in my Favour; but when I reflect upon his profeſſing himſelf wholly diſintereſted, and at the ſame Time ſee how induſtriouſly he has avoided ſaying any Thing to the Praiſe of *Cicero*, to whoſe Vigilance the Commonwealth owed its Safety, it very much leſſens my Eſteem for that Writer; and is one Argument, among others, for laughing at all who pretend to be out of the Intereſts of the World, and profeſs purely to act for the Service of Mankind, without the leaſt Regard to themſelves. I do not deny but that the Rewards are different; ſome aim at Riches, others at Honour, by their publick Services. However, they are all purſuing ſome End to themſelves, tho' indeed thoſe Ends differ as much as Right and Wrong. The moſt graceful Way then, I ſhould think, would be to acknowledge, that you aim at ſerving your ſelves; but at the ſame Time make it appear, it is for the Service of others that you have theſe Opportunities.

Of all the diſintereſted Profeſſors I have ever heard of, I take the Boatſwain of *Dampier*'s Ship to

to be the moſt impudent, but the moſt excuſable. You are to know, that in the wild Searches that Navigator was making, they happen'd to be out at Sea, far diſtant from any Shore, in Want of all the Neceſſaries of Life; inſomuch, that they began to look, not without Hunger, on each other. The Boatſwain was a fat, healthy, freſh Fellow, and attracted the Eyes of the whole Crew. In ſuch an extreme Neceſſity, all Forms of Superiority were laid aſide: The Captain and Lieutenant were ſafe only by being Carrion, and the unhappy Boatſwain in Danger only by being worth eating. To be ſhort, the Company were unanimous, and the Boatſwain muſt be cut up. He ſaw their Intention, and deſired he might ſpeak a few Words before they proceeded; which being permitted, he delivered himſelf as follows:

Gentlemen Sailors,

Far be it that I ſhould ſpeak it for any private Intereſt of my own, but I take it, that I ſhould not die with a good Conſcience, if I did not confeſs to you that I am not ſound. I ſay, Gentlemen, Juſtice, and the Teſtimony of a good Conſcience, as well as Love of my Country, to which I hope you will return, oblige me to own, that Black Kate *at* Debtford *has made me very unſafe to eat; and (I ſpeak it with Shame) I am afraid, Gentlemen, I ſhould poiſon you.*

This Speech had a good Effect in the Boatſwain's Favour; but the Surgeon of the Ship proteſted, he had cured him very well, and offered to eat the firſt Stake of him himſelf.

The

The Boatſwain replied, (like an Orator, with a true Notion of the People, and in Hopes to gain Time) That he was heartily glad if he could be for their Service, and thanked the Surgeon for his Information. However, ſaid he, I muſt inform you, for your own Good, that I have ever ſince my Cure been very thirſty and dropſical; therefore I preſume it would be much better to tap me, and drink me off, than eat me at once, and have no Man in the Ship fit to be drank. As he was going on with his Harangue, a freſh Gale aroſe, and gave the Crew Hopes of a better Repaſt at the neareſt Shore, to which they arrived next Morning.

Moſt of the Self-denials we meet with are of this Sort; therefore I think he acts faireſt who owns, he hopes at leaſt to have Brother's Fare, without profeſſing that he gives himſelf up with Pleaſure to be devoured for the Preſervation of his Fellows.

St. *James*'s *Coffee-houſe*, *Auguſt* 31.

Letters from the *Hague* of the 6th of *September*, *N. S.* ſay, That the Governor of the Citadel of *Tournay* having offered their Highneſſes the Duke of *Marlborough* and the Prince of *Savoy* to ſurrender that Place on the 31ſt of the laſt Month, on Terms which were not allowed them by thoſe Princes, Hoſtilities were thereupon renewed; but that on the 3d the Place was ſurrendered, with a ſeeming Condition granted to the Beſieged above that of being Priſoners of War; for they were forthwith to be conducted to *Condé*, but were to be exchanged for Priſoners of the Allies, and particularly thoſe of *Warneton* were mentioned

mentioned in the Demand. Both Armies having ſtretched towards *Mons* with the utmoſt Diligence, that of the Allies, tho' they paſſed the much more difficult Road, arrived firſt before that Town, which they have now actually inveſted; and the Quartermaſter-General was, at the Time of diſpatching theſe Letters, marking the Ground for the Encampment of the covering Army.

To the Bookſellers, or others, whom this Advertiſement may concern.

Mr. Omicron, *the Unborn Poet, gives Notice, That he writes all Treatiſes as well in Verſe as Proſe, being a Ninth Son, and tranſlates out of all Languages, without Learning or Study.*

If any Bookſeller will treat for his Paſtoral on the Siege and Surrender of the Citadel of Tournay, *he muſt ſend in his Propoſals before the News of a Capitulation for any other Town.*

The Undertaker for either Play-houſe may have an Opera written by him; or, if it ſhall ſuit their Deſign, a Satyr upon Opera's; both ready for next Winter.

This is to give Notice, That Richard Farloe, *M. A. well known for his Acuteneſs in Diſſection of dead Bodies, and his great Skill in Oſteology, has now laid by that Practice; and having, by great Study, and much Labour, acquired the Knowledge of an Antidote for all the moſt common Maladies, of the Stomach, is removed, and may be applied to, at any Time of the Day, in the South Entrance from* Newgate-ſtreet *in* Chriſt's-*Hoſpital.*

The

The TATLER. [N°63.

From *Thurſday, Septem.* 1. to *Saturday, Septem.* 3. 1709.

White's Chocolate-houſe, September 2.

Of the Enjoyment of Life with Regard to others.

I Have ever thought it the greateſt Diminution to the *Roman* Glory imaginable, that in their Inſtitution of Publick Triumphs, they led their Enemies in Chains when they were Priſoners. It is to be allowed, that doing all Honour to the Superiority of Heroes above the reſt of Mankind, muſt needs conduce to the Glory and Advantage of a Nation; but what ſhocks the Imagination to reflect upon, is, that a polite People ſhould think it reaſonable, that an unhappy Man, who was no way inferior to the Victor, but by the Chance of War, ſhould be led like a Slave at the Wheels of his Chariot. Indeed, theſe other Circumſtances of a Triumph, That it was not allowed in a Civil War, leſt Part of it ſhould be in Tears, while the other was making Acclamations; That it ſhould not be granted, except ſuch a Number were ſlain in Battle; That the General ſhould be diſgraced who made a falſe Muſter of his Dead: Theſe, I ſay, had great and politick Ends in their being eſtabliſhed, and tended to the apparent Benefit of the Commonwealth. But this Behaviour to the Conquered had no Foundation in Nature or Policy, only to gratify the Inſolence of an haughty

haughty People, who triumphed over barbarous Nations, by acting what was fit only for thoſe very Barbarians to practiſe. It ſeems wonderful, that they who were ſo refined as to take Care, that to compleat the Honour done to the victorious Officer, no Power ſhould be known above him in the Empire on the Day of his Triumph, but that the Conſuls themſelves ſhould be but Gueſts at his Table that Evening, could not take it into Thought to make the Man of chief Note among his Priſoners one of the Company. This would have improved the Gladneſs of the Occaſion, and the Victor had made a much greater Figure, in that no other Man appeared unhappy on his Day, than becauſe no other Man appeared great.

But we will wave at preſent ſuch important Incidents, and turn our Thoughts rather to the familiar Part of humane Life, and we ſhall find, that the great Buſineſs we contend for, is in a leſs Degree what thoſe *Romans* did on more ſolemn Occaſions, to triumph over our Fellow Creatures; and there is hardly a Man to be found, who would not rather be in Pain to appear happy, than be really happy and thought miſerable. This Men attempt by ſumptuous Equipages, ſplendid Houſes, numerous Servants, and all the Cares and Purſuits of an ambitious or faſhionable Life.

Bromeo and *Tabio* are particularly Ill-wiſhers to each other, and Rivals in Happineſs. There is no Way in Nature ſo good to procure the Eſteem of the one, as to give him little Notices of certain ſecret Points wherein the other is uneaſy.

eaſy. *Gnatho* has the Skill of doing this, and never applauds the Improvements *Bromeo* has been many Years making, and ever will be making; but he adds, 'Now this very Thing was 'my Thought when *Tabio* was pulling up his 'Underwood, yet he never would hear of it; 'but now your Gardens are in this Poſture, he 'is ready to hang himſelf. Well, to be ſincere, 'that Situation of his can never make an agree-'ble Seat: He may make his Houſe and Appur-'tenances what he pleaſes; but he cannot re-'move them to the ſame Ground where *Bromeo* 'ſtands; and of all Things under the Sun, a Man 'that is happy at Second-hand is the moſt mon-'ſtrous." 'Tis a very ſtrange Madneſs (anſwers *Bromeo*) if a Man on theſe Occaſions can think of any End but pleaſing himſelf. As for my Part, if Things are convenient, I hate all Oſtentation: There is no End of the Folly of adapting our Affairs to the Imagination of others. Upon which, the next Thing he does, is to enlarge whatever he hears his Rival has attempted to imitate him in; but their Misfortune is, that they are in their Time of Life, in their Eſtates, and in their Underſtandings equal; ſo that the Emulation may continue to the laſt Day of their Lives. As it ſtands now, *Tabio* has heard *Bromeo* has lately purchaſed Two Hundred a Year in the Annuities ſince he laſt ſettled the Account of their Happineſs, in which he thought himſelf to have the Ballance. This may ſeem a very fantaſtical Way of thinking in theſe Men; but there is nothing ſo common, as a Man's endeavouring rather to go further than ſome other Perſon

Perſon towards an eaſy Fortune, than to form any certain Standard that would make himſelf happy.

Will's Coffee-houſe, September 2.

Mr. *Dactile* has been this Evening very profuſe of his Eloquence upon the Talent of turning Things into Ridicule; and ſeemed to ſay very juſtly, That there was generally in it ſomething too diſingenuous for the Society of liberal Men, except it were governed by the Circumſtances of Perſons, Time and Place. This Talent, continued he, is to be uſed as a Man does his Sword, not to be drawn but in his own Defence, or to bring Pretenders and Impoſtors in Society to a true Light. But we have ſeen this Faculty ſo miſtaken, that the Burleſque of *Virgil* himſelf has paſſed, among Men of little Taſt, for Wit; and the nobleſt Thoughts that can enter into the Heart of Man, levelled with Ribaldry and Baſeneſs: Though by the Rules of Juſtice, no Man ought to be ridiculed for any Imperfection, who does not ſet up for eminent Sufficiency in that Way wherein he is defective. Thus Cowards, who would hide themſelves by an affected Terror in their Mien and Dreſs; and Pedants, who would ſhow the Depth of their Knowledge by a ſupercilious Gravity, are equally the Objects of Laughter. Not that they are in themſelves ridiculous for their Want of Courage, or Weakneſs of Underſtanding, but that they ſeem inſenſible of their own Place in Life, and unhappily rank themſelves with thoſe, whoſe Abilities, compared to their Defects, make them contemptible.

At

At the ſame Time, it muſt be remarked, That Riſibility being the Effect of Reaſon, a Man ought to be expelled from ſober Company who laughs without it. Ha! ha! ſays *Will. Truby*, who ſat by, Will any Man pretend to give me Laws when I ſhould laugh, or tell me what I ſhould laugh at? Look ye, anſwer'd *Humphrey Slyboots*, you are mightily miſtaken; you may, if you pleaſe, make what Noiſe you will, and no Body can hinder an *Engliſh* Gentleman from putting his Face into what Poſture he thinks fit; but, take my Word for it, that Motion which you now make with your Mouth open, and the Agitation of your Stomach, which you relieve by holding your Sides, is not Laughter: Laughter is a more weighty Thing than you imagine; and I'll tell you a Secret, You never did laugh in your Life; and truly I am afraid you never will, except you take great Care to be cured of thoſe Convulſive Fits. *Truby* left us, and when he had got Two Yards from us, Well (ſaid he) you are ſtrange Fellows, and was immediately taken with another Fit.

The *Trubies* are a well-natur'd Family, whoſe particular Make is ſuch, that they have the ſame Pleaſure out of good Will, which other People have in that Scorn which is the Cauſe of Laughter: Therefore their burſting into the Figures of Men when laughing, proceeds only from a general Benevolence they are born with; as the *Slyboots* ſmile only on the greateſt Occaſion of Mirth; which Difference is cauſed rather from a different Structure of their Organs, than that one is leſs moved than the other. I know *Sower-*

ly frets inwardly when *Will. Truby* laughs at him; but when I meet him and he burſts out, I know 'tis out of his abundant Joy to ſee me, which he expreſſes by that Vociferation which is in others Laughter. But I ſhall defer conſidering this Subject at large, till I come to my Treatiſe of Oſcitation, Laughter, and Ridicule.

From my own Apartment, September 2.

The following Letter being a Panegyrick upon me for a Quality which every Man may attain, an Acknowledgment of his Faults; I thought it for the Good of my Fellow Writers to publiſh it.

SIR,

IT muſt be allowed, that Eſquire Bickerſtaff *is of all Authors the moſt Ingenuous. There are few, very few, that will own themſelves in a Miſtake, though all the World ſee them to be in downright Nonſence. You'll be pleaſed, Sir, to pardon this Expreſſion, for the ſame Reaſon for which you once deſired us to excuſe you when you ſeemed any Thing dull. Moſt Writers, like the Generality of* Paul Lorrain's *Saints, ſeem to place a peculiar Vanity in dying hard. But you, Sir, to ſhew a good Example to your Brethren, have not only confeſſed, but of your own Accord mended the Indictment. Nay, you have been ſo good-natured as to diſcover Beauties in it; which, I'll aſſure you, he that drew it never dreamed of: And to make your Civility the more accompliſhed, you have honoured him with the Title of your Kinſman, which, though derived by the Left-Hand, he is not a little proud of. My Brother (for ſuch* Obadiah *is) being at preſent very buſy about nothing, has ordered me*

me to return you his ſincere Thanks for all theſe Favours, and, as a ſmall Token of his Gratitude, to communicate to you the following Piece of Intelligence, which, he thinks, belongs more properly to you than to any others of our Modern Hiſtorians.

Madonella, *who as 'twas thought had long ſince taken her Flight towards the Ætherial Manſions, ſtill walks, it ſeems, in the Regions of Mortality; where ſhe has found, by deep Reflections on the Revolution mentioned in yours of* June *the 23d, That where early Inſtructions have been wanting to imprint true Idea's of Things on the tender Souls of thoſe of her Sex, they are never after able to arrive at ſuch a Pitch of Perfection, as to be above the Laws of Matter and Motion; Laws which are conſiderably inforced by the Principles uſually imbibed in Nurſeries and Boarding-Schools. To remedy this Evil, ſhe has laid the Scheme of a College for young Damſels; where, inſtead of Sciſſors, Needles, and Samplers; Pens, Compaſſes, Quadrants, Books, Manuſcripts, Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, are to take up their whole Time. Only on Holydays the Students will, for moderate Exerciſe, be allowed to divert themſelves with the Uſe of ſome of the lighteſt and moſt voluble Weapons; and proper Care will be taken to give them at leaſt a ſuperficial Tincture of the Ancient and Modern Amazonian Tacticks. Of theſe Military Performances, the Direction is undertaken by* Epicene, *the Writer of* Memoirs from the Mediterranean, *who, by the Help of ſome artificial Poiſons conveyed by Smells, has within theſe few Weeks brought many Perſons of both Sexes to an untimely Fate; and, what is more ſurpriſing, has, contrary to her Profeſſion, with the ſame Odors, reviv'd others*

who had long ſince been drowned in the Whirlpools of Lethe. *Another of the Profeſſors is to be a certain Lady, who is now publiſhing two of the choiceſt* Saxon *Novels, which are ſaid to have been in as great Repute with the Ladies of Queen* Emma's *Court, as the* Memoirs from the New Atalantis *are with thoſe of ours. I ſhall make it my Buſineſs to enquire into the Progreſs of this learned Inſtitution, and give you the firſt Notice of their Philoſophical Tranſactions, and Searches after Nature.*

Yours, *&c.*

Tobiah Greenhat.

St. *James*'s *Coffee-houſe, September* 2.

This Day we have received Advices by the Way of *Oſtend*, which give an Account of an Engagement between the *French* and the Allies on the 11th Inſtant, *N. S.* Marſhal *Boufflers* arrived in the Enemy's Camp on the 5th, and acquainted Marſhal *Villars*, That he did not come in any Character, but to receive his Commands for the King's Service, and communicate to him his Orders upon the preſent Poſture of Affairs. On the 9th, both Armies advanced towards each other, and cannonaded all the enſuing Day till the Cloſe of the Evening, and ſtood on their Arms all that Night. On the Day of Battle, the Cannonading was renewed about Seven: The Duke of *Argyle* had Orders to attack the Wood *Saar* on the Right, which he executed ſo ſucceſsfully, that he pierced through it, and won a conſiderable Poſt. The Prince of *Orange* had the ſame good Fortune in

a

a Wood on the Left: After which, the whole Body of the Confederates, join'd by the Forces from the Siege, marched up, and engaged the Enemy, who were drawn up at ſome Diſtance from theſe Woods. The Diſpute was very warm for ſome Time; but towards Noon the *French* began to give Ground from one Wing to the other: Which Advantage being obſerv'd by our Generals, the whole Army was urged on with freſh Vigour, and in a few Hours the Day ended with the intire Defeat of the Enemy.

The TATLER. [N°64.

Quæ caret Ora Cruore noſtro?

From *Saturday, September* 3. to *Tueſday, September* 6. 1709.

From my own Apartment, September 5.

WHen I lately ſpoke of Triumphs, and the Behaviour of the *Romans* on thoſe Occaſions, I knew by my Skill in Aſtrology, that there was a great Event approaching to our Advantage; but not having yet taken upon me to tell Fortunes, I thought fit to defer the Mention of the Battle near *Mons* till it happened; which Moderation was no ſmall Pain to me: But I ſhould wrong my Art, if I conceal'd that ſome of my Aerial Intelligencers had ſignified to me the News of it ev'n from *Paris*, before the Arrival of Lieutenant-Colonel *Graham* in *England*. All Nations, as well as Perſons, have their good

and evil Genius attending 'em; but the Kingdom of *France* has Three, the laſt of which is neither for it nor againſt it in Reality, but has for ſome Months paſt acted an ambiguous Part, and attempted to ſave its Ward from the Incurſion of its powerful Enemies, by little Subterfuges and Tricks, which a Nation is more than undone when it is reduc'd to practiſe. Thus, inſtead of giving exact Accounts and Repreſentations of Things, they tell what is indeed true, but at the ſame Time a Falſhood when all the Circumſtances come to be related. *Pacolet* was at the Court of *France* on *Friday* Night laſt, when this Genius of that Kingdom came thither in the Shape of a Poſt-Boy, and cry'd out, That *Mons* was relieved, and the Duke of *Marlborough* marched. *Pacolet* was much aſtoniſhed at this Account, and immediately changed his Form, and flew to the Neighbourhood of *Mons*, from whence he found the Allies had really marched, and began to enquire into the Reaſons of this ſudden Change, and half feared he had heard a Truth of the Poſture of the *French* Affairs, even in their own Country. But upon diligent Enquiry among the Aerials who attend theſe Regions, and Conſultation with the neighbouring Peaſants, he was able to bring me the following Account of the Motions of the Armies ſince they retired from about that Place, and the Action which followed thereupon.

On *Saturday* the 7th of *September*, *N. S.* the Confederate Army was alarm'd in their Camp at *Havre* by Intelligence, That the Enemy were marching to attack the Prince of *Heſſe*. Upon this

this Advice, the Duke of *Marlborough* commanded that the Troops ſhould immediately move, which was accordingly performed, and they were all join'd on *Sunday* the Eighth at Noon. On that Day in the Morning it appeared, that inſtead of being attack'd, the advanc'd Guard of the Detachment commanded by the Prince of *Heſſe* had diſperſed and taken Priſoners a Party of the Enemy's Horſe, which was ſent out to obſerve the March of the Confederates. The *French* moved from *Quiverain* on *Sunday* in the Morning, and inclined to the Right from thence all that Day. The 9th, the *Monday* following, they continued their March, till on *Tueſday* the Tenth they poſſeſs'd themſelves of the Woods of *Dour* and *Blaugies*. As ſoon as they came into that Ground, they threw up Intrenchments with all Expedition. The Allies arrived within few Hours after the Enemy was poſted; but the Duke of *Marlborough* thought fit to wait for the Arrival of the Reinforcement which he expected from the Siege of *Tournay*. Upon Notice that theſe Troops were ſo far advanced, as to be depended on for an Action the next Day, it was accordingly reſolv'd to engage the Enemy.

It will be neceſſary for underſtanding the Greatneſs of the Action, and the ſeveral Motions made in the Time of the Engagement, that you have in your Mind an Idea of the Place. The Two Armies on the 11th Inſtant were both drawn up before the Woods of *Dour*, *Blaugies*, *Sart* and *Janſart*; the Army of the Prince of *Savoy* on the Right before that of *Blaugies*; the Forces of *Great Britain* in the Center on his Left; thoſe of the

High Allies, with the Wood *Sart*, as well as a large Interval of plain Ground, and *Janſart*, on the Left of the Whole. The Enemy were intrenched in the Paths of the Woods, and drawn up behind Two Intrenchments over againſt them, oppoſite to the Armies of the Duke of *Marlborough* and Prince *Eugene*. There were alſo, Two Lines intrenched in the Plains over againſt the Army of the States. This was the Poſture of the *French* and Confederate Forces when the Signal was given, and the whole Line moved on to the Charge.

The *Dutch* Army, commanded by the Prince of *Heſſe*, attack'd with the moſt undaunted Bravery; and after a very obſtinate Reſiſtance, forced the firſt Intrenchment of the Enemy in the Plain between *Sart* and *Janſart*; but were repulſed in their Attack on the ſecond with great Slaughter on both Sides. The Duke of *Marlborough*, while this was tranſacting on the Left, had with very much Difficulty march'd through *Sart*, and beaten the Enemy from the ſeveral Intrenchments they had thrown up in it. As ſoon as the Duke had marched into the Plain, he obſerved the main Body of the Enemy drawn up and intrenched in the Front of his Army. This Situation of the Enemy, in the ordinary Courſe of War, is uſually thought an Advantage hardly to be ſurmounted; and might appear impracticable to any, but that Army which had juſt overcome greater Difficulties. The Duke commanded the Troops to form, but to forbear charging till further Order. In the mean Time he viſited the Left of our Line, where the Troops of the

the States had been engaged. The Slaughter on this Side had been very great, and the *Dutch* incapable of making further Progreſs, except they were ſuddenly reinforced. The Right of our Line was attacked ſoon after their coming upon the Plain; but they drove back the Enemy with ſuch Bravery, that the Victory began to incline to the Allies, by the precipitate Retreat of the *French* to their Works, from whence they were immediately beaten. The Duke, upon obſerving this Advantage on the Right, commanded the Earl of *Orkney* to march with a ſufficient Number of Battalions to force the Enemy from their Intrenchments on the Plain between the Woods of *Sart* and *Janſart*; which being performed, the Horſe of the Allies marched into the Plains, covered by their own Foot, and forming themſelves in good Order, the Cavalry of the Enemy attempted no more, but to cover the Foot in their Retreat. The Allies made ſo good Uſe of the beginning of the Victory, that all their Troops moved on with freſh Reſolution, till they ſaw the Enemy fly before them towards *Condé* and *Maubeuge*; after whom proper Detachments were made, who made a terrible Slaughter in the Purſuit.

In this Action it is ſaid Prince *Eugene* was wounded, as alſo the Duke of *Aremberg*, and Lieutenant-General *Webb*. The Count of *Oxenſtern*, Colonel *Lalo*, and Sir *Thomas Pendergraſs*, were kill'd.

This wonderful Succeſs, obtained under all the Difficulties that could be oppoſed in the Way of an Army, muſt be acknowledged as owing

owing to the Genius, Courage and Conduct of the Duke of *Marlborough*, a Conſummate Hero; who has lived not only beyond the Time in which *Cæſar* ſaid, he was arrived at a Satiety of Life and Glory; but alſo been ſo long the Subject of Panegyrick, that it is as hard to ſay any thing new in his Praiſe, as to add to the Merit which requires ſuch Eulogiums.

Will's Coffee-houſe, September 5.

The following Letter being very explanatory of the true Deſign of our Lucubrations, and at the ſame Time an excellent Model for performing it, it is abſolutely neceſſary, for the better underſtanding our Works, to publiſh it.

To *Iſaac Bickerſtaff* Eſq;

SIR,

THO' I have not the Honour to be of the Family of the Staffs, *nor related to any Branch of it, yet I applaud your wholſom Project of making Wit uſeful.*

This is what has been, or ſhould have been, intended by the beſt Comedies. But no Body (I think) before you, thought of a Way to bring the Stage as it were into the Coffee-houſe, and there attack thoſe Gentlemen who thought themſelves out of the Reach of Raillery, by prudently avoiding its chief Walks and Diſtricts. I ſmile when I ſee a ſolid Citizen of Threeſcore read the Article from Will's Coffee-houſe, *and ſeem to be juſt beginning to learn his Alphabet of Wit in Spectacles; and to hear the attentive Table ſometimes ſtop him with pertinent Queries which he is puzzled to anſwer, and then join in commending it the ſincereſt Way, by freely owning he don't underſtand it.* In

In purſuing this Deſign, you will always have a large Scene before you, and can never be at a Loſs for Characters to entertain a Town ſo plentifully ſtock'd with them. The Follies of the fineſt Minds, which a Philoſophick Surgeon knows how to diſſect, will beſt employ your Skill: And of this Sort, I take the Liberty to ſend you the following Sketch.

Cleontes *is a Man of good Family, good Learning, entertaining Converſation, and acute Wit. He talks well, is Maſter of Style, and writes not contemptibly in Verſe. Yet all this ſerves but to make him politely ridiculous; and he is above the Rank of common Characters, only to have the Privilege of being laugh'd at by the Beſt. His Family makes him proud and ſcornful; his Learning, aſſuming and abſurd; and his Wit, arrogant and ſatyrical. He mixes ſome of the beſt Qualities of the Head with the worſt of the Heart. Every Body is entertain'd by him, while no Body eſteems him. I am,*

SIR,

Your moſt Affectionate Monitor,

Joſiah Couplet.

Loſt from the Tree *in* Pall-Mall, *Two* Iriſh *Dogs, belonging to the Pack of* London; *one a tall white Wolf-Dog; the other a black nimble Greyhound (not very ſound) and ſuppos'd to be gone to the* Bath *by Inſtinct for Cure. The Man of the Inn from whence they ran being now there, is deſired, if he meets either of them, to tie 'em up. Several others are loſt about* Tunbridge *and* Epſom; *which whoever will maintain, may keep.*

The

The TATLER. [N° 65.

Quicquid agunt Homines noſtri Farrago Libelli.

From *Tueſday, Septem.* 6. to *Thurſday, Septem.* 8. 1709.

Will's Coffee-houſe, September 7.

I Came hither this Evening, and expected nothing elſe but mutual Congratulations in the Company on the late Victory; but found our Room, which one would have hoped to have ſeen full of good Humour and Alacrity upon ſo glorious an Occaſion, full of ſowr Animals, enquiring into the Action, in Doubt of what had happened, and fearful of the Succeſs of their Country Men. It is natural to believe eaſily what we wiſh heartily; and a certain Rule, That they are not Friends to a glad Occaſion, who ſpeak all they can againſt the Truth of it; who end their Argument againſt our Happineſs, that they wiſh it otherwiſe. When I came into the Room, a Gentleman was declaiming; If (ſays he) we have ſo great and compleat a Victory, Why have we not the Names of the Priſoners? Why is not an exact Relation of the Conduct of our Generals laid before the World? Why do we not know where or whom to applaud? If we are victorious, Why do we not give an Account of our Captives and our Slain? But we are to be ſatisfy'd with general Notices we are Conquerors, and to believe it ſo. Sure this is approving the deſpo-

deſpotick Way of treating the World, which we pretend to fight againſt, if we ſit down ſatiſfy'd with ſuch contradictory Accounts, which have the Words of Triumph, but do not bear the Spirit of it.

I whiſpered Mr. *Greenhat*, Pray what can that diſſatisfied Man be? He is, anſwerd he, a Character you have not yet perhaps obſerved. You have heard of Battle-Painters, have mentioned a Battle-Poet; but this is a Battle-Critick. He is a Fellow that lives in a Government ſo gentle, that tho' it ſees him an Enemy, ſuffers his Malice becauſe they know his Impotence. He is to examine the Weight of an Advantage before the Company will allow it. *Greenhat* was going on in his Explanation, when Sir *George England* thought fit to take up the Diſcourſe in the following Manner:

Gentlemen, The Action you are in ſo great Doubt to approve of, is greater than ever has been performed in any Age; and the Value of it I obſerve from your Diſſatisfaction: For Battle-Criticks are like all others; you are the more offended, the more you ought to be, and are convinced you ought to be pleas'd. Had this Engagement happened in the Time of the Old *Romans*, and ſuch Things been acted in their Service, there would not be a Foot in the Wood which was pierced but had been conſecrated to ſome Deity, or made memorable by the Death of him who expired in it for the Sake of his Country. It had been ſaid on ſome Monument at the Entrance, Here the Duke of *Argyle* drew his Sword, and ſaid, March. Here *Webb*, after having

ving an accompliſh'd Fame for Gallantry, expos'd himſelf like a common Soldier. Here *Rivett*, who was wounded at the Beginning of the Day, and carry'd off as Dead, returned to the Field, and received his Death. Medals had been ſtruck for our General's Behaviour when he firſt came into the Plain. Here was the Fury of the Action, and here the Hero ſtood as fearleſs as if invulnerable. Such certainly had been the Cares of that State for their own Honour, and in Gratitude to their Heroick Subjects. But the Wood entrenched, the Plain made more impaſſable than the Wood, and all the Difficulties oppoſed to the moſt gallant Army, and moſt intrepid Leaders that ever the Sun ſhone upon, are treated by the Talk of ſome in this Room as Objections to the Merit of our General and our Army: But (continued he) I leave all the Examination of this Matter, and a proper Diſcourſe on our Senſe of Publick Actions, to my Friend Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, who may let Beaus and Gameſters reſt, till he has examined into the Reaſons of Men's being Malecontents, in the only Nation that ſuffers profeſs'd Enemies to breath in open Air.

From my own Apartment, September 7.

The following Letters are ſent to me from Relations; and tho' I do not know who and who are intended, I publiſh them. I have only writ Nonſenſe if there is nothing in them; and done a good Action if they alarm any heedleſs Men againſt the Fraternity of the Knights whom the *Greeks* call Ῥόσκαλς.

Mr.

Mr. Bickerſtaff,

IT is taken very ill by ſeveral Gentlemen here, that you are ſo little vigilant, as to let the Dogs run from their Kennels to this Place. Had you done your Duty, we ſhould have had Notice of their Arrival; but the Sharpers *are now become ſo formidable here, that they have divided themſelves into Nobles and Commons. Beau* Bogg, *Beau* Pert, Rake, *and* Tallboy, *are of their Upper-Houſe; Broken Captains, Ignorant Attorneys, and ſuch other Bankrupts from induſtrious Profeſſions, compoſe their Lower Order. Among theſe Two Sets of Men, there happened here lately ſome unhappy Differences: 'Squire* Humphry *came down among us with Four Hundred Guinea's. His raw Appearance, and certain Signals in the good-natured Muſcles of* Humphry's *Countenance, alarmed the Societies: For* Sharpers *are as skilful as Beggars in Phyſiognomy, and know as well where to hope for Plunder, as the others to ask for Alms.* Pert *was the Man exactly fitted for taking with* Humphry *as a Fine Gentleman; for a raw Fool is ever enamoured with his Contrary, a Coxcomb; and a Coxcomb is what the Booby who wants Experience, and is unus'd to Company, regards as the Firſt of Men. He ever looks at him with Envy, and would certainly be ſuch, if he were not oppreſſed by his Ruſticity or Baſhfulneſs. There aroſe an intire Friendſhip by this Sympathy between* Pert *and* Humphry, *which ended in ſtripping the Latter. We now could ſee this forlorn Youth for ſome Days Monyleſs, without Sword, and one Day without his Hat, and with ſecret Melancholy pining for his Snuff Box; the Jeſt of the whole Town, but moſt of thoſe who robbed him.*

At

At last, fresh Bills came down, when immediately their Countenances cleared up, ancient Kindnesses and Familiarity renewed, and to Dinner he was invited by the Fraternity. You are to know, that while he was in his Days of Solitude, a Commoner who was excluded from his Share of the Prey, had whispered the 'Squire, that he was bit, and cautioned him of venturing again. However, Hopes of recovering his Snuff-Box, which was given him by his Aunt, made him fall to play after Dinner; yet mindful of what he was told, he saw something that provoked him to tell 'em, they were a Company of Sharpers. *Presently* Tallboy *fell on him, and being too hard at Fisty-cuffs, drove him out of Doors. The valiant* Pert *followed, and kicked him in his Turn; which the 'Squire resented, as being nearer his Match; so challenged him: But differing about Time and Place, Friends interposed, (for he had still Money left) and perswaded him to ask Pardon for provoking 'em to beat him, and they asked his for doing it. The House consulting whence* Humphry *could have his Information, concluded it must be from some malicious Commoner; and to be revenged, Beau* Bogg *watch'd their Haunts, and in a Shop where some of them were at Play with Ladies, shew'd Dice which he found, or pretended to find upon them; and declaring how false they were, warn'd the Company to take Care who they play'd with. By his seeming Candour, he cleared his Reputation at least to Fools, and some silly Women; but it was still blasted by the 'Squire's Story with thinking Men: However he gain'd a great Point by it; for the next Day he got the Company shut up with himself and Fellow Members, and robbed 'em at Discretion.*

I

I cannot expreſs to you with what Indignation I behold the noble Spirit of Gentlemen degenerated to that of private Cut-Purſes. 'Tis in vain to hope a Remedy, while ſo many of the Fraternity get and enjoy Eſtates of Twenty, Thirty, and Fifty Thouſand Pounds with Impunity, creep into the beſt Converſations, and ſpread the infectious Villany through the Nation, while the leſſer Rogues, that rob for Hunger or Nakedneſs, are ſacrificed by the Blind, and in this Reſpect, partial and defective Law. Could you open Men's Eyes againſt the Occaſion of all this, the great Corrupter of our Manners and Morality, the Author of more Bankrupts than the War, and ſure Bane of all Induſtry, Frugality, and good Nature; in a Word, of all Virtues; I mean, publick or private Play at Cards or Dice; How willingly would I contribute my utmoſt, and poſſibly ſend you ſome Memoirs of the Lives and Politicks of ſome of the Fraternity of great Figure, that might be of Uſe to you in ſetting this in a clear Light againſt next Seſſion; that all who care for their Country or Poſterity, and ſee the pernicious Effects of ſuch a publick Vice, may endeavour its Deſtruction by ſome effectual Laws. In Concurrence to this good Deſign, I remain,

Bath,
Aug. 30. 'Your humble Servant, *&c.*

Mr. Bickerſtaff, Friday, Sept. 2.

I Heartily join with you in your laudable Deſign againſt the Mirmidons, *as well as your late Inſinuations againſt* Coxcombs of Fire; *and I take this Opportunity to congratulate you on the Succeſs of your Labours, which I obſerved Yeſterday in one*

of the hotteſt Firemen *in Town; who not only affects a ſoft Smile, but was ſeen to be thrice contradicted without ſhewing any Sign of Impatience. Theſe, I ſay, ſo happy Beginnings promiſe fair, and on this Account I rejoyce you have undertaken to unkennel the Curs; a Work of ſuch Uſe, that I admire it ſo long eſcaped your Vigilance; and exhort you, by the Concern you have for the good People of* England, *to purſue your Deſign; and that theſe Vermin may not flatter themſelves that they paſs undiſcovered, I deſire you'd acquaint* Jack Haughty, *that the whole Secret of his bubbling his Friend with the* Swiſs *at the* Thatch'd-houſe *is well known, as alſo his ſweetning the Knight; and I ſhall acknowledge the Favour.*

Your moſt humble Servant, &c.

The TATLER. [N° 66.

From *Thurſday, Septem.* 8. to *Saturday, Septem.* 10. 1709.

Will's Coffee-houſe, September 9.

THE Subject of the Diſcourſe this Evening was Eloquence and graceful Action. *Lyſander*, who is ſomething particular in his Way of Thinking and Speaking, told us, a Man could not be Eloquent without Action: For the Deportment of the Body, the Turn of the Eye, and an apt Sound to every Word that is utter'd, muſt all conſpire to make an accompliſh'd Speaker. Action in one that ſpeaks in publick, is the ſame Thing as a good Mien in ordinary Life.

Thus,

Thus, as a certain Inſenſibility in the Countenance recommends a Sentence of Humour and Jeſt, ſo it muſt be a very lively Conſciouſneſs that gives Grace to great Sentiments. The Jeſt is to be a Thing unexpected; therefore your undeſigning Manner is a Beauty in Expreſſions of Mirth; but when you are to talk on a Set Subject, the more you are moved your ſelf, the more you will move others.

There is, ſaid he, a remarkable Example of that Kind. *Æſchines*, a famous Orator of Antiquity, had pleaded at *Athens* in a great Cauſe againſt *Demoſthenes*; but having loſt it, retired to *Rhodes*. Eloquence was then the Quality moſt admired among Men; and the Magiſtrates of that Place having heard he had a Copy of the Speech of *Demoſthenes*, deſired him to repeat both their Pleadings. After his own, he recited alſo the Oration of his Antagoniſt. The People expreſſed their Admiration of both, but more of that of *Demoſthenes*. If you are, ſaid he, thus touched with hearing only what that great Orator ſaid, How would you have been affected, had you ſeen him ſpeak? For he who hears *Demoſthenes* only, loſes much the better Part of the Oration: Certain it is, that they who ſpeak gracefully, are very lamely repreſented in having their Speeches read or repeated by unskilful People; for there is ſomething native to each Man, ſo inherent to his Thoughts and Sentiments, which it is hardly poſſible for another to give a true Idea of. You may obſerve in common Talk, when a Sentence of any Man's is repeated, an Acquaintance of his ſhall

immediately obſerve, *That is ſo like him, methinks I ſee how he look'd when he ſaid it.*

But of all the People on the Earth, there are none who puzzle me ſo much as the Clergy of *Great Britain*, who are, I believe, the moſt learned Body of Men now in the World; and yet this Art of Speaking, with the proper Ornaments of Voice and Geſture, is wholly neglected among them; and I'll engage, were a deaf Man to behold the greater Part of them preach, he would rather think they were reading the Contents only of ſome Diſcourſe they intended to make, than actually in the Body of an Oration, even when they are upon Matters of ſuch a Nature as one would believe it were impoſſible to think of without Emotion.

I own there are Exceptions to this general Obſervation, and that the Dean we heard the other Day together, is an Orator. He has ſo much Regard to his Congregation, that he commits to his Memory what he is to ſay to them; and has ſo ſoft and graceful a Behaviour, that it muſt attract your Attention. His Perſon it is to be confeſſed is no ſmall Recommendation; but he is to be highly commended for not loſing that Advantage, and adding to the Propriety of Speech (which might paſs the Criticiſm of *Longinus*) an Action which would have been approved by *Demoſthenes*. He has a peculiar Force in his Way, and has many of his Audience who could not be intelligent Hearers of his Diſcourſe, were there not Explanation as well as Grace in his Action. This Art of his is uſed with the moſt exact and honeſt Skill: He never attempts your Paſſions,

'till

'till he has convinced your Reaſon. All the Objections which he can form, are laid open and diſperſed, before he uſes the leaſt Vehemence in his Sermon; but when he thinks he has your Head, he very ſoon wins your Heart; and never pretends to ſhow the Beauty of Holineſs, 'till he hath convinced you of the Truth of it.

Would every one of our Clergymen be thus careful to recommend Truth and Virtue in their proper Figures, and ſhow ſo much Concern for them as to give them all the additional Force they were able, it is not poſſible that Nonſence ſhould have ſo many Hearers as you find it has in Diſſenting Congregations, for no Reaſon in the World but becauſe it is ſpoken *Extempore:* For ordinary Minds are wholly governed by their Eyes and Ears, and there is no Way to come at their Hearts but by Power over their Imaginations.

There is my Friend and merry Companion *Daniel:* He knows a great deal better than he ſpeaks, and can form a proper Diſcourſe as well as any Orthodox Neighbour. But he knows very well, that to bawl out, My beloved; and the Words, Grace! Regeneration! Sanctification! A New Light! The Day! The Day! Ay, my Beloved, the Day! Or rather, the Night! The Night is coming! And Judgment will come, when we leaſt think of it! And ſo forth — He knows, to be vehement is the only Way to come at his Audience. *Daniel,* when he ſees my Friend *Greenhat* come in, can give him a good Hint, and cry out, This is only for the Saints!

The Regenerated! By this Force of Action, tho' mixed with all the Incoherence and Ribaldry imaginable, *Daniel* can laugh at his Dioceſan, and grow fat by voluntary Subſcription, while the Parſon of the Pariſh goes to Law for half his Dues. *Daniel* will tell you, It is not the Shepherd, but the Sheep with the Bell, which the Flock follows.

Another Thing, very wonderful this learned Body ſhould omit, is, Learning to read; which is a moſt neceſſary Part of Eloquence in one who is to ſerve at the Altar: For there is no Man but muſt be ſenſible, that the lazy Tone, and inarticulate Sound of our common Readers, depreciates the moſt proper Form of Words that were ever extant in any Nation or Language, to ſpeak our own Wants, or his Power from whom we ask Relief.

There cannot be a greater Inſtance of the Power of Action than in little Parſon *Dapper*, who is the common Relief to all the lazy Pulpits in Town. This Smart Youth has a very good Memory, a quick Eye, and a clean Handkerchief. Thus equipped, he opens his Text, ſhuts his Book fairly, ſhows he has no Notes in his Bible, opens both Palms, and ſhows all is fair there too. Thus, with a deciſive Air, my young Man goes on without Heſitation; and though from the Beginning to the End of his pretty Diſcourſe, he has not uſed one proper Geſture, yet at the Concluſion, the Churchwarden pulls his Gloves from off his Head; *Pray, who is this extraordinary young Man?* Thus the Force of Action is ſuch, that it is more prevalent,

valent, even when improper, than all the Reaſon and Argument in the World without it. This Gentleman concluded his Diſcourſe by ſaying, I do not doubt but if our Preachers would learn to ſpeak, and our Readers to read, within Six Months Time we ſhould not have a Diſſenter within a Mile of a Church in *Great-Britain.*

From my own Apartment, September 9.

I have a Letter from a young Fellow who complains to me, that he was bred a Mercer, and is now juſt out of his Time, but unfortunately (for he has no Manner of Education ſuitable to his preſent Eſtate) an Uncle has left him 1000 *l. per Annum.* The Young Man is ſenſible that he is ſo ſpruce, that he fears he ſhall never be genteel as long as he lives, but applies himſelf to me, to know what Method to take to help his Air, and be a Fine Gentleman.

'He ſays, That ſeveral of thoſe Ladies who 'were formerly his Cuſtomers, viſit his Mo-'ther on Purpoſe to fall in his Way, and fears 'he ſhall be obliged to marry againſt his Will; 'for (ſays he) if any one of them ſhould ask 'me, I ſhall not be able to deny her. I am (ſays 'he further) utterly at a Loſs how to deal with 'them; for though I was the moſt pert Crea-'ture in the World when I was Foreman, and 'could hand a Woman of the firſt Quality to 'her Coach, as well as her own Gentleman-'Uſher, I am now quite out of my Way, and 'ſpeechleſs in their Company. They commend 'my Modeſty to my Face. No one ſcruples to

'ſay, I ſhould certainly make the beſt Husband 'in the World, a Man of my ſober Education.— 'Mrs. *Wou'd-be* watches all Opportunities to be 'alone with me: Therefore, good Mr. *Bicker-ſtaff*, here are my Writings encloſed; if you 'can find any Flaw in my Title, ſo as it may go 'to the next Heir, who goes to St. *James*'s Cof-'fee-houſe, and *White*'s, and could enjoy it, I 'ſhould be extremely well pleaſed with Two 'Thouſand Pounds to ſet up my Trade, and live 'in a Way I know I ſhould become, rather than 'be laugh'd at all my Life among too good 'Company. If you could ſend for my Couſin, 'and perſwade him to take the Eſtate on theſe 'Terms, and let no Body know it, you would 'extremely oblige me.

Upon firſt Sight, I thought this a very whimſical Propoſal; however, upon more mature Conſideration, I could not but admire the young Gentleman's Prudence and good Senſe: For there is nothing ſo irkſome, as living in a Way a Man knows he does not become. I conſulted Mr. *Obadiah Greenhat* on this Occaſion, and he is ſo well pleaſed with the Man, that he has half a Mind to take the Eſtate himſelf; but upon ſecond Thoughts he propoſed this Expedient. I ſhould be very willing (ſaid he) to keep the Eſtate where it is, if we could make the young Man any Way eaſy; therefore I humbly propoſe, he ſhould take to Drinking for one Half Year, and make a Sloven of him, and from thence begin his Education anew: For it is a Maxim, That one who is ill taught, is in a worſe Condition

dition than he who is wholly ignorant; therefore a ſpruce Mercer is farther off the Air of a Fine Gentleman, than a downright Clown. To make our Patient any Thing better, we muſt unmake him what he is. I indeed propoſed to flux him; but *Greenhat* anſwer'd, That if he recovered, he'd be as prim and feat as ever he was: Therefore he would have it his Way; and our Friend is to drink till he is carbuncled, and Tun-bellied; after which we will ſend him down to ſmoke, and be buried with his Anceſtors in *Derbyſhire*. I am indeed deſirous he ſhould have his Life in the Eſtate, becauſe he has ſuch a juſt Senſe of himſelf and his Abilities, to know that it is an Unhappineſs to him to be a Man of Fortune.

This Youth ſeems to underſtand, that a Gentleman's Life is that of all others the hardeſt to paſs through with Propriety of Behaviour; for though he has a Support without Art or Labour, yet his Manner of enjoying that Circumſtance is a Thing to be conſidered; and you ſee among Men who are honoured with the common Appellation of Gentlemen, ſo many Contradictions to that Character, that it is the utmoſt ill Fortune to bear it: For which Reaſon I am oblig'd to change the Circumſtances of ſeveral about this Town. *Harry Lacker* is ſo very exact in his Dreſs, that I ſhall give his Eſtate to his younger Brother, and make him a Dancing-Maſter. *Nokes Lightfoot* is ſo nimble, and values himſelf ſo much upon it, that I have Thoughts of making him Huntſman to a Pack of Beagles, and give his Land to ſome Body that will ſtay upon it.

Now

Now I am upon the Topick of becoming what we enjoy, I forbid all Perſons who are not of the firſt Quality, or who do not bear ſome important Office that requires ſo much Diſtinction, to go to *Hide-Park* with Six Horſes, for I cannot but eſteem it the higheſt Inſolence: Therefore hereafter no Man ſhall do it meerly becauſe he is able, without any other Pretenſion. But what may ſerve all Purpoſes quite as well, it ſhall be allowed all ſuch who think Riches the chief Diſtinction, to appear in the Ring with Two Horſes only, and a Rent-Roll hanging out of each Side of their Coach. This is a Thought of Mr. *Greenhat*'s, who deſigns very ſoon to publiſh a ſumptuary Diſcourſe upon the Subject of Equipage, wherein he will give us Rules on that Subject, and aſſign the proper Duties and Qualifications of Maſters and Servants, as well as that of Husbands and Wives; with a Treatiſe of Oeconomy without doors, or the compleat Art of appearing in the World. This will be very uſeful to all who are ſuddenly rich, or are aſhamed of being poor.

——*Sunt certa Piacula, quæ te*
Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare Libello.

I have Notice of a new Pack of Dogs, of quite another Sort than hitherto mentioned. I have not an exact Account of their Way of Hunting, the following Letter giving only a bare Notice of them.

SIR,

SIR, September 7.

THere are another Pack of Dogs to be diſpoſed of, who kennel about Charing-Croſs, *at the old Fat Dog's at the Corner of* Buckingham-Court *near* Spring-Garden: *Two of them are ſaid to be whelped in* Alſatia, *now in Ruins; but they, with the reſt of the Pack, are as pernicious, as if the old Kennel had never been broken down. The Ancients diſtinguiſhed this Sort of Curs by the Name of* Hæredipetes, *the moſt pernicious of all Biters, for ſeizing young Heirs, eſpecially when their Eſtates are entailed, whom they reduce by one good Bite to ſuch a Condition, that they cannot ever after come to the Uſe of their Teeth, or get ſmelling of a Cruſt. You are deſired to diſpoſe of theſe as ſoon as you can, that the Breed may not increaſe; and your Care in tying them up, will be acknowledged by,*

SIR,

Your humble Servant,

Philanthropos.

The TATLER. [N° 67.

From *Saturday, Sept.* 10. to *Tueſday, Sept.* 13. 1709.

From my own Apartment, September 12.

NO Man can conceive, till he comes to try it, how great a Pain it is to be a Publick-ſpirited Perſon. I am ſure I am unable to expreſs to the World, what great Anxiety I have ſuffered,

ed, to ſee of how little Benefit my Lucubrations have been to my Fellow-Subjects. Men will go on in their own Way in Spight of all my Labour. I gave Mr. *Didapper* a private Reprimand for wearing red-heel'd Shoes, and at the ſame time was ſo indulgent as to connive at him for Fourteen Days, becauſe I would give him the wearing of them out; but after all this I am inform'd, he appear'd yeſterday with a new Pair of the ſame Sort. I have no better Succeſs with Mr. *Whatdee'call*, as to his Buttons: *Stentor* ſtill roars; and Box and Dice rattle as loud as they did before I writ againſt them. *Partridge* walks about at Noon-day, and *Æſculapius* thinks of adding a new Lace to his Livery. However I muſt ſtill go on in laying theſe Enormities before Men's Eyes, and let them anſwer for going on in their Practice.

My Province is much larger than at firſt Sight Men would imagine, and I ſhall loſe no Part of my Juriſdiction, which extends not only to Futurity, but alſo is retroſpect to Things paſt; and the Behaviour of Perſons who have long ago acted their Parts, is as much liable to my Examination, as that of my own Contemporaries.

In order to put the whole Race of Mankind in their proper Diſtinctions, according to the Opinion their Cohabitants conceived of them, I have with very much Care, and Depth of Meditation, thought fit to erect a Chamber of Fame, and eſtabliſhed certain Rules, which are to be obſerved in admitting Members into this illuſtrious Society.

In

In this Chamber of Fame there are to be Three Tables, but of different Lengths; the Firſt is to contain exactly Twelve Perſons; the Second, Twenty; the Third, an Hundred. This is reckoned to be the full Number of thoſe who have any competent Share of Fame. At the Firſt of theſe Tables are to be placed in their Order, the Twelve moſt famous Perſons in the World, not with Regard to the Things they are famous for, but according to the Degree of their Fame, whether in Valour, Wit, or Learning. Thus, if a Scholar be more famous than a Soldier, he is to ſit above him. Neither muſt any Preference be given to Virtue, if the Perſon be not equally famous.

When the firſt Table is filled, the next in Renown muſt be ſeated at the Second, and ſo on in like Manner to the Number of Twenty; as alſo in the ſame Order at the Third, which is to hold an Hundred. At theſe Tables no Regard is to be had to Seniority: For if *Julius Cæſar* ſhall be judged more famous than *Romulus* and *Scipio*, he muſt have the Precedence. No Perſon who has not been dead an Hundred Years, muſt be offered to a Place at any of theſe Tables: And becauſe this is altogether a Lay-Society, and that ſacred Perſons move upon greater Motives than that of Fame, no Perſons celebrated in holy Writ, or any Eccleſiaſtical Men whatſoever, are to be introduced here.

At the lower End of the Room is to be a Side-Table for Perſons of great Fame, but dubious Exiſtence, ſuch as *Hercules*, *Theſeus*, *Æneas*, *Achilles*,

Achilles, *Hector*, and others. But becauſe it is apprehended, that there may be great Contention about Precedence, the Propoſer humbly deſires the Opinion of the Learned towards his Aſſiſtance in placing every Perſon according to his Rank, that none may have juſt Occaſion of Offence.

The Merits of the Cauſe ſhall be judged by Plurality of Voices.

For the more impartial Execution of this important Affair, it is deſired, That no Man will offer his Favourite Hero, Scholar, or Poet; and that the Learned will be pleaſed to ſend to Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, at Mr. *Morphew*'s near *Stationers-Hall*, their ſeveral Liſts for the Firſt Table only, and in the Order they would have them placed; after which the Compoſer will compare the ſeveral Liſts, and make another for the Publick, wherein every Name ſhall be ranked according to the Voices it has had. Under this Chamber is to be a dark Vault for the ſame Number of Perſons of evil Fame.

It is humbly ſubmitted to Conſideration, Whether the Project would not be better, if the Perſons of true Fame meet in a middle Room, thoſe of dubious Exiſtence in an upper Room, and thoſe of evil Fame in a lower dark Room.

It is to be noted, That no Hiſtorians are to be admitted at any of theſe Tables, becauſe they are appointed to conduct the ſeveral Perſons to their Seats, and are to be made Uſe of as Uſhers to the Aſſemblies.

I call upon the learned World to ſend me their Aſſiſtance towards this Deſign, it being a Matter of too great Moment for any one Perſon to determine. But I do aſſure them, their Liſts ſhall be examined with great Fidelity, and thoſe that are expoſed to the Publick, made with all the Caution imaginable.

In the mean Time, while I wait for theſe Liſts, I am employ'd in keeping People in a right Way, to avoid the contrary to Fame and Applauſe, to wit, Blame and Deriſion. For this End I work upon that uſeful Project of the Penny-Poſt, by the Benefit of which it is propoſed, that a Charitable Society be eſtabliſhed: From which Society there ſhall go every Day Circular Letters to all Parts within the Bills of Mortality, to tell People of their Faults in a friendly and private Manner, whereby you may know what the World thinks of them, before it is declared to the World that they are thus faulty. This Method cannot fail of univerſal good Conſequences: For it is further added, that they who will not be reformed by it, muſt be contented to ſee the ſeveral Letters printed, which were not regarded by them, that when they will not take private Reprehenſion, they may be tried further by a publick one. I am very ſorry I am obliged to print the following Epiſtles of that Kind to ſome Perſons, and the more, becauſe they are of the Fair Sex. This went on *Friday* laſt to a very fine Lady.

MA-

MADAM,

I Am highly ſenſible, that there is Nothing of ſo tender a Nature as the Reputation and Conduct of Ladies; and that when there is the leaſt Stain got into their Fame, it is hardly ever to be waſhed out. When I have ſaid this, you will believe I am extremely concerned, to hear at every Viſit I make, that your Manner of wearing your Hair is a meer Affectation of Beauty; as well as, that your Neglect of Powder has been a common Evil to your Sex. It is to you an Advantage to ſhow that Abundance of fine Treſſes: But I beſeech you to conſider, that the Force of your Beauty, and the Imitation of you, coſts Eleonora *great Sums of Money to her Tire-Woman for falſe Locks, beſides what is allowed to her Maid for keeping the Secret, that ſhe is grey. I muſt take Leave to add to this Admonition, that you are not to reign above Four Months and odd Days longer. Therefore I muſt deſire you to raiſe and frizz your Hair a little, for it is downright Inſolence to be thus handſome without Art; and you'll forgive me for intreating you to do now out of Compaſſion, what you muſt ſoon do out of Neceſſity. I am,*

Madam,

Your moſt Obedient, and

Moſt Humble Servant.

This Perſon dreſſes juſt as ſhe did before I writ: As does alſo the Lady to whom I addreſſed the following Billet the ſame day.

MADAM,

MADAM,

LET me beg of you to take off the Patches at the lower End of your Left Cheek, and I will allow Two more under your Left Eye, which will contribute more to the Symmetry of your Face; except you would please to remove the Ten Black Atoms on you Ladyship's Chin, and wear one large Patch instead of them. If so, you may properly enough retain the Three Patches above-mentioned. I am, &c.

This, I thought, had all the Civility and Reason in the World in it; but whether my Letters are intercepted, or whatever it is, the Lady patches as she used to do. It is to be observed by all the charitable Society, as an Instruction in their Epistles, that they tell People of nothing but what is in their Power to mend. I shall give another Instance of this Way of Writing: Two Sisters in *Essex-street* are eternally gaping out of the Window, as if they knew not the Value of Time, or would call in Companions. Upon which I writ the following Line:

Dear Creatures,

On the Receipt of this, shut your Casements.

But I went by Yesterday, and found them still at the Window. What can a Man do in this Case? But go on, and wrap himself up in his own Integrity, with Satisfaction only in this melancholy Truth, that Virtue is its own Reward; and that if no one is the better for his Admonitions, yet he is himself the more virtuous in that he gave those Advices.

Will's Coffee-houſe, September 12.

Of all the pretty Arts in which our Modern Writers excel, there is not any which is more to be recommended to the Imitation of Beginners, than the Skill of Tranſition from one Subject to another. I know not whether I make my ſelf well underſtood; but it is certain, that the Way of ſtringing a Diſcourſe, uſed in the *Mercury Gallant*, the *Gentleman's Journal*, and other learned Writings, not to mention how naturally Things preſent themſelves to ſuch as harangue in Pulpits, and other Occaſions which occur to the Learned, are Methods worthy Commendation. I ſhall attempt this Style my ſelf in a few Lines. Suppoſe I were diſcourſing upon the King of *Sweden*'s paſſing the *Boriſthenes*. The *Boriſthenes* is a great River, and puts me in Mind of the *Danube* and the *Rhine*. The *Danube* I cannot think of without reflecting on that unhappy Prince who had ſuch fair Territories on the Banks of it; I mean the Duke of *Bavaria*, who by our laſt Letters is retired from *Mons*. *Mons* is as ſtrong a Fortification as any which has no Citadel. And Places which are not compleatly fortified, are, methinks, Leſſons to Princes, that they are not Omnipotent, but liable to the Strokes of Fortune. But as all Princes are ſubject to ſuch Calamities, it is the Part of Men of Letters to guard them from the Obſervations of all ſmall Writers: For which Reaſon I ſhall conclude my preſent Remarks, by publiſhing the following Advertiſement, to be taken Notice of by all who dwell in the Suburbs of Learning.

Where-

Whereas the King of Sweden *has been ſo unfortunate to receive a Wound in his Heel; we do hereby prohibit all Epigrammatiſts in either Language, and both Univerſities, as well as all other Poets of what Denomination ſoever, to make any Mention of* Achilles *having received his Death's Wound in the ſame Part.*

We do likewiſe forbid all Compariſons in Coffee-houſes between Alexander the Great *and the ſaid King of* Sweden, *and from making any Parallels between the Death of* Patkul *and* Philotas; *we being very apprehenſive of the Reflections that ſeveral Politicians have ready by them to produce on this Occaſion, and being willing, as much as in us lies, to free the Town from all Impertinencies of this Nature.*

The TATLER. [N° 68.

From *Tueſday, Septem.* 13. to *Thurſday, Septem.* 15. 1709.

From my own Apartment, September 14.

THE Progreſs of our Endeavours will of Neceſſity be very much interrupted, except the learned World will pleaſe to ſend their Liſts to the Chamber of Fame with all Expedition. There is nothing can ſo much contribute to create a noble Emulation in our Youth, as the honourable Mention of ſuch whoſe Actions have outlived the Injuries of Time, and recommended themſelves ſo far to the World, that it is become Learning to know the leaſt

Circumſtance of their Affairs. It is a great Incentive to ſee, that ſome Men have raiſed themſelves ſo highly above their Fellow Creatures; that the Lives of ordinary Men are ſpent in Inquiries after the particular Actions of the moſt Illuſtrious. True it is, that without this Impulſe to Fame and Reputation, our Induſtry would ſtagnate, and that lively Deſire of pleaſing each other die away. This Opinion was ſo eſtabliſhed in the Heathen World, that their Senſe of Living appeared inſipid, except their Being was enlivened with a Conſciouſneſs, that they were eſteemed by the reſt of the World.

Upon examining the Proportion of Men's Fame for my Table of Twelve, I thought it no ill Way, ſince I had laid it down for a Rule, That they were to be ranked ſimply as they were famous, without Regard to their Virtue, to ask my Siſter *Jenny*'s Advice, and particularly mentioned to her the Name of *Ariſtotle*. She immediately told me, he was a very great Scholar, and that ſhe had read him at the Boarding-School. She certainly means a Trifle ſold by the Hawkers, called, *Ariſtotle*'s *Problems*. But this raiſed a great Scruple in me, Whether a Fame increaſed by Impoſition of others is to be added to his Account, or that theſe Excreſcencies, which grow out of his real Reputation, and give Encouragement to others to paſs Things under the Covert of his Name, ſhould be conſidered in giving him his Seat in the Chamber? This Punctilio is referred to the Learned. In the mean Time, ſo ill-natured are Man-

Mankind, that I believe I have Names already ſent me ſufficient to fill up my Liſts for the dark Room, and every one is apt enough to ſend in their Accounts of ill Deſervers. This Malevolence does not proceed from a real Diſlike of Virtue, but a diabolical Prejudice againſt it, which makes Men willing to deſtroy what they care not to imitate. Thus you ſee the greateſt Characters among your Acquaintance, and thoſe you live with, are traduced by all below them in Virtue, who never mention them but with an Exception. However, I believe I ſhall not give the World much Trouble about filling my Tables for thoſe of Evil Fame, for I have ſome Thoughts of clapping up the *Sharpers* there as faſt as I can lay hold of them.

At preſent, I am employed in looking over the ſeveral Notices which I have received of their Manner of Dexterity, and the Way at Dice of making all Rugg, as the Cant is. The whole Art of ſecuring a Die, has lately been ſent me by a Perſon who was of the Fraternity, but is diſabled by the Loſs of a Finger, by which Means he cannot practiſe that Trick as he uſed to do. But I am very much at a Loſs how to call ſome of the Fair Sex, who are Accomplices with the *Knights of Induſtry*; for my Metaphorical Dogs are eaſily enough underſtood; but the Feminine Gender of Dogs has ſo harſh a Sound, that we know not how to name it. But I am credibly informed, that there are Female Dogs as voracious as the Males, and make Advances to young Fellows, without any other Deſign but coming to a Familiarity

with their Purſes. I have alſo long Liſts of Perſons of Condition, who are certainly of the ſame Regimen with theſe *Banditti*, and inſtrumental to their Cheats upon undiſcerning Men of their own Rank. Theſe add their good Reputation to carry on the Impoſtures of others, whoſe very Names would elſe be Defence enough againſt falling into their Hands. But for the Honour of our Nation, theſe ſhall be unmentioned, provided we hear no more of ſuch Practices, and that they ſhall not from henceforward ſuffer the Society of ſuch, as they know to be the common Enemies of Order, Diſcipline, and Virtue. If it appear that they go on in encouraging them, they muſt be proceeded againſt according to ſevereſt Rules of Hiſtory, where all is to be laid before the World with Impartiality, and without Reſpect to Perſons.

So let the ſtricken Deer go weep.

Will's Coffee-houſe, September 14.

I find left here for me the following Epiſtle:

SIR,

HAving lately read your Diſcourſe about the Family of Trubies, *wherein you obſerve, that there are ſome who fall into Laughter out of a certain Benevolence in their Temper, and not out of the ordinary Motive,* viz. *Contempt and Triumph over the Imperfections of others; I have conceived a good Idea of your Knowledge of Mankind. And as you have a Tragi-comick Genius, I beg the Favour of you to give us your Thoughts of a quite different Effect, which alſo is cauſed by other Motives than what are com-*

commonly taken Notice of. What I would have you treat of, is, the Cauſe of ſhedding Tears. I deſire you would diſcuſs it a little, with Obſervations upon the various Occaſions which provoke us to that Expreſſion of our Concern, &c.

To obey this complaiſant Gentleman, I know no Way ſo ſhort as examining the various Touches of my own Boſom, on ſeveral Occurrences in a long Life, to the Evening of which I am arrived, after as many various Incidents as any Body has met with. I have often reflected, that there is a great Similitude in the Motions of the Heart in Mirth and in Sorrow; and I think the uſual Occaſion of the latter, as well as the former, is ſomething which is ſudden and unexpected. The Mind has not a ſufficient Time to recollect its Force, and immediately guſhes into Tears before we can utter our ſelves by Speech or Complaint. The moſt notorious Cauſes of theſe Drops from our Eyes, are Pity, Sorrow, Joy, and Reconciliation.

The Fair Sex, who are made of Man, and not of Earth, have a more delicate Humanity than we have, and Pity is the moſt common Cauſe of their Tears: For as we are inwardly compoſed of an Aptitude to every Circumſtance of Life, and every Thing that befals any one Perſon, might have happened to any other of humane Race; Self-Love, and a Senſe of the Pain we our ſelves ſhould ſuffer in the Circumſtances of any whom we pity, is the Cauſe of that Compaſſion. Such a Reflection in the Breaſt of a Woman, immediately inclines her to Tears;

but in a Man, it makes him think how ſuch a one ought to act on that Occaſion, ſuitably to the Dignity of his Nature. Thus a Woman is ever moved for thoſe whom ſhe hears lament, and a Man for thoſe whom he obſerves to ſuffer in Silence. It is a Man's own Behaviour in the Circumſtances he is under which procures him the Eſteem of others, and not meerly the Affliction it ſelf which demands our Pity: For we never give a Man that Paſſion which he falls into for himſelf. He that commends himſelf, never purchaſes our Applauſe; nor he who bewails himſelf, our Pity.

Going through an Alley the other Day, I obſerved a noiſie impudent Beggar bawl out, That he was wounded in a Merchant-Man, That he had loſt his poor Limbs, and ſhowed a Leg clouted up. All that paſſed by, made what Haſte they could out of his Sight and Hearing; but a poor Fellow at the End of the Paſſage, with a ruſty Coat, a melancholy Air, and a ſoft Voice, deſired them to look upon a Man not uſed to beg. The latter received the Charity of almoſt every one that went by. The Strings of the Heart, which are to be touched to give us Compaſſion, are not ſo played on but by the fineſt Hand. We ſee in Tragical Repreſentations, it is not the Pomp of Language, or Magnificence of Dreſs, in which the Paſſion is wrought that touches ſenſible Spirits, but ſomething of a plain and ſimple Nature which breaks in upon our Souls, by that Sympathy which is given us for our mutual Goodwill and Service.

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In the Tragedy of *Mackbeth*, where *Wilks* acts the Part of a Man whoſe Family has been murdered in his Abſence, the Wildneſs of his Paſſion, which is run over in a Torrent of calamitous Circumſtances, does but raiſe my Spirits, and give me the Alarm; but when he skilfully ſeems to be out of Breath, and is brought too low to ſay more; and upon a ſecond Reflection, cry, only wiping his Eyes, *What both Children! Both, both my Children gone!*—There is no reſiſting a Sorrow which ſeems to have caſt about for all the Reaſons poſſible for its Conſolation, but has no Recourſe. *There is not one left, but both, both are murdered!* Such ſudden Starts from the Thread of the Diſcourſe, and a plain Sentiment expreſſed in an artleſs Way, are the irreſiſtible Strokes of Eloquence and Poetry. The ſame great Maſter, *Shakeſpear*, can afford us Inſtances of all the Places where our Souls are acceſſible, and ever commands our Tears: But it is to be obſerved, that he draws them from ſome unexpected Source, which ſeems not wholly of a Piece with the Diſcourſe. Thus, when *Brutus* and *Caſſius* had a Debate in the Tragedy of *Cæſar*, and roſe to warm Language againſt each other, inſomuch that it had almoſt come to ſomething that might be fatal, till they recollected themſelves; *Brutus* does more than make an Apology for the Heat he had been in, by ſaying, *Porcia is dead*—Here *Caſſius* is all Tenderneſs, and ready to diſſolve, when he conſiders, that the Mind of his Friend had been employed on the greateſt Affliction imaginable, when he had been adding to it by a Debate on Trifles;

Trifles; which makes him in the Anguiſh of his Heart cry out, *How ſcaped I killing when I thus provoked you?* This is an Incident which moves the Soul in all its Sentiments; and *Caſſius*'s Heart was at once touched with all the ſoft Pangs of Pity, Remorſe, and Reconciliation. It is ſaid indeed by *Horace*, *if you would have me weep, you muſt firſt weep your ſelf.* This is not literally true, for it would have been as rightly ſaid, if we obſerve Nature, That I ſhall certainly weep, if you do not: But what is intended by that Expreſſion, is, That it is not poſſible to give Paſſion, except you ſhow that you ſuffer your ſelf. Therefore the true Art ſeems to be, that when you would have the Perſon you repreſent pitied, you muſt ſhow him at once, in the higheſt Grief and Struggling, to bear it with Decency and Patience. In this Caſe we ſigh for him, and give him every Groan he ſuppreſſes.

I remember, when I was young enough to follow the Sports of the Field, I have more than once rode off at the Death of a Deer, when I have ſeen the Animal in an Affliction which appeared humane without the leaſt Noiſe, let fall Tears when he was reduced to Extremity; and I have thought of the Sorrow I ſaw him in when his Haunch came to the Table. But our Tears are not given only to Objects of Pity, but the Mind has Recourſe to that Relief in all Occaſions which give us much Emotion. Thus, to be apt to ſhed Tears, is a Sign of a great as well as little Spirit. I have heard ſay, the preſent Pope never paſſes through the Peo-

ple,

ple, who always kneel in Crowds and ask his Benediction, but the Tears are ſeen to flow from his Eyes. This muſt proceed from an Imagination, that he is the Father of all thoſe People, and that he is touched with ſo extenſive a Benevolence, that it breaks out into a Paſſion of Tears. You ſee, Friends, who have been long abſent, tranſported in the ſame Manner: A Thouſand little Images crowd upon them at their Meeting, as all the Joys and Griefs they have known during their Separation; and in one Hurry of Thought, they conceive how they ſhould have participated in thoſe Occaſions; and weep, becauſe their Minds are too full to wait the ſlow Expreſſion of Words.

His Lacrymis Vitam damus, & miſereſcimus ultro.

There is lately broke looſe from the London *Pack a very tall dangerous Biter. He is now at the* Bath, *and it is feared will make a damnable Havock amongſt the Game. His Manner of Biting is new, and he is called the* Top. *He ſecures one Die betwixt his two Fingers: The other is fixed, by the Help of a famous Wax invented by an Apothecary, ſince a Gameſter; a little of which he puts upon his Fore-finger, and that holds the Die in the Box at his Devotion. Great Sums have been lately won by theſe Ways; but it is hoped, that this Hint of his Manner of Cheating will open the Eyes of many who are every Day impoſed upon.*

There is now in the Preſs, and will be ſuddenly publiſh'd, a Book entituled, An Appendix to the Contempt of the Clergy, *wherein will be ſet forth at large, That all our Diſſentions are owing to the Lazineſs*

Lazineſs of Perſons in the ſacred Miniſtry, and that none of the preſent Schiſms could have crept into the Flock, but by the Negligence of the Paſtors. There is a Digreſſion in this Treatiſe, proving, That the Pretences made by the Prieſthood from Time to Time, that the Church was in Danger, is only a Trick to make the Laity paſſionate for that of which they themſelves have been negligent. The whole concludes with an Exhortation to the Clergy, to the Study of Eloquence, and Practice of Piety, as the only Method to ſupport the higheſt of all Honours, that of a Prieſt, who lives and acts according to his Character.

The TATLER. [N° 69.

——— Quid oportet
Nos facere, a vulgo longe lateque remotos?

From *Thurſday, Septem.* 15. to *Saturday, Septem.* 17. 1709.

From my own Apartment, September 16.

IT is, as far as it relates to our preſent Being, the great End of Education to raiſe our ſelves above the Vulgar; but what is intended by the Vulgar, is not, methinks, enough underſtood. In me, indeed, that Word raiſes a quite different Idea from what it uſually does in others; but perhaps that proceeds from my being old, and beginning to want the Reliſh of ſuch Satisfactions as are the ordinary Entertainment of Men. However, ſuch as my Opinion

is

is in this Caſe, I will ſpeak it; becauſe it is poſſible that Turn of Thought may be received by others, who may reap as much Satisfaction from it as I do my ſelf.

It is to me a very great Meanneſs, and ſomething much below a Philoſopher, which is what I mean by a Gentleman, to rank a Man among the Vulgar for the Condition of Life he is in, and not according to his Behaviour, his Thoughts and Sentiments, in that Condition. For if a Man be loaded with Riches and Honours, and in that State of Life has Thoughts and Inclinations below the meaneſt Artificer; is not ſuch an Artificer, who within his Power is good to his Friends, moderate in his Demands for his Labour, and chearful in his Occupation, very much ſuperior to him who lives for no other End but to ſerve himſelf, and aſſumes a Preference in all his Words and Actions to thoſe, who act their Part with much more Grace than himſelf? *Epictetus* has made Uſe of the Similitude of a Stage-Play to humane Life with much Spirit. It is not, ſays he, to be conſidered among the Actors, who is Prince, or who is Beggar, but who acts Prince or Beggar beſt. The Circumſtance of Life ſhould not be that which gives us Place, but our Behaviour in that Circumſtance is what ſhould be our ſolid Diſtinction. Thus, a wiſe Man ſhould think no Man above him or below him, any further than it regards the outward Order and Diſcipline of the World: For if we take too great an Idea of the Eminence of our Superiors, or Subordination of our Inferiors, it will have

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an ill Effect upon our Behaviour to both. He who thinks no Man above him but for his Virtue, none below him but for his Vice; can never be obſequious or aſſuming in a wrong Place, but will frequently emulate Men in Rank below him, and pity thoſe above him.

This Senſe of Mankind is ſo far from a levelling Principle, that it only ſets us upon a true Baſis of Diſtinction, and doubles the Merit of ſuch as become their Condition. A Man in Power, who can, without the ordinary Prepoſſeſſions which ſtop the Way to the true Knowledge and Service of Mankind, overlook the little Diſtinctions of Fortune, raiſe obſcure Merit, and diſcountenance ſucceſsful Indeſert, has, in the Minds of knowing Men, the Figure of an Angel rather than a Man, and is above the reſt of Men in the higheſt Character he can be, even that of their Benefactor.

Turning my Thoughts as I was taking my Pipe this Evening after this Manner, it was no ſmall Delight to me to receive Advice from *Felicia*, That *Eboracenſis* was appointed a Governor of one of their Plantations. As I am a great Lover of Mankind, I took Part in the Happineſs of that People who were to be governed by one of ſo great Humanity, Juſtice, and Honour. *Eboracenſis* has read all the Schemes which Writers have formed of Government and Order, and been long converſant with Men who have the Reins in their Hands; ſo that he can very well diſtinguiſh between Chimærical and Practical Politicks. It is a great Bleſſing (when Men have to deal with ſuch different Characters

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in the ſame Species as thoſe of Free-Men and Slaves) that they who command have a juſt Senſe of humane Nature it ſelf, by which they can temper the Haughtineſs of the Maſter, and ſoften the Servitude of the Slave. *Hæ tibi erunt Artes.* This is the Notion with which thoſe of the Plantation receive *Eboracenſis*: And as I have caſt his Nativity, I find it will be a Record made of this Perſon's Adminiſtration; and on that Part of the Shore from whence he embarks to return from his Government, there will be a Monument with theſe Words; *Here the People wept, and took Leave of* Eboracenſis, *the firſt Governour our Mother* Felicia *ſent, who, during his Command here, believed himſelf her Subject.*

White's Chocolate-houſe, September 16.

The following Letter wants ſuch ſudden Diſpatch, that all Things elſe muſt wait for this Time.

SIR, Sept. 13. *Equal Day and Night.*

'THere are Two Ladies, who having a 'good Opinion of your Taſte and Judg-'ment, deſire you to make Uſe of them in 'the following Particular, which perhaps you 'may allow very extraordinary. The Two 'Ladies before-mentioned, have a conſidera-'ble Time ſince contracted a more ſincere 'and conſtant Friendſhip than their Adverſa-'ries the Men will allow conſiſtent with the 'Frailty of Female Nature; and being from 'a long Acquaintance convinced of the perfect 'Agreement of their Tempers, have thought

'upon

'upon an Expedient to prevent their Separa-
'tion, and cannot think any ſo effectual (ſince
'tis common for Love to deſtroy Friendſhip)
'as to give up both their Liberties to the
'ſame Perſon in Marriage. The Gentleman
'they have pitched upon, is neither well-bred
'nor agreeable, his Underſtanding moderate,
'and his Perſon never deſigned to charm Wo-
'men; but having ſo much Self-Intereſt in
'his Nature, as to be ſatisfied with making
'double Contracts, upon Condition of receiving
'double Fortunes; and moſt Men being ſo
'far ſenſible of the Uneaſineſs that one Wo-
'man occaſions, they think him for theſe Rea-
'ſons the moſt likely Perſon of their Acquain-
'tance to receive theſe Propoſals. Upon all o-
'their Accounts, he is the laſt Man either of
'them would chuſe, yet for this preferable
'to all the reſt. They deſire to know your
'Opinion the next Poſt, reſolving to defer
'farther Proceeding, till they have received
'it. I am,

SIR,

Your Unknown,

Unthought-of,

Humble Servant,

Bridget Eitherſide.

This is very extraordinary, and much might be objected by me, who am ſomething of a Civilian, to the Caſe of Two marrying the ſame Man; but theſe Ladies are, I perceive, Free-Thinkers, and therefore I ſhall ſpeak only to the pru-

prudential Part of this Deſign, meerly as a Philoſopher, without entring into the Merit of it in the Eccleſiaſtical or Civil Law. Theſe conſtant Friends, *Piledea* and *Oreſtea*, are at a Loſs to preſerve their Friendſhip from the Encroachments of Love, for which End they have reſolved upon a Fellow who cannot be the Object of Affection or Eſteem to either, and conſequently cannot rob one of the Place each has in her Friend's Heart. But in all my Reading, (and I have read all that the Sages in Love have writ) I have found the greateſt Danger in Jealouſy. The Ladies indeed, to avoid this Paſſion, chuſe a ſad Fellow; but if they would be adviſed by me, they had better have each their worthleſs Man; otherwiſe, he that was deſpicable while he was indifferent to them, will become valuable when he ſeems to prefer one to the other.

I remember in the Hiſtory of Don *Quixot* of the *Manca*, there is a memorable Paſſage which opens to us the Weakneſs of our Nature in ſuch Particulars. The Don falls into Diſcourſe with a Gentleman whom he calls the Knight of the *Green Caſſock*, and is invited to his Houſe. When he comes there, he runs into Diſcourſe and Panegyrick upon the Oeconomy, the Government and Order of his Family, the Education of his Children; and laſtly, on the ſingular Wiſdom of him who diſpoſed Things with that Exactneſs. The Gentleman makes a Soliloquy to himſelf, Oh irreſiſtible Power of Flattery! Though I know this is a Mad-man, I cannot help being taken with his Applauſe. The Ladies will find this much more true in the Caſe of their Lover;

and the Woman he moſt likes, will certainly be more pleaſed; ſhe whom he ſlights, more offended, than ſhe can imagine before ſhe has tried. Now I humbly propoſe, That they both marry Coxcombs whom they are ſure they cannot like, and then they may be pretty ſecure againſt the Change of Affection, which they fear; and by that Means, preſerving the Temperature under which they now write, enjoy during Life, *Equal Day and Night.*

St. *James*'s *Coffee-houſe, September* 16.

There is no Manner of News; but People now ſpend their Time in Coffee-houſes in Reflections upon the Particulars of the late glorious Day, and collecting the ſeveral Parts of the Action, as they are produced in Letters from private Hands, or Notices given to us by Accounts in publick Papers. A pleaſant Gentleman, alluding to the great Fences through which we pierced, ſaid this Evening, The *French* thought themſelves on the right Side of the Hedge, but it prov'd otherwiſe. Mr. *Kidney*, who has long converſed with, and filled Tea for the moſt conſummate Politicians, was pleaſed to give me an Account of this Piece of Ribaldry, and deſired me on that Occaſion to write a whole Paper on the Subject of Valour, and explain how that Quality, which muſt be poſſeſſed by whole Armies, is ſo highly preferable in one Man rather than another, and how the ſame Actions are but meer Acts of Duty in ſome, and Inſtances of the moſt Heroick Virtue in others. He adviſed me not to fail in this Diſcourſe to mention the Gallantry of the Prince of *Naſſau* in this laſt

laſt Engagement, who (when a Battalion made an Halt in the Face of the Enemy) ſnatched the Colours out of the Hands of the Enſign, and planted them juſt before the Line of the Enemy, calling to that Battalion to take Care of their Colours, if they had no Regard to him. Mr. *Kidney* has my Promiſe to obey him in this Particular on the firſt Occaſion that offers.

Mr. Bickerſtaff *is now compiling exact Accounts of the Pay of the* Militia, *and the Commiſſion-Officers under the reſpective Lieutenancies of* Great Britain: *In the firſt Place, of thoſe of* London *and* Weſtminſter; *and in Regard that there are no common Soldiers, but all Houſe-keepers, or Repreſentatives of Houſe-keepers in theſe Bodies, the Sums raiſed by the Officers ſhall be looked into, and their Fellow-Soldiers, or rather Fellow-Travellers from one Part of the Town to the other, not defrauded of the Ten Pounds allowed for the Subſiſtence of the Troops.*

Whereas not very long ſince, at a Tavern between Fleet-Bridge *and* Charing-Croſs, *ſome certain polite Gentlemen thought fit to perform the* Bacchanalian *Exerciſes of Devotion, by dancing without Clothes on, after the Manner of the* Præ-Adamites; *This is to certify thoſe Perſons, That there is no Manner of Wit or Humour in the ſaid Practice, and that the Beadles of the Pariſh are to be at their next Meeting, where it is to be examined, Whether they are arrived at Want of Feeling, as well as Want of Shame?*

Whereas a Chapel-Clerk was lately taken in a Garret on a Flock-Bed with Two of the Fair Sex, who are uſually employed in ſifting Cinders; This is to let

him know, That if he perſiſts in being a Scandal both to Laity and Clergy (as being as it were both and neither) the Names of the Nymphs who were with him ſhall be printed; therefore he is deſired, as he tenders the Reputation of his Ladies, to repent.

Mr. Bickerſtaff *has received Information, That an eminent and noble Preacher in the chief Congregation of* Great Britain, *for Fear of being thought guilty of Presbyterian Fervency and Extemporary Prayer, lately read his, before Sermon; but the ſame Advices acknowledging, that he made the Congregation large Amends by the Shortneſs of his Diſcourſe, it is though fit to make no further Obſervation upon it.*

The TATLER. [N° 70.

Quicquid agunt Homines noſtri Farrago Libelli.

From *Saturday, Septem.* 17. to *Tueſday, Septem.* 20. 1709.

From my own Apartment, September 19.

THE following Letter, in Proſecution of what I have lately aſſerted, has urged that Matter ſo much better than I had, that I inſert it as I received it. Theſe Teſtimonials are cuſtomary with us learned Men, and ſometimes are ſuſpected to be written by the Author; but I fear no one will ſuſpect me of this.

SIR, *London, Septem.* 15. 1709.

'HAving read your Lucubrations of the 10th 'Inſtant, I can't but entirely agree with 'you in your Notions of the Scarcity of Men

'who

'who can either read or ſpeak. For my Part, 'I have lived theſe 30 Years in the World, and 'yet have obſerved but a very few who could 'do either in any tolerable Manner; among 'which few, you muſt underſtand that I reckon 'my ſelf. How far Eloquence, ſet off with the 'proper Ornaments of Voice and Geſture, will 'prevail over the Paſſions, and how cold and 'unaffecting the beſt Oration in the World would 'be without them, there are Two remarkable 'Inſtances in the Caſe of *Ligarius* and that of '*Milo*. *Cæſar* had condemned *Ligarius*. He 'came indeed to hear what might be ſaid; but 'thinking himſelf his own Maſter, reſolved not 'to be byaſſed by any Thing *Cicero* could ſay in 'his Behalf: But in this he was miſtaken; for 'when the Orator began to ſpeak, the Hero is 'moved, he is vanquiſhed, and at length the 'Criminal abſolved. It muſt be obſerved, that 'this famous Orator was leſs renowned for his 'Courage than his Eloquence; for though he 'came at another Time, prepared to defend '*Milo* with one of the beſt Orations that Antiquity has produced; yet being ſeized with a 'ſudden Fear by ſeeing ſome armed Men ſurrounding the *Forum*, he falter'd in his Speech, 'and became unable to exert that irreſiſtible 'Force and Beauty of Action which would have 'ſaved his Client, and for Want of which he 'was condemned to Baniſhment. As the Succeſs the former of theſe Orations met with, 'appears chiefly owing to the Life and graceful 'Manner with which it was recited, (for ſome 'there are who think it may be read without

‘ Tranſport) ſo the latter ſeems to have failed
‘ of Succeſs for no other Reaſon, but becauſe the
‘ Orator was not in a Condition to ſet it off with
‘ thoſe Ornaments. It muſt be confeſſed, that
‘ artful Sound will with the Crowd prevail even
‘ more than Senſe; but thoſe who are Maſters
‘ of both, will ever gain the Admiration of all
‘ their Hearers: And there is, I think, a very
‘ natural Account to be given of this Matter;
‘ for the Senſation of the Head and Heart are
‘ cauſed in each of theſe Parts by the outward
‘ Organs of the Eye and Ear: That therefore
‘ which is conveyed to the Underſtanding and
‘ Paſſions by only one of theſe Organs, will
‘ not affect us ſo much as that which is tranſ-
‘ mitted through both. I can't but think your
‘ Charge is juſt againſt a great Part of the
‘ learned Clergy of *Great Britain*, who deliver
‘ the moſt excellent Diſcourſes with ſuch Cold-
‘ neſs and Indifference, that 'tis no great Won-
‘ der the unintelligent Many of their Congre-
‘ gations fall aſleep. Thus it happens that their
‘ Orations meet with a quite contrary Fate to
‘ that of *Demoſthenes* you mention; for as that
‘ loſt much of its Beauty and Force by being
‘ repeated to the Magiſtrates of *Rhodes* without
‘ the winning Action of that great Orator, ſo
‘ the Performance of theſe Gentlemen never
‘ appear with ſo little Grace, and to ſo much Diſ-
‘ advantage, as when delivered by themſelves
‘ from the Pulpit. *Hippocrates* being ſent for to a
‘ Patient in this City, and having felt his Pulſe,
‘ enquired into the Symptoms of his Diſtemper,
‘ and finding that it proceeded in great Meaſure

‘ for

'for Want of Sleep, adviſes his Patient, with 'an Air of Gravity, to be carried to Church to 'hear a Sermon, not doubting but that it would 'diſpoſe him for the Reſt he wanted. If ſome 'of the Rules *Horace* gives for the Theatre, 'were (not improperly) applied to our Pul-'pits, we ſhould not hear a Sermon preſcribed 'as a good Opiate.

——Si vis me flere, dolendum eſt
Primum ipſi tibi ——

'A Man muſt himſelf expreſs ſome Concern 'and Affection in delivering his Diſcourſe, if he 'expects his Auditory ſhould intereſt themſelves 'in what he propoſes: For otherwiſe, notwith-'ſtanding the Dignity and Importance of the 'Subject he treats of; notwithſtanding the 'Weight and Argument of the Diſcourſe it ſelf, 'yet too many will ſay,

——Male ſi Mandata loqueris,
Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo.——

'If there be a Deficiency in the Speaker, there 'will not be a ſufficient Attention and Regard 'paid to the Things ſpoken: But, Mr. *Bicker-'ſtaff*, you know, that as too little Action is 'cold, ſo too much is fulſome. Some indeed 'may think themſelves accompliſhed Speakers, 'for no other Reaſon than becauſe they can be 'loud and noiſy; (for ſurely *Stentor* muſt have 'ſome Deſign in his Vociferations.) But, dear 'Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, convince them, that as harſh 'and irregular Sound is not Harmony; ſo nei-'ther is banging a Cuſhion, Oratory: And

'therefore, in my humble Opinion, a certain 'Divine of the Firſt Order, whom I allow o-'therwiſe to be a great Man, would do well to 'leave this off; for I think, his Sermons would 'be more Perſwaſive, if he gave his Auditory 'leſs Diſturbance. Though I cannot ſay, that 'this Action would be wholly improper to a 'prophane Oration; yet, I think, in a Reli-'gious Aſſembly, it gives a Man too Warlike, 'or perhaps too Theatrical a Figure, to be ſuita-'ble to a Chriſtian Congregation. I am,

SIR,

Your Humble Servant, &c.

The moſt learned and ingenious Mr. *Roſehat* is alſo pleaſed to write to me on this Subject.

SIR,

'I Read with great Pleaſure in the *Tatler* of '*Saturday* laſt, the Converſation upon Elo-'quence; permit me to hint to you one Thing 'the great *Roman* Orator obſerves upon this 'Subject, *Caput enim arbitrabatur Oratoris,* (he 'quotes *Menedemus* an *Athenian*) *ut ipſi apud 'quos ageret talis qualem ipſe optaret videretur, id 'fieri Vitæ Dignitate.* It is the firſt Rule in Ora-'tory, That a Man muſt appear ſuch as he would 'perſwade others to be, and that can be accom-'pliſhed only by the Force of his Life. I be-'lieve it might be of great Service to let our 'publick Orators know, That an unnatural Gra-'vity, or an unbecoming Levity in their Beha-'our out of the Pulpit, will take very much

'from

‘ from the Force of their Eloquence in it. Ex-
‘ cuſe another Scrap of *Latin*; 'tis from one of
‘ the Fathers: I think it will appear a juſt Ob-
‘ ſervation to all, as it may have Authority with
‘ ſome; *Qui autem docent tantum, nec faciunt, ip-*
‘ *ſi Præceptis ſuis detrahunt Pondus*; *Quis enim*
‘ *obtemperet, cum ipſi Præceptores doceant non*
‘ *obtemperare?* I am,

SIR,

Your moſt Humble Servant,

Jonathan Roſehat.

P. S. You were complaining in that Paper, That the Clergy in *Great Britain* had not yet learned to ſpeak: A very great Defect indeed; and therefore I ſhall think my ſelf a Well-Deſerver of the Church, in recommending all the dumb Clergy to the famous ſpeaking Doctor at *Kenſington*. This ingenious Gentleman, out of Compaſſion to thoſe of a bad Utterance, has placed his whole Study in the new modelling the Organs of Voice; which Art he has ſo far advanced, as to be able even to make a good Orator of a Pair of Bellows. He lately exhibited a Specimen of his Skil in this Way, of which I was informed by the worthy Gentlemen then preſent, who were at once delighted and amazed to hear an Inſtrument of ſo ſimple an Organiſation uſe an exact Articulation of Words, a juſt Cadency in its Sentences, and a wonderful *Pathos* in its Pronunciation; not that he deſigns to expatiate in this Practice, becauſe he cannot (as he ſays) apprehend what Uſe it may

may be of to Mankind, whoſe Benefit he aims at in a more particular Manner: And for the ſame Reaſon, he will never more inſtruct the Feather'd Kind, the Parrat having been his laſt Scholar in that Way. He has a wonderful Faculty in making and mending Ecchoes, and this he will perform at any Time for the Uſe of the Solitary in the Country, being a Man born for univerſal Good, and for that Reaſon recommended to your Patronage, by,

Sir, Yours, &c.

Another learned Gentleman gives me alſo this Encomium:

SIR, *September* 16.

'YOU are now got into an uſeful and noble Subject; take Care to handle it with Judgment and Delicacy. I wiſh every young Divine would give yours of *Saturday* laſt a ſerious Peruſal; and now you are entered upon the Action of an Orator, if you would proceed to favour the World with ſome Remarks on the myſtical Enchantments of Pronunciation, what a ſecret Force there is in the Accents of a tunable Voice, and wherefore the Works of Two very great Men of the Profeſſion could never pleaſe ſo well when read as heard, I ſhall trouble you with no more Scribble. You are now in the Method of being truly profitable and delightful. If you can keep up to ſuch great and ſublime Subjects, and purſue them with a ſuitable Genius, go on and proſper. *Farewel.*

White's

White's Chocolate-houſe, September 19.

This was left for me here for the Uſe of the Company of the Houſe.

To Iſaac Bickerſtaff *Eſq;*

SIR, *September* 15.

'THE Account you gave lately of a certain 'Dog-kennel in or near *Suffolk-ſtreet*, was 'not ſo punctual as to the Liſt of the Dogs, as 'might have been expected from a Perſon of 'Mr *Bickerſtaff*'s Intelligence; for if you'll 'diſpatch *Pacolet* thither ſome Evening, 'tis 'Ten to One but he finds, beſides thoſe you 'mentioned,

'*Towzer*, a large *French* Mongril, that was 'not long ago in a tatter'd Condition, but has 'now got new Hair, is not fleet; but when he 'grapples, bites even to the Marrow.

'*Spring*, a little *French* Greyhound, that late-'ly made a falſe Trip to *Tunbridge*.

'*Sly*, an old battered Fox-hound, that began 'the Game in *France*.

'*Lightfoot*, a fine skinned *Flanders* Dog, that 'belong'd to a Pack at *Ghent*; but having loſt 'Fleſh, is come to *Paris* for the Benefit of the 'Air.

'With ſeveral others, that in Time may be 'worth Notice.

'Your Familiar will ſee alſo, how anxious the 'Keepers are about the Prey, and indeed not 'without very good Reaſon, for they have their 'Share of every Thing; nay, not ſo much as a 'poor Rabbet can be run down, but theſe carni-

'vorous

'vorous Curs ſwallow a Quarter of it. Some 'Mechanicks in the Neighbourhood, that have 'entred into this civil Society (and who furniſh 'Part of the Carrion and Oatmeal for the Dogs) 'have the Skin; and the Bones are pick'd clean 'by a little *French* Shock that belongs to the Fa-'mily, *&c.* I am,

SIR,

Your Humble Servant, &c.

'I had almoſt forgot to tell you, That *Ring-'wood* bites at *Hamſtead* with falſe Teeth.

The TATLER. [N° 71.

From *Tueſday, Septem.* 20. to *Thurſday, Septem.* 22. 1709.

From my own Apartment, September 21.

I Have long been againſt my Inclination em-ploy'd in Satyr, and that in Proſecution of ſuch Perſons who are below the Dignity of the true Spirit of it; ſuch who I fear are not to be reclaimed by making 'em only ridiculous. The *Sharpers* therefore ſhall have a Month's Time to themſelves free from the Obſervation of this Pa-per; but I muſt not make a Truce without let-ting 'em know, that at the ſame Time I am pre-paring for a more vigorous War; for a Friend of mine has promiſed me, he will employ his Time in compiling ſuch a Tract before the Seſ-ſion of the enſuing Parliament, as ſhall lay Gaming home to the Boſoms of all who love

their

their Country or their Families; and he doubts not but it will create an Act, that ſhall make theſe Rogues as ſcandalous, as thoſe leſs miſchievous Ones on the high Road.

I have received private Intimations to take Care of my Walks, and remember there are ſuch Things as Stabs and Blows: But as there never was any Thing in this Deſign which ought to diſpleaſe a Man of Honour, or which was not deſign'd to offend the Raſcals, I ſhall give my ſelf very little Concern for finding what I expected, that they would be highly provoked at theſe Lucubrations. But though I utterly deſpiſe the Pack, I muſt confeſs I am at a Stand at the Receipt of the following Letter, which ſeems to be written by a Man of Senſe and Worth, who has miſtaken ſome Paſſage that I am ſure was not levelled at him. This Gentleman's Complaints give me Compunction, when I neglect the Threats of the Raſcals. I can't be in Jeſt with the Rogues any longer, ſince they pretend to threaten. I don't know whether I ſhall allow 'em the Favour of Tranſportation.

Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, *Sept.* 13.

'OBſerving you are not content with laſhing
'the many Vices of the Age, without il-
'luſtrating each with particular Characters, it's
'thought nothing would more contribute to the
'Impreſſion you deſign by ſuch, than always
'having regard to Truth. In your *Tatler* of
'this Day, I obſerve you allow, That nothing is
'ſo tender as a Lady's Repuration; that a Stain
'once got in their Fame, is hardly ever to be
'waſhed

‘ waſhed out. This you grant even when you ‘ give your ſelf Leave to trifle. If ſo, What ‘ Caution is neceſſary in handling the Reputa- ‘ tion of a Man, whoſe Well-being in this Life ‘ perhaps entirely depends on preſerving it from ‘ any Wound, which once there received, too ‘ often becomes fatal and incurable? Suppoſe ‘ ſome villanous Hand, through Perſonal Preju- ‘ dice, tranſmits Materials for this Purpoſe, ‘ which you publiſh to the World, and after- ‘ wards become fully convinced you were impo- ‘ ſed on; (as by this Time you may be of a Cha- ‘ racter you have ſent into the World;) I ſay, ‘ ſuppoſing this, I would be glad to know, what ‘ Reparation you think ought to be made the ‘ Perſon ſo injured, admitting you ſtood in his ‘ Place. It has always been held, that a gene- ‘ rous Education is the ſureſt Mark of a generous ‘ Mind. The former is indeed perſpicuous in ‘ all your Papers; and I am perſwaded, though ‘ you affect often to ſhow the latter, yet you ‘ would not keep any Meaſures (even of Chriſti- ‘ anity) with thoſe who ſhould handle you in ‘ the Manner you do others. The Application ‘ of all this is from your having very lately ‘ glanced at a Man, under a Character, that ‘ were he conſcious to deſerve, he would be ‘ the firſt to rid the World of himſelf; and ‘ woud be more juſtifiable in it to all Sorts of ‘ Men, than you in your committing ſuch a ‘ Violence on his Reputation, which perhaps ‘ you may be convinced of in another Manner ‘ than you deſerve from him.

‘ A

‹ A Man of your Capacity, Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, ‹ ſhould have more noble Views, and purſue the ‹ true Spirit of Satyr; but I will concluce, leſt ‹ I grow out of Temper, and I will only beg ‹ for your own Preſervation, to remember the ‹ Proverb of the Pitcher.

I am Yours,

A. J.

The Proverb of the Pitcher I have no Regard to; but it would be an Inſenſibility not to be pardoned, if a Man could be untouched at ſo warm an Accuſation, and that laid with ſo much ſeeming Temper. All I can ſay to it is, That if the Writer, by the ſame Method whereby he conveyed this Letter, ſhall give me an Inſtance wherein I have injured any good Man, or pointed at any Thing which is not the true Object of Raillery, I ſhall acknowledge the Offence in as open a Manner as the Preſs can do it, and lay down this Paper for ever.

There is ſomething very terrible in unjuſtly attacking Men in a Way that may prejudice their Honour or Fortune; but when Men of too Modeſt a Senſe of themſelves will think they are touched, it is impoſſible to prevent ill Conſequences from the moſt innocent and general Diſcourſes. This I have known happen in Circumſtances the moſt foreign to theirs who have taken Offence at them. An Advertiſement lately publiſhed, relating to *Omicron*, alarmed a Gentleman of good Senſe, Integrity, Honour, and Induſtry, which is, in every Particular, different from the trifling Pretenders pointed at in

in that Advertiſement. When the Modeſty of ſome is as exceſſive as the Vanity of others, What Defence is there againſt Miſinterpretation? However, giving Diſturbance, tho' not intended, to Men of virtuous Characters, has ſo ſincerely troubled me, that I will break from this Satyrical Vein; and to ſhow I very little value my ſelf upon it, ſhall for this Month enſuing, leave the *Sharper*, the *Fop*, the *Pedant*, the *Proud Man*, the *Inſolent*; in a Word, all the Train of *Knaves* and *Fools*, to their own Devices, and touch on nothing but Panegyrick. This Way is ſuitable to the true Genius of the *Staffs*, who are much more inclined to reward than puniſh. If therefore the Author of the above-mentioned Letter does not command my Silence wholly, as he ſhall, if I do not give him Satisfaction, I ſhall for the above-mentioned Space turn my Thoughts to raiſing Merit from its Obſcurity, celebrating Virtue in its Diſtreſs, and attacking Vice by no other Method, but ſetting Innocence in a proper Light.

Will's Coffee-houſe, September 20.

I find here for me the following Letter:

'*Squire* Bickerſtaff,

'FInding your Advice and Cenſure to have
'a good Effect, I deſire your Admonition
'to our Vicar and Schoolmaſter, who in his
'Preaching to his Auditors, ſtretches his Jaws
'ſo wide, that inſtead of inſtructing Youth, it
'rather frightens them: Likewiſe in reading
'Prayers, he has ſuch a careleſs Loll, that Peo-
'ple are juſtly offended at his irreverent Po-
'ſture; beſides the extraordinary Charge they

'are

‘ are put to in ſending their Children to dance,
‘ to bring them off of thoſe ill Geſtures. Ano-
‘ ther evil Faculty he has, in making the Bowl-
‘ ing-Green his daily Reſidence, inſtead of his
‘ Church, where his Curate reads Prayers every
‘ Day. If the Weather is fair, his Time is ſpent
‘ in Viſiting; if Cold or Wet, in Bed, or at
‘ leaſt at Home, tho' within 100 Yards of the
‘ Church. Theſe out of many ſuch irregular
‘ Practices, I write for his Reclaimation: But
‘ two or three Things more before I conclude;
‘ to wit, that generally when his Curate preaches
‘ in the Afternoon, he ſleeps ſotting in the Desk
‘ on a Hiſſock. With all this, he is ſo extreme-
‘ ly proud, that he will go but once to the Sick,
‘ except they return his Viſit.

I was going on in reading my Letter, when I was interrupted by Mr. *Greenhat*, who has been this Evening at the Play of *Hamlet*. Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, ſaid he, had you been to Night at the Playhouſe, you had ſeen the Force of Action in Perfection: Your admired Mr. *Betterton* behaved himſelf ſo well, that, tho' now about Seventy, he acted Youth; and by the prevalent Power of proper Manner, Geſture and Voice, appeared through the whole *Drama* a young Man of great Expectation, Vivacity and Enterprize. The Soliloquy, where he began the celebrated Sentence of, *To be, or not to be*; the Expoſtulation where he explains with his Mother in her Cloſet, the noble Ardor, after ſeeing his Father's Ghoſt, and his generous Diſtreſs for the Death of *Ophelia*; are each of them Circumſtances which dwell

ſtrongly upon the Minds of the Audience, and would certainly affect their Behaviour on any parallel Occaſions in their own Lives. Pray, Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, let us have Virtue thus repreſented on the Stage with its proper Ornaments, or let theſe Ornaments be added to her in Places moſt ſacred. As for my Part, ſaid he, I carried my Couſin *Jerry*, this little Boy, with me, and ſhall always love the Child for his Partiality in all that concerned the Fortune of *Hamlet*. This is entring Youth into the Affections and Paſſions of Manhood beforehand, and as it were antedating the Effects we hope from a long and liberal Education.

I cannot in the midſt of many other Things which preſs, hide the Comfort that this Letter from my ingenious Kinſman gives me.

To my Honoured Kinſman, Iſaac Bickerſtaff, *Eſq*;

Dear Couſin, *Oxford, Sept.* 18.

'I Am ſorry, tho' not ſurpriz'd, to find that 'you have rallied the Men of Dreſs in vain; 'that the Amber-headed Cane ſtill maintains its 'unſtable Poſt; that Pockets are but a few 'Inches ſhortened; and a Beau is ſtill a Beau, 'from the Crown of his Nightcap to the Heels 'of his Shoes. For your Comfort, I can aſſure 'you, that your Endeavours ſucceed better in 'this famous Seat of Learning. By them, the 'Manners of our young Gentlemen are in a fair 'Way of Amendment, and their very Language 'is mightily refined. To them it is owing, that 'not a Servitor will ſing a Catch, not a Senior 'Fellow make a Pun, not a determining Bat-

'chelor

'chelor drink a Bumper; and I believe a Gen-
'tleman-Commoner would as ſoon have the
'Heels of his Shoes red as his Stockings. When
'a Witling ſtands at a Coffee-houſe Door, and
'ſneers at thoſe who paſs by, to the great Im-
'provement of his hopeful Audience, he is no
'longer Sirnamed a *Slicer*, but a Man of Fire is
'the Word. A Beauty, whoſe Health is drank
'from *Heddington* to *Hinkſey*, who has been the
'Theme of the Muſes, (her Cheeks painted with
'Roſes, and her Boſom planted with Orange
'Boughs) has no more the Title of *Lady*, but
'reigns an undiſputed *Toaſt*. When to the
'plain Garb of Gown and Band a Spark adds
'an inconſiſtent long Wig, we do not ſay now
'he *Boſhes*, but there goes a *Smart* Fellow. If
'a Virgin bluſhes, we no longer cry ſhe *Blues*.
'He that drinks till he ſtares, is no more *Tow-*
'*Row*, but *Honeſt*. A *Youngſter* in a *Scrape*, is
'a Word out of Date; and what bright Man
'ſays, I was *Joab'd* by the Dean: *Bambouzling*
'is exploded; a *Shat* is a Tatler; and if the muſ-
'cular Motion of a Man's Face be violent, no
'Mortal ſays, he *raiſes a Horſe*, but he's a *Mer-*
'*ry Fellow*.

'I congratulate you, my dear Kinſman, upon
'theſe Conqueſts; ſuch as *Roman* Emperors la-
'mented they could not gain; and in which
'you rival your Correſpondent *Lewis le Grand*,
'and his dictating Academy.

'Be yours the Glory to perform, mine to re-
'cord (as Mr. *Dryden* has ſaid before me to
'*his* Kinſman); and while you enter triumphant
'into the Temple of the *Muſes*, I, as my Office

'requires, will, with my Staff on my Shoulder, 'attend and conduct you. I am,

Dear Couſin,

Your moſt Affectionate Kinſman,

Benjamin Beadleſtaff.

Upon the humble Application of certain Perſons who have made Heroick Figures in Mr. Bickerſtaff's *Narrations, Notice is hereby given, That no ſuch ſhall ever be mentioned for the future, except thoſe who have ſent Menaces, and not ſubmitted to Admonition.*

The TATLER. [N° 72.

From *Thurſday, Septem.* 22. to *Saturday, Septem.* 24. 1709.

White's Chocolate-houſe, September 23.

I Have taken upon me no very eaſy Task in turning all my Thoughts on Panegyrick, when moſt of the Advices I receive tend to the quite contrary Purpoſe; and I have few Notices but ſuch as regard Follies and Vices. But the propereſt Way for me to treat, is, to keep in general upon the Paſſions and Affections of Men, with as little Regard to Particulars as the Nature of the Thing will admit. However, I think there is ſomething ſo paſſionate in the Circumſtances of the Lovers mentioned in the following Letter, that I am willing to go out of my Way to obey what is commanded in it.

SIR,

SIR, London, September 17.

YOur Deſign of entertaining the Town with the Characters of the ancient Heroes, as Perſons ſhall ſend an Account to Mr. Morphew's, *encourages me and others to beg of you, that in the mean Time (if it is not contrary to the Method you have propoſed) you would give us one Paper upon the Subject of* Pætus *and his Wife's Death, when* Nero *ſent him an Order to kill himſelf: His Wife ſetting him the Example, dy'd with theſe Words,* Pætus, it is not painful. *You muſt know the Story, and your Obſervations upon it will oblige,*

SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant.

When the worſt Man that ever liv'd in the World had the higheſt Station in it, Humane Life was the Object of his Diverſion; and he ſent Orders frequently, out of meer Wantonneſs, to take off ſuch and ſuch, without ſo much as being angry with 'em. Nay, frequently his Tyranny was ſo humorous, that he put Men to Death becauſe he could not but approve of 'em. It came one Day to his Ear, that a certain married Couple, *Pætus* and *Arria*, lived in a more happy Tranquility, and mutual Love, than any other Perſons who were then in being. He liſtned with great Attention to the Account of their Manner of ſpending their Time together, of the conſtant Pleaſure they were to each other in all their Words and Actions; and found by exact Information, that they were ſo treaſonable, as to be much more happy than his Imperial Ma-

jeſty himſelf. Upon which he writ *Pætus* the following Billet:

Pætus, *you are hereby deſired to diſpatch your ſelf. I have heard a very good Character of you; and therefore leave it to your ſelf, whether you will die by Dagger, Sword or Poiſon. If you outlive this Order above an Hour, I have given Directions to put you to Death by Torture.*

NERO.

This familiar Epiſtle was delivered to his Wife *Arria*, who opened it.

One muſt have a Soul very well turned for Love, Pity, and Indignation, to comprehend the Tumult this unhappy Lady was thrown into upon this Occaſion. The Paſſion of Love is no more to be underſtood by ſome Tempers, than a Problem in a Science by an ignorant Man: But he that knows what Affection is, will have, upon conſidering the Condition of *Arria*, Ten thouſand Thoughts flowing upon him, which the Tongue was not form'd to expreſs. But the charming Statue is now before my Eyes, and *Arria*, in her unutterable Sorrow, has more Beauty than ever appeared in Youth, in Mirth, or in Triumph. Theſe are the great and noble Incidents which ſpeak the Dignity of our Nature, in our Sufferings and Diſtreſſes. Behold, her tender Affection for her Husband ſinks her Features into a Countenance, which appears more helpleſs than that of an Infant: But again, her Indignation ſhows in her Viſage and her Boſom a Reſentment as ſtrong as that of the braveſt Man,

Man. Long ſhe ſtood in this Agony of alternate Rage and Love; but at laſt compoſed her ſelf for her Diſſolution, rather than ſurvive her beloved *Pætus*. When he came into her Preſence, he found her with the Tyrant's Letter in one Hand, and a Dagger in the other. Upon his Approach to her, ſhe gave him the Order; and at the ſame Time ſtabbing her ſelf, *Pætus* (ſaid ſhe) *it is not painful*, and expired. *Pætus* immediately followed her Example. The Paſſion of theſe memorable Lovers was ſuch, that it illuded the Rigour of their Fortune, and baffled the Force of a Blow, which neither felt, becauſe each received it for the Sake of the other. The Woman's Part in this Story is by much the more Heroick, and has occaſioned one of the beſt Epigrams tranſmitted to us from Antiquity.

When Arria *pull'd the Dagger from her Side,*
Thus to her Conſort ſpoke th' illuſtrious Bride:
The Wound I gave my ſelf I do not grieve,
I die by that which Pætus *muſt receive.*

From my own Apartment, September 23.

The Boy ſays, one in a black Hat left the following Letter;

Friend, 19th of the 7th Month.

BEing of that Part of Chriſtians whom Men call Quakers; *and being a Seeker of the Right Way, I was perſwaded Yeſterday to hear one of your moſt noted Teachers. The Matter he treated, was the Neceſſity of Well-living, grounded upon a future State. I was attentive; but the Man did not appear in ear-*

neſt. He read his Diſcourſe (notwithſtanding thy Rebukes) ſo heavily, and with ſo little Air of being convinced himſelf, that I thought he would have ſlept, as I obſerved many of his Hearers did. I came Home unedify'd, and troubled in Mind. I dip'd into the Lamentations, *and from thence turning to the 34th Chapter of* Ezekiel, *I found theſe Words;* Wo be to the Shepherds of *Iſrael*, that do feed themſelves! Should not the Shepherds feed the Flock? Ye eat the Fat, and ye cloath you with the Wool: Ye kill them that are fed; but ye feed not the Flock. The Diſeaſed have ye not ſtrengthen'd; neither have ye heal'd that which was ſick; neither have ye bound up that which was broken; neither have ye brought again that which was driven away; neither have ye ſought that which was loſt; but with Force and with Cruelty have ye rul'd them, *&c. Now I pray thee, Friend, as thou art a Man skill'd in many Things, tell me, Who is meant by the* Diſeas'd, *the* Sick, *the* Broken, *the* Driven away, *and the* Loſt? *And whether the Prophecy in this Chapter be accompliſh'd, or yet to come to paſs? And thou wilt oblige thy Friend, tho' unknown.*

This Matter is too ſacred for this Paper; but I can't ſee what Injury it would do any Clergyman, to have it in his Eye, and believe, all that are taken from him by his Want of Induſtry, are to be demanded of him. I dare ſay, *Favonius* has very few of theſe Loſſes. *Favonius*, in the midſt of a Thouſand impertinent Aſſailants of the Divine Truths, is an undiſturbed Defender of 'em. He protects all under his Care, by the Clear-

Clearneſs of his Underſtanding, and the Example of his Life: He viſits dying Men with the Air of a Man who hoped for his own Diſſolution, and enforces in others a Contempt of this Life, by his own Expectation of the next. His Voice and Behaviour are the lively Images of a compoſed and well-governed Zeal. None can leave him for the frivolous Jargon uttered by the ordinary Teachers among Diſſenters, but ſuch who cannot diſtinguiſh Vociferation from Eloquence, and Argument from Railing. He is ſo great a Judge of Mankind, and touches our Paſſions with ſo ſuperior a Command, that he who deſerts his Congregation muſt be a Stranger to the Dictates of Nature, as well as to thoſe of Grace.

But I muſt proceed to other Matters, and reſolve the Queſtions of other Enquirers; as in the following:

SIR, Heddington, Septem. 19.

UPon reading that Part of the Tatler, *Numb* 69. *where Mention is made of a certain Chappel-Clerk, there aroſe a Diſpute, and that produced a Wager, Whether by the Words Chappel-Clerk, was meant a Clergyman or a Layman? By a Clergyman, I mean one in holy Orders. It was not that any Body in the Company pretended to gueſs who the Perſon was; but ſome aſſerted, that by Mr.* Bickerſtaff's *Words muſt be meant a Clergyman only: Others ſaid, that thoſe Words might have been ſaid of any Clerk of a Pariſh; and ſome of 'em more properly, of a Layman. The Wager is half a Dozen Bottles of Wine; in which (if you pleaſe to determine it) your*

your Health, and all the Family of the Staffs, *ſhall certainly be drank; and you will ſingularly oblige another very conſiderable Family. I mean, that of*

Your Humble Servants,

The Trencher-Caps.

It is very cuſtomary with us learned Men, to find Perplexities where no one elſe can ſee any. The honeſt Gentlemen who writ me this, are much at at Loſs to underſtand what I thought very plain; and in Return, their Epiſtle is ſo plain, that I can't underſtand it. This, perhaps, is at firſt a little like Nonſenſe; but I deſire all Perſons to examine theſe Writings with an Eye to my being far gone in the Occult Sciences; and remember, that it is the Privilege of the Learned and the Great to be underſtood when they pleaſe: For as a Man of much Buſineſs may be allowed to leave Company when he pleaſes; ſo one of High Learning may be above your Capacity when he thinks fit. But without further Speeches or Fooling, I muſt inform my Friends the *Trencher-Caps* in plain Words, that I meant in the Place they ſpeak of, a drunken Clerk of a Church: And I will return their Civility among my Relations, and drink their Healths as they do ours.

The

The TATLER. [N° 73.

From *Saturday, Sept.* 24. to *Tueſday, Sept.* 27. 1709.

White's Chocolate-houſe, September 26.

I Cannot expreſs the Confuſion the following Letter gave me, which I received by Sir *Thomas* this Morning. There cannot be a greater Surprize, than to meet with ſudden Enmity in the midſt of a familiar and friendly Correſpondence; which is my Caſe in Relation to this Epiſtle; And I have no Way to purge my ſelf to the World, but publiſhing both it and my Anſwer.

Mr. *Bickerſtaff*,

'YOU are a very impudent Fellow to put 'me into the *Tatler*. Rot you, Sir, I have 'more Wit than you; and rot me, I have more 'Money than moſt Fools I have bubbled. All 'Perſons of Quality admire me; though rot 'me, if I value a Blue Garter any more than I 'do a blue Apron. Every Body knows I am 'brave; therefore have a Care how you pro-'voke

Monoculus.

The ANSWER.

SIR,

'DID I not very well know your Hand, 'as well by the Spelling as the Character, 'I ſhould not have believed yours of to Day had 'come from you. But when all Men are ac-

'quainted,

'quainted, that I have had all my Intelligence 'from you relating to your Fraternity, let 'them pronounce who is the more impudent. 'I confeſs I have had a peculiar Tenderneſs for 'you, by reaſon of that luxuriant Eloquence of 'which you are Maſter, and have treated you 'accordingly; for which you have turned your 'florid Violence againſt your ancient Friend 'and School-fellow. You know in your own 'Conſcience, you gave me Leave to touch up-'on your Vein of Speaking, provided I hid 'your other Talents; in which I believed you 'ſincere, becauſe, like the ancient *Simon*, you 'have before now ſuffered your ſelf to be de-'faced to carry on a Plot. Beſides, Sir, Rot 'me, Language for a Perſon of your preſent 'Station. Fie, fie, I am really aſhamed for 'you, and ſhall no more depend upon your 'Intelligence. Keep your Temper, waſh your 'Face, and go to Bed.

Iſaac Bickerſtaff.

For ought I know, this Fellow may have confus'd the Deſcription of the Pack, on Purpoſe to enſnare the Game, while I have all along believed he was deſtroying them as well as my ſelf. But becauſe they pretend to bark more than ordinary, I ſhall let 'em ſee that I will not throw away the Whip, 'till they know better how to behave themſelves. But I muſt not at the ſame Time omit the Praiſes of their Oeconomy expreſs'd in the following Advice;

Mr.

Mr. Bickerſtaff. *Septem.* 17.

'THough your Thoughts are at preſent employed upon the Tables of *Fame*, and 'marſhalling your Illuſtrious Dead, 'tis hoped 'the Living may not be neglected, nor defraud-'ed of their juſt Honours: And ſince you have 'begun to publiſh to the Word the great Saga-'city and Vigilance of the Knights of the Indu-'ſtry, it will be expected you ſhould proceed 'to do Juſtice to all the Societies of them you 'can be informed of, eſpecially ſince their own 'great Induſtry covers their Actions as much as 'poſſible from that publick Notice which is 'their Due.

Paulum ſepultæ diſtat Inertiæ
Celata Virtus.

Hidden Vice and conceal'd Virtue, are much alike.

'Be pleaſed therefore to let the following 'Memoirs have a Place in their Hiſtory.

'In a certain Part of the Town, famous for 'the freſheſt Oyſters and the plaineſt *Engliſh*, 'there is a Houſe, or rather a College, ſacred 'to Hoſpitality, and the induſtrious Arts. At 'the Entrance is hieroglyphically drawn, a Ca-'valier contending with a Monſter, with Jaws 'expanded, juſt ready to devour him.

'Hither the Brethren of the Induſtry reſort; 'but to avoid Oſtentation, they wear no Ha-'bits of Diſtinction, and perform their Exerci-'ſes with as little Noiſe and Shew as poſſible. 'Here are no Under-Graduates, but each is a 'Maſter of his Art. They are diſtributed ac-

'cording

'cording to their various Talents, and detached 'abroad in Parties, to divide the Labours of 'the Day. They have Dogs as well nos'd and 'as fleet as any, and no Sportſmen ſhew greater 'Activity. Some beat for the Game, ſome hunt 'it, others come in at the Death; and my ho-'neſt Landlord makes very good Veniſon Sauce, 'and eats his Share of the Dinner.

'I would fain purſue my Metaphors; but a 'venerable Perſon who ſtands by me, and waits 'to bring you this Letter, and whom, by a cer-'tain Benevolence in his Look, I ſuſpect to be '*Pacolet*, reproves me, and obliges me to write 'in plainer Terms, That the Society had fixed 'their Eyes on a gay young Gentleman, who 'has lately ſucceeded to a Title and an Eſtate; 'the latter of which they judged would be ve-'ry convenient for them. Therefore, after ſe-'veral Attempts to get into his Acquaintance, 'my Landlord finds an Opportunity to make 'his Court to a Friend of the young Spark's, in 'the following Manner:

'Sir, As I take you to be a Lover of Ingenui-'ty and Plain-Dealing, I ſhall ſpeak very free-'to you. In few Words then, you are ac-'quainted with Sir *Liberal Briſk*. Providence 'has for our Emolument ſent him a fair Eſtate, 'for Men are not born for themſelves. There-'fore, if you'll bring him to my Houſe, we will '*take Care of him*, and you ſhall have half the 'Profits. There's *Ace* and *Cutter* will do his Bu-'ſineſs to a Hair. You'll tell me, perhaps, he's 'your Friend: I grant it, and 'tis for that I pro-'poſe it, to prevent his falling into ill Hands.

'*We'll*

‘ *We'll carve him like a Diſh fit for the Gods,*
‘ *Not hew him like a Carcaſs fit for Hounds.*

‘ In ſhort, there are to my certain Knowledge ‘ a Hundred Mouths open for him. Now if we ‘ can ſecure him to our ſelves, we ſhall diſap- ‘ point all thoſe Raſcals that don't deſerve him. ‘ Nay, you need not ſtart at it, Sir, 'tis for ‘ your own Advantage. Beſides, *Partridge* has ‘ caſt me his Nativity, and I find by certain De- ‘ ſtiny, *his Oaks muſt be fell'd.*

‘ The Gentleman to whom this honeſt Propo- ‘ ſal was made, made little Anſwer; but ſaid ‘ he would conſider of it, and immediately took ‘ Coach to find out the young Baronet, and ‘ told him all that had paſs'd, together with the ‘ new Salvo to ſatisfy a Man's Conſcience in ſa- ‘ crificing his Friend. Sir *Brisk* was fired, ſwore ‘ a Dozen Oaths, drew his Sword, put it up a- ‘ gain, call'd for his Man, beat him, and bid ‘ him fetch a Coach. His Friend asked him, ‘ What he deſign'd, and whither he was going? ‘ He anſwered, To find out the Villains, and ‘ fight 'em.. To which his Friend agreed, and ‘ promiſed to be his Second, on Condition he ‘ would firſt divide his Eſtate to 'em, and re- ‘ ſerve only a Proportion to himſelf, that ſo he ‘ might have the Juſtice of fighting his Equals. ‘ His next Roſolution was to play with 'em, and ‘ let 'em ſee he was not the Bubble they took ‘ him for. But he ſoon quitted that, and reſol- ‘ ved at laſt to tell *Bickerſtaff* of 'em, and get 'em ‘ inrolled in the Order of the *Induſtry*, with this ‘ Caution to all young Landed Knights and ‘ 'Squires,

'Squires, That whenever they are drawn to play, they would conſider it as calling 'em down to a Sentence already pronounced upon 'em, and think of the Sound of thoſe Words, *His Oaks muſt be fell'd.* I am,

SIR,

Your faithful, humble Servant,

Will. Truſty.

From my own Apartment, September 26.

It is wonderful to conſider what a Pitch of Confidence this World is arrived at: Do People believe I am made up of Patience? I have long told them, that I will ſuffer no Enormity to paſs, without I have an Underſtanding with the Offenders by way of Huſh-Money; and yet the Candidates at *Queen-Hithe* ſend Coals to all the Town but me. All the publick Papers have had this Advertiſement.

London, Sept. 22. 1709.

To the Electors of an Alderman for the Ward of Queen-Hithe.

'WHereas an evil and pernicious Cuſtom has of late very much prevailed at the Election of Aldermen for this City, by treating at Taverns and Alehouſes, thereby engaging many unwarily to give their Votes: which Practice appearing to Sir *Arthur de Bradly* to be of dangerous Conſequence to the Freedom of Elections, he hath avoided the Exceſs thereof. Nevertheleſs, to make an Acknowledgment to this Ward for their intend-

'ed

'ed Favour, he hath depoſited in the Hands 'of Mr. ——, one of the preſent Common-'Council, Four Hundred and Fifty Pounds, to 'be diſpoſed of as follows, provided the ſaid 'Sir *Arthur de Bradly* be the Alderman, *viz.*

'*All ſuch that ſhall Poll for Sir* Arthur de 'Bradly, *ſhall have one Chaldron of good Coals* 'gratis.

'*And half a Chaldron to every one that ſhall 'not Poll againſt him.*

'*And the Remainder to be laid out in a Clock, 'Dial, or otherwiſe, as the Common-Council-'Men of the ſaid Ward ſhall think fit.*

'And if any Perſon ſhall refuſe to take the 'ſaid Coals to himſelf, he may aſſign the ſame 'to any poor Electors in the Ward.

'*I do acknowledge to have received the ſaid 'Four Hundred and Fifty Pounds, for the 'Purpoſes above-mentioned, for which I 'have given a Receipt.*

Witneſs, J----s H----t,
J----y G----h, J----n M----y.
E---d D----s.

'*N. B.* Whereas ſeveral Perſons have alrea-'dy engaged to Poll for Sir *Humphry Greenhat*, 'it hereby farther declared, That every ſuch 'Perſon as doth Poll for Sir *Humphry Greenhat*, 'and doth alſo Poll for Sir *Arthur de Bradly*, 'ſhall each of them receive a Chaldron of Coals '*gratis*, on the Proviſo above-mention'd.

This is certainly the moſt plain Dealing that ever was uſed, except that the juſt Quantity which an Elector may drink without Exceſs,

and the Difference between an Acknowledgment and a Bribe, wants Explanation. Another Difficulty with me is, How a Man who is bargain'd with for a Chaldron of Coals for his Vote, ſhall be ſaid to have that Chaldron *gratis?* If my Kinſman *Greenhat* had given me the leaſt Intimation of his Deſign, I ſhould have prevented his publiſhing Nonſenſe; nor ſhould any Knight in *England* have put my Relation at the Bottom of the Leaf as a Poſtſcript, when after all it appears *Greenhat* has been the more popular Man. There is here ſuch open Contradiction, and clumſy Art to palliate the Matter, and prove to the People, that the Freedom of Election is ſafer when laid out in Coals, than ſtrong Drink, that I can turn this only to a Religious Uſe, and admire the Diſpenſation of Things; for if theſe Fellows were as wiſe as they are rich, Where would be our Liberty? This reminds me of a memorable Speech made to a City almoſt in the ſame Latitude with *Weſtminſter*. *When I think of your Wiſdom, I admire your Wealth; when I think of your Wealth, I admire your Wiſdom.*

The TATLER. [N° 74.

From *Tueſday, Septem.* 27. to *Thurſday, Septem.* 29. 1709.

White's Chocolate-houſe, September 28.

THE Writer of the following Letter has made an Uſe of me, which I did not foreſee I ſhould fall into. But the Gentleman having

ving aſſured me, that he has a moſt tender Paſſion for the Fair One, and ſpeaking his Intentions with ſo much Sincerity, I am willing to let 'em contrive an Interview by my Means.

SIR,

'I Earneſtly intreat you to publiſh the inclo-
'ſed; for I have no other Way to come at
'her, or return to my ſelf.

A. L.

P. S. Mr. *Bickerſtaff,*

'You can't imagine, how handſome ſhe is:
'The Superſcription of my Letter will make
'her recollect the Man that gaz'd at her. Pray
'put it in.

I can aſſure the young Lady, the Gentleman is in the true Trammels of Love: How elſe would he make his Superſcription ſo very much longer than his Billet? He ſuperſcribes;

To the younger of the Two Ladies in Mourning, (who ſate in the hindmoſt Seat of the middle Box at Mr. Winſtanley's *Water-Works on* Tueſday *was Fortnight, and had with them a Brother, or ſome Acquaintance that was as careleſs of that pretty Creature as a Brother; which ſeeming Brother uſher'd 'em to their Coach;) with great Reſpect. Preſent.*

MADAM,

'I Have a very good Eſtate, and wiſh my ſelf
'your Husband. Let me know by this Way
'where you live, for I ſhall be miſerable till we
'live together.

Alexander Landlord.

This is the modern Way of Bargain and Sale; a certain Short-hand Writing, in which Laconick Elder Brothers are very ſucceſsful. All my Fear is, that the Nymph's Elder Siſter is unmarried. If ſhe is, we are undone: But perhaps the careleſs Fellow was her Husband; and then ſhe will let us go on.

From my own Apartment, September 28.

The following Letter has given me a new Senſe of the Nature of my Writings. I have the deepeſt regard to Conviction, and ſhall never act againſt it. However, I do not yet underſtand what good Man he thinks I have injur'd: But his Epiſtle has ſuch Weight in it, that I ſhall always have Reſpect for his Admonition, and deſire the Continuance of it. I am not conſcious that I have ſpoke any Faults a Man may not mend if he pleaſes.

Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, *Septem.* 25.

'WHEN I read your Paper of *Thurſday*, I 'was ſurprized to find mine of the 13th 'inſerted at large; I never intended my ſelf or 'you a ſecond Trouble of this Kind, believing I 'had ſufficiently pointed out the Man you had 'injur'd, and that by this Time you were con'vinced that Silence would be the beſt Anſwer; 'but finding your Reflections are ſuch as natu'rally call for a Reply, I take this Way of do'ing it; and, in in the firſt Place, return you 'Thanks for the Compliment made me of my 'ſeeming Senſe and Worth. I do aſſure you, I 'ſhall always endeavour to convince Mankind

'of

‘ of the latter, though I have no Pretence to
‘ the former. But to come a little nearer, I
‘ obſerve you put your ſelf under a very ſe-
‘ vere Reſtriction, even the laying down the
‘ *Tatler* for ever, if I can give you an Inſtance,
‘ *wherein you have injur'd any good Man, or point-*
‘ *ed at any Thing which is not the true Object of*
‘ *Raillery.*

‘ I muſt confeſs, Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, if the ma-
‘ king a Man guilty of Vices that would ſhame
‘ the Gallows, be the beſt Methods to *point at*
‘ *the true Object of Raillery*, I have 'till this Time
‘ been very ignorant; but if it be ſo, I will
‘ venture to aſſert one Thing, and lay it down
‘ as a Maxim, even to the *Staffian* Race, *viz.*
‘ That that Method of Pointing ought no more
‘ to be purſued, than thoſe People ought to cut
‘ your Throat who ſuffer by it, becauſe I take
‘ both to be Murder, and the Law is not in e-
‘ very private Man's Hands to execute: But in-
‘ deed, Sir, were you the only Perſon would
‘ ſuffer by the *Tatler*'s Diſcontinuance, I have
‘ Malice enough to puniſh you in the Manner
‘ you preſcribe; but I am not ſo great an Enemy
‘ to the Town or my own Pleaſures, as to wiſh
‘ it; nor that you would lay aſide laſhing the
‘ reigning Vices, ſo long as you keep to the true
‘ Spirit of Satyr, without deſcending to rake in-
‘ to Characters below its Dignity; for as you
‘ well obſerve, *There is ſomething very terrible*
‘ *in unjuſtly attacking Men in a Way that may pre-*
‘ *judice their Honour or Fortune*; and indeed,
‘ where Crimes are enormous, the Delinquent
‘ deſerves little Pity, yet the Reporter may de-

'ſerve leſs: And here I am naturally led to that 'celebrated Author of *The whole Duty of Man*, 'who hath ſet this Matter in a true Light in his 'Treatiſe of the Government of the Tongue; 'where, ſpeaking of uncharitable Truths, he 'ſays, a Diſcovery of this Kind *ſerves not to 'reclaim, but enrage the Offender, and precipi-'tate him into farther Degrees of Ill. Modeſty 'and Fear of Shame is one of thoſe natural Re-'ſtraints, which the Wiſdom of Heaven has put 'upon Mankind; and he that once ſtumbles, may 'yet by a Check of that Bridle recover again: But 'when by a publick Detection he is fallen under 'that Infamy he feared, he will then be apt to diſ-'card all Caution, and to think he owes himſelf 'the utmoſt Pleaſures of Vice, as the Price of his 'Reputation. Nay, perhaps he advances farther, 'and ſets up for a revers'd Sort of Fame, by being 'eminently wicked, and he who before was but a 'clandeſtine Diſciple, becomes a Doctor of* Impie-'ty, *&c.* This Sort of Reaſoning, Sir, moſt cer-'tainly induced our wiſe Legiſlators very lately 'to repeal that Law which put the Stamp of In-'famy in the Face of Felons; therefore you had 'better give an Act of Oblivion to your Delin-'quents, at leaſt for Tranſportation, than continue 'to mark them in ſo notorious a Manner. I can't 'but applaud your deſign'd Attempt of *raiſing 'Merit from Obſcurity, celebrating Virtue in Di-'ſtreſs, and attacking Vice in another Method, by 'ſetting Innocence in a proper Light.* Your purſuing 'theſe noble Themes, will make a greater Ad-'vance to the Reformation you ſeem to aim at, 'than the Method you have hitherto taken, by

'put-

'putting Mankind beyond the Power of retrieving 'themſelves, or indeed to think it poſſible. But 'if after all your Endeavours in this new Way, 'there ſhould then remain any harden'd Impe-'nitents, you muſt e'en give 'em up to the Ri-'gour of the Law, as Delinquents not within 'the Benefit of their Clergy. Pardon me, good 'Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, for the Tediouſneſs of this E-'piſtle, and believe 'tis not from any Self-Con-'viction I have taken up ſo much of your Time, 'or my own; but ſuppoſing you mean all your 'Lucubrations ſhould tend to the Good of Man-'kind, I may the eaſier hope your Pardon, 'being,

SIR,

Yours, &c.

Grecian Coffee-houſe, September 29.

This Evening I thought fit to notify to the *Literati* of this Houſe, and by that Means to all the World, that on *Saturday* the 15th of *October* next enſuing, I deſign to fix my firſt Table of *Fame*; and deſire that ſuch as are acquainted with the Characters of the Twelve moſt famous Men that have ever appeared in the World, would ſend in their Liſts, or name any one Man for that Table, aſſigning alſo his Place at it before that Time, upon Pain of having ſuch his Man of Fame poſtponed, or placed too high for ever. I ſhall not, upon any Application whatſoever, alter the Place which upon that Day I ſhall give to any of theſe Worthies. But whereas there are many who take upon them to ad-

mire this Hero, or that Author, upon Second-hand, I expect each Subſcriber ſhould underwrite his Reaſon for the Place he allots his Candidate.

The Thing is of the laſt Conſequence; for we are about ſettling the greateſt Point that has ever been debated in any Age, and I ſhall take Precautions accordingly. Let every Man who votes conſider, That he is now going to give away that, for which the Soldier gave up his Reſt, his Pleaſure, and his Life; the Scholar reſign'd his whole Series of Thought, his Midnight Repoſe, and his Morning Slumbers. In a Word, he is, (as I may ſay) to be Judge of that After-Life, which noble Spirits prefer to their very real Beings. I hope I ſhall be forgiven therefore, if I make ſome Objections againſt their Jury as they ſhall occur to me. The Whole of the Number by whom they are to be try'd, are to be Scholars. I am perſwaded alſo, that *Ariſtotle* will be put up by all of that Claſs of Men. However, in Behalf of others, ſuch as wear the Livery of *Ariſtotle*, the Two famous Univerſities are call'd upon on this Occaſion; but I except the Men of *Queen*'s, *Exeter*, and *Jeſus* Colleges in *Oxford*, who are not to be Electors, becauſe he ſhall not be crown'd from an implicit Faith in his Writings, but receive his Honour from ſuch Judges as ſhall allow him to be cenſur'd. Upon this Election (as I was juſt now going to ſay) I baniſh all who think and ſpeak after others to concern themſelves in it. For which Reaſons all illiterate diſtant Admirers are forbidden to corrupt the Voices, by ſending, according

ing to the new Mode, any poor Students Coals and Candles for their Votes in Behalf of ſuch Worthies as they pretend to eſteem. All News-Writers are alſo excluded, becauſe they conſider Fame as it is a Report which gives Foundation to the filling up their Rhapſodies, and not as it is the Emanation or Conſequence of good and evil Actions. Theſe are excepted againſt, as juſtly as Butchers in Caſe of Life and Death: Their Familiarity with the greateſt Names takes off the Delicacy of their Regard, as dealing in Blood makes the *Lanii* leſs tender of ſpilling it.

The TATLER. [N° 75.

From *Thurſday, Septem.* 29. to *Saturday, October* 1. 1709.

From my own Apartment, September 30.

I Am called off from publick Diſſertations by a Domeſtick Affair of great Importance, which is no leſs than the Diſpoſal of my Siſter *Jenny* for Life. The Girl is a Girl of great Merit, and pleaſing Converſation; but I being born of my Father's Firſt Wife, and ſhe of his Third, ſhe converſes with me rather like a Daughter than a Siſter. I have indeed told her, That if ſhe kept her Honour, and behaved her ſelf in ſuch a Manner as became the *Bickerſtaffs*, I would get her an agreeable Man for her Huſband; which was a Promiſe I made her after reading a Paſſage in *Pliny*'s *Epiſtles*. That polite Author had been employ'd to find out a Conſort

Conſort for his Friend's Daughter, and gives the following Character of the Man he had pitch'd upon.

Aciliano plurimum Vigoris & Induſtriæ quanquam in maxima Verecundia: Eſt illi Facies liberalis, multo Sanguine, multo Rubore, ſuffuſa: Eſt ingenua totius Corporis Pulchritudo, & quidam ſenatorius Decor, quæ ego nequaquam arbitror negligenda; debet enim hoc Caſtitati Puellarum quaſi præmium dari.

'*Acilianus* (for that was the Gentleman's 'Name) is a Man of extraordinary Vigour and 'Induſtry, accompanied with the greateſt Mo-'deſty. He has very much of the Gentleman, 'with a lively Colour, and Fluſh of Health in 'his Aſpect. His whole Perſon is finely turn'd, 'and ſpeaks him a Man of Quality: Which are 'Qualifications that, I think, ought by no 'Means to be overlook'd, and ſhould be be-'ſtow'd on a Daughter as the Reward of her 'Chaſtity.

A Woman that will give her ſelf Liberties, need not put her Parents to ſo much Trouble; for if ſhe does not poſſeſs theſe Ornaments in a Husband, ſhe can ſupply her ſelf elſewhere. But this is not the Caſe of my Siſter *Jenny*, who, I may ſay without Vanity, is as unſpotted a Spinſter as any in *Great Britain*. I ſhall take this Occaſion to recommend the Conduct of our own Family in this Particular.

We have in the Genealogy of our Houſe, the Deſcriptions and Pictures of our Anceſtors from the Time of King *Arthur*; in whoſe Days there

was

was one of my own Name, a Knight of his Round Table, and known by the Name of Sir *Iſaac Bickerſtaff*. He was low of Stature, and of a very ſwarthy Complexion, not unlike a *Portugueze* Jew. But he was more prudent than Men of that Height uſually are, and would often communicate to his Friends his Deſign of lengthening and whitening his Poſterity. His eldeſt Son *Ralph*, for that was his Name, was for this Reaſon married to a Lady who had little elſe to recommend her, but that ſhe was very tall and very fair. The Iſſue of this Match, with the help of high Shoes, made a tolerable Figure in the next Age; though the Complexion of the Family was obſcure 'till the Fourth Generation from that Marriage. From which Time, till the Reign of *William the Conqueror*, the Females of our Houſe were famous for their Needle-work and fine Skins. In the Male Line there happened an unlucky Accident in the Reign of *Richard* the Third, the eldeſt Son of *Philip*, then Chief of the Family, being born with an Hump-back and very high Noſe. This was the more aſtoniſhing, becauſe none of his Forefathers ever had ſuch a Blemiſh; nor indeed was there any in the Neighbourhood of that Make, except the Butler, who was noted for round Shoulders, and a *Roman* Noſe: What made the Noſe the leſs excuſable, was the remarkable Smallneſs of his Eyes.

Theſe ſeveral Defects were mended by ſucceeding Matches; the Eyes were open'd in the next Generation, and the Hump fell in a Century and half; but the greateſt Difficulty was how

how to reduce the Noſe; which I do not find was accompliſh'd till about the Middle of *Henry* the Seventh's Reign, or rather the Beginning of that of *Henry* the Eighth.

But while our Anceſtors were thus taken up in cultivating the Eyes and Noſe, the Face of the *Bickerſtaffs* fell down inſenſibly into Chin; which was not taken Notice of (their Thoughts being ſo much employ'd upon the more noble Features) till it became almoſt too long to be remedied.

But Length of Time, and ſucceſſive Care in our Alliances, have cured this alſo, and reduced our Faces into that tolerable Oval which we enjoy at preſent. I would not be tedious in this Diſcourſe, but cannot but obſerve, that our Race ſuffer'd very much about Three Hundred Years ago, by the Marriage of one of our Heireſſes with an eminent Courtier, who gave us Spindle-Shanks, and Cramps in our Bones, inſomuch that we did not recover our Health and Legs till Sir *Walter Bickerſtaff* married *Maud* the Milk-Maid, of whom the then *Garter* King at Arms (a facetious Perſon) ſaid pleaſantly enough, That ſhe had ſpoiled our Blood, but mended our Conſtitutions.

After this Account of the Effect our prudent Choice of Matches has had upon our Perſons and Features, I cannot but obſerve, that there are daily Inſtances of as great Changes made by Marriage upon Men's Minds and Humours. One might wear any Paſſion out of a Family by Culture, as skillful Gardiners blot a Colour out of a Tulip that hurts its Beauty. One might pro-

duce

duce an affable Temper out of a Shrew, by grafting the Mild upon the Cholerick; or raiſe a Jackpudding from a Prude, by inoculating Mirth and Melancholy. It is for Want of Care in the diſpoſing of our Children, with Regard to our Bodies and Minds, that we go into an Houſe and ſee ſuch different Complexions and Humours in the ſame Race and Family. But to me it is as plain as a Pikeſtaff, from what Mixture it is, that this Daughter ſilently lowers, t'other ſteals a kind Look at you, a third is exactly well behaved, a fourth a Splenatick, and a fifth a Coquet.

In this Diſpoſal of my Siſter, I have choſen, with an Eye to her being a Wit, and provided, that the Bridegroom be a Man of a ſound and excellent Judgement, who will ſeldom mind what ſhe ſays when ſhe begins to harrangue: For *Jenny*'s only Imperfection is an Admiration of her Parts, which inclines her to be a little, but a very little, fluttiſh; and you are ever to remark, that we are apt to cultivate moſt, and bring into Obſervation, what we think moſt excellent in our ſelves, or moſt capable of Improvement. Thus my Siſter, inſtead of conſulting her Glaſs and her Toilet for an Hour and an half after her private Devotion, ſits with her Noſe full of Snuff, and a Man's Nightcap on her Head, reading Plays and Romances. Her Wit ſhe thinks her Diſtinction; therefore knows nothing of the Skill of Dreſs, or making her Perſon agreeable. It would make you laugh, to ſee me often with my Spectacles on lacing her Stays; for ſhe is ſo very a Wit, that ſhe underſtands no ordinary Thing in the World. For

For this Reaſon I have diſpoſed of her to a Man of Buſineſs, who will ſoon let her ſee, that to be well dreſs'd, in good Humour, and chearful in the Command of her Family, are the Arts and Sciences of Female Life. I could have beſtow'd her upon a Fine Gentleman, who extremely admir'd her Wit, and would have given her a Coach and Six: But I found it abſolutely neceſſary to croſs the Strain; for had they met, they had eternally been Rivals in Diſcourſe, and in continual Contention for the Superiority of Underſtanding, and brought forth Criticks, Pedants, or pretty good Poets.

As it is, I expect an Offspring fit for the Habitation of City, Town or Country; Creatures that are docile and tractable in whatever we put 'em to.

To convince Men of the Neceſſity of taking this Method, let any one, even below the Skill of an Aſtrologer, behold the Turn of Faces he meets as ſoon as he paſſes *Cheapſide-Conduit*, and you ſee a deep Attention and a certain unthinking Sharpneſs in every Countenance. They look attentive, but their Thoughts are engaged on mean Purpoſes. To me it is very apparent when I ſee a Citizen paſs by, whether his Head is upon Woollen, Silks, Iron, Sugar, Indigo, or Stocks. Now this Trace of Thought appears or lies hid in the Race for Two or Three Generations.

I know at this Time a Perſon of a vaſt Eſtate, who is the immediate Deſcendant of a Fine Gentleman, but the Great-Grandſon of a Broker, in whom his Anceſtor is now revived. He

is

is a very honeſt Gentleman in his Principles, but can't for his Blood talk fairly: he is heartily ſorry for it; but he cheats by Conſtitution, and over-reaches by Inſtinct.

The Happineſs of the Man who marries my Siſter will be, that he has no Faults to correct in her but her own, a little Byaſs of Fancy, or Particularity of Manners, which grew in her ſelf, and can be amended by her. From ſuch an untainted Couple, we can hope to have our Family riſe to its ancient Splendor of Face, Air, Countenance, Manner and Shape, without diſcovering the Product of Ten Nations in one Houſe. *Obadiah Greenhat* ſays, he never comes into any Company in *England*, but he diſtinguiſhes the different Nations of which we are compos'd: There is ſcarce ſuch a living Creature as a True *Britain*. We ſit down indeed all Friends, Acquaintance, and Neighbours; but after Two Bottles, you ſee a *Dane* ſtart up and ſwear, The Kingdom is his own. A *Saxon* drinks up the whole Quart, and ſwears, He'll diſpute that with him. A *Norman* tells 'em both, He'll aſſert his Liberty: And a *Welſhman* cries, They are all Foreigners and Intruders of Yeſterday, and beats 'em out of the Room. Such Accidents happen frequently among Neighbours Children, and Couſin-Germans. For which Reaſon I ſay, ſtudy your Race, or the Soil of your Family will dwindle into Cits or 'Squires, or run up into Wits or Madmen.

The

The TATLER. [N°76.

From *Saturday, October* 1. to *Tueſday, October* 4. 1709.

From my own Apartment, October 3.

IT is a Thing very much to be lamented, that a Man muſt uſe a certain Cunning to caution People againſt what it is their Intereſt to avoid. All Men will allow, that it is a great and heroick Work to correct Men's Errors, and at the Price of being called a Common Enemy, to go on in being a Common Friend to my Fellow Subjects and Citizens. But I am forced in this Work to revolve the ſame Thing in Ten Thouſand Lights, and caſt 'em in as many Forms, to come at Men's Minds and Affections, in order to lead the Innocent in Safety, as well as diſappoint the Artifices of Betrayers. Since therefore I can make no Impreſſion upon the offending Side, I ſhall turn my Obſervations upon the Offended: That is to ſay, I muſt whip my Children for going into bad Company, inſtead of railing at bad Company for inſnaring my Children.

The great Misfortunes Men fall into, ariſe from themſelves; and that Temper, which is call'd very often, though with great Injuſtice, Good-Nature, is the Source of a numberleſs Train of Evils. For which Reaſon we are to take this as a Rule, That no Action is commendable which is not voluntary; and we have made this a Maxim, *That Man who is commonly call'd Good*

Good Natured, is hardly to be thank'd for any thing he does, becauſe half that is acted about him is done rather by his Sufferance than Approbation. It is generally a Lazineſs of Diſpoſition, which chuſes rather to let Things paſs the worſt Way, than to go through the Pain of Examination. It muſt be confeſſed, ſuch a one has ſo great a Benevolence in him, that he bears a Thouſand Uneaſineſſes, rather than he will incommode others; nay, often when he has juſt Reaſon to be offended, chuſes to ſit down with a ſmall Injury, than bring it into Reprehenſion, out of pure Compaſſion to the Offender. Such a Perſon has it uſually ſaid of him, He is no Man's Enemy but his own; which is in Effect ſaying, He is a Friend to every Man but himſelf and his Friends: For by a natural Conſequence of his neglecting himſelf, he either Incapacitates himſelf to be another's Friend, or makes others ceaſe to be his. If I take no Care of my own Affairs, no Man that is my Friend, can take it ill if I am negligent alſo of his. This ſoft Diſpoſition, if it continues uncorrected, throws Men into a Sea of Difficulties.

There is *Euphuſius*, with all the good Qualities in the World, deſerves well of no Body: That univerſal Good-will which is ſo ſtrong in him, expoſes him to the Aſſault of every Invader upon his Time, his Converſation, and his Property. His Diet is Butchers Meat, his Wenches are in plain Pinners and *Norwich* Crapes, his Dreſs like other People, his Income great, and yet has he ſeldom a Guinea at Command. From theſe eaſy Gentlemen, are collected Eſtates

by Servants or Gameſters; which latter Fraternity are excuſable, when we think of this Clan, who ſeem born to be their Prey. All therefore of the Family of *Actæon* are to take Notice, That they are hereby given up to the Brethren of the *Induſtry*, with this Reſerve only, That they are to be marked as ſtricken Deer, not for their own Sakes, but to preſerve the Herd from following them, and coming within the Scent.

I am obliged to leave this important Subject, without telling whoſe Quarters are ſever'd, who has the Humbles, who has the Haunch, and who the Legs, of the laſt Stag that was pull'd down; but this is only deferred in Hopes my Deer will make their Eſcape without more Admonitions or Examples, of which they have had (in mine and the Town's Opinion) too great a Plenty. I muſt, I ſay, at preſent go to other Matters of Moment.

White's Chocolate-houſe, October 3.

The Lady has anſwer'd the Letter of Mr. *Alexander Landlord*, which was publiſh'd on *Thurſday* laſt, but in ſuch a Manner as I do not think fit to proceed in the Affair; for ſhe has plainly told him, That Love is her Deſign, but Marriage her Averſion. Bleſs me! What is this Age come to, that People can think to make a Pimp of an Aſtronomer!

I ſhall not promote ſuch Deſigns, but ſhall leave her to find out her Admirer, while I ſpeak to another Caſe ſent to me by a Letter of *September* 30, ſubſcrib'd, *Lovewell Barebones*, where the

the Author deſires me ſuſpend my Care of the Dead, till I have done ſomething for the Dying. His Caſe is, That the Lady he loves is ever accompanied by a Kinſwoman, one of thoſe gay cunning Women, who prevent all the Love which is not addreſs'd to themſelves. This Creature takes upon her in his Miſtreſs's Preſence to ask him, whether Mrs. *Florimel* (that is the cruel One's Name) is not very handſome; upon which he looks ſilly; then they both laugh out, and ſhe will tell him, That Mrs. *Florimel* had an equal Paſſion for him, but deſired him not to expect the firſt Time to be admitted in private; but that now he was at Liberty before her only, who was her Friend, to ſpeak his Mind, and that his Miſtreſs expected it. Upon which *Florimel* acts a Virgin-Confuſion, and with ſome Diſorder waits his Speech. Here ever follows a deep Silence; after which, a loud Laugh. Mr. *Barebones* applies himſelf to me on this Occaſion. All the Advice I can give him is, to find a Lover for the Confident, for there is no other Bribe will prevail; and I ſee by her Carriage, that it is no hard Matter, for ſhe is too gay to have a particular Paſſion, or to want a general One.

Some Days ago the Town had a full Charge laid againſt my Eſſays, and printed at large. I altered not one Word of what he of the contrary Opinion ſaid; but have blotted out ſome warm Things ſaid for me; therefore pleaſe to hear the Council for the Defendant, though I ſhall be ſo no otherwiſe than to take a middle Way, and, if poſſible, keep Commendations

from being inſipid to Men's Taſte, or Raillery pernicious to their Characters.

Mr. Bickerſtaff, Septem. 30.

AS *I always looked upon Satyr as the beſt Friend to Reformation, whilſt its Laſhes were general; ſo that Gentleman* muſt excuſe me, if I do not ſee the Inconvenience of a Method he is ſo much concerned at. The Errors he aſſigns in it, I think, are compriſed* in the Deſperation Men are generally *driven* too, when by a publick Detection they fall under the Infamy they feared, who otherwiſe, by checking their Bridle, might have recovered their Stumble, *and* through a Self-Conviction become their own Reformers: So he that was before but a clandeſtine Diſciple, (*to uſe his* own Quotation) is now become a Doctor in Impiety. *The little Succeſs that is to be expected by theſe Methods from a harden'd Offender, is too evident to inſiſt on; yet it is true, there is a great deal of Charity in this Sort of Reaſoning, whilſt the Effects of thoſe Crimes extend not beyond themſelves. But what Relation has this to your Proceedings? It is not a circumſtantial Gueſſing will ſerve turn, for there are more than one to pretend to any of your Characters; but there muſt at leaſt be ſomething that muſt amount to a nominal Deſcription, before even common Fame can ſeparate me from the reſt of Mankind to dart at. A general Repreſentation of an Action, either ridiculous or enormous, may make thoſe winch who find too much Similitude in the Character with themſelves to plead Not Guil-*

* *See* Tatler, N° 74. *Septem.* 29.

ty;

ty; but none but a Witneſs to the Crime can charge them with the Guilt, whilſt the Indictment is general, and the Offender has the Aſylum of the whole World to protect him. Here can then be no Injuſtice, where no one is injured; for it is themſelves muſt appropriate the Saddle, before Scandal can ride them.

Your Method then, in my Opinion, is no Way ſubject to the Charge brought againſt it; but on the contrary, I believe this Advantage is too often drawn from it, that whilſt we laugh at, or deteſt, the uncertain Subject of the Satyr, we often find ſomething in the Error a Parallel to our ſelves; and being inſenſibly drawn to the Compariſon we would get rid of, we plunge deeper into the Mire, and Shame produces that which Advice has been too weak for; and you, Sir, get Converts you never thought of.

As for deſcending to Characters below the Dignity of Satyr, what Men think are not beneath Commiſſion, I muſt aſſure him, I think are not beneath Reproof: For as there is as much Folly in a Ridiculous Deportment, as there is Enormity in a Criminal one, ſo neither the one nor the other ought to plead Exemption. The Kennel of Curs are as much Enemies to the State, as Gregg *for his Confederacy; for as this betrayed our Government, ſo the other does our Property, and one without the other is equally uſeleſs. As for the Act of Oblivion he ſo ſtrenuouſly inſiſts on,* Le Roy s'aviſera *is a faſhionable Anſwer; and for his Modus of Panegyrick, the Hint was unneceſſary, where Virtue need never ask twice for her Lawrel. But as for his Reformation by Oppoſites, I again muſt ask his Pardon, If I think the Effects of theſe Sort of Reaſonings (by the Paucity of Converts) are too*

great an Argument, both of their Imbecility and Unſucceſsfulneſs, to believe it will be any better than miſpending of Time, by ſuſpending a Method that will turn more to Advantage, and which has no other Danger of loſing Ground, but by Diſcontinuance. And as I am certain (of what he ſuppoſes) that your Lucubrations are intended for the publick Benefit; ſo I hope you will not give them ſo great an Interruption, by laying aſide the only Method that can render you beneficial to Mankind, and (among others) agreeable to,

SIR,

Your Humble Servant, &c.

St. *James*'s *Coffee-houſe, October* 3.

Letters from the Camp at *Havre* of the 7th Inſtant, *N. S.* adviſe, That the Trenches were open'd before *Mons* on the 27th of the laſt Month, and the Approaches were carried on at Two Attacks with great Application and Succeſs, notwithſtanding the Rains which had fallen; That the Beſiegers had made themſelves Maſters of ſeveral Redoubts, and other Outworks, and had advanced the Approaches within Ten Paces of the Counterſcarps of the Hornwork. Lieutenant-General *Cadogan* received a ſlight Wound in the Neck ſoon after opening the Trenches.

The Enemy were throwing up Intrenchments between *Queſnoy* and *Valenciennes*, and the Chevalier *de Luxemburg* was encamped near *Charleroy* with a Body of 10000 Men. Advices from *Catalonia* by the Way of *Genoa* import, That Count *Staremberg* having paſs'd the *Segra*, advanced

vanced towards *Balaguier*, which Place he took after a few Hours Reſiſtance, and made the Garriſon, conſiſting of Three *Spaniſh* Battalions, Priſoners of War. Letters from *Bern* ſay, That the Army under the Command of Count *Thaun* had began to repaſs the Mountains, and would ſhortly evacuate *Savoy*.

Whereas Mr. Bickerſtaff *has received Intelligence, That a young Gentleman, who has taken my Diſcourſes upon* John Partridge *and others in too literal a Senſe, is ſuing an elder Brother to an Ejectment; The aforeſaid young Gentleman is hereby adviſed to drop his Action, no Man being eſteemed dead in Law who eats and drinks, and receives his Rents.*

The TATLER. [N° 77.

From *Tueſday, October* 4. to *Thurſday, October* 6. 1709.

From my own Apartment, October 5.

AS bad as the World is, I find by very ſtrict Obſervation upon Virtue and Vice, that if Men appeared no worſe than they really are, I ſhould have leſs Work than at preſent I am obliged to undertake for their Reformation. They have generally taken up a kind of inverted Ambition, and affect even Faults and Imperfections of which they are innocent. The other Day in a Coffee-houſe I ſtood by a young Heir, with a freſh ſanguine, and healthy Look, who entertained

tained us with an Account of his Claps and his Diet-Drink; though to my Knowledge, he is as ſound as any of his Tenants.

This worthy Youth put me into Reflections upon that Subject; and I obſerved the fantaſtical Humour to be ſo general, that there is hardly a Man who is not more or leſs tainted with it. The firſt of this Order of Men are the *Valetudinarians*, who are never in Health, but complain of Want of Stomach or Reſt every Day till Noon, and then devour all which comes before them. Lady *Dainty* is convinced, that it is neceſſary for a Gentlewoman to be out of Order; and to preſerve that Character, ſhe dines every Day in her Cloſet at Twelve, that ſhe may become her Table at Two, and be unable to eat in Publick. About five Years ago, I remember it was the Faſhion to be ſhort-ſighted: A Man would not own an Acquaintance 'till he had firſt examined him with his Glaſs. At a Lady's Entrance into the Play houſe, you might ſee Tubes immediately levelled at her from every Quarter of the Pit and Side-Boxes. However, that Mode of Infirmity is out, and the Age has recovered its Sight: But the Blind ſeem to be ſucceeded by the Lame, and a janty Limp is the preſent Beauty. I think I have formerly obſerved, a Cane is Part of the Dreſs of a Prig, and always worn upon a Button, for fear he ſhould be thought to have an Occaſion for it, or be eſteemed really, and not genteely a Cripple. I have conſidered, but could never find out, the Bottom of this Vanity. I indeed have heard of a *Gaſcon* General, who by the lucky grazing of a Bullet

Bullet on the Roll of his Stocking, took Occaſion to halt all his Life after. But as for our peaceable Cripples, I know no Foundation for their Behaviour, without it may be ſuppoſed that in this Warlike Age, ſome think a Cane the next Honour to a Wooden Leg. This Sort of Affectation I have known run from one Limb or Member to another. Before the *Limpers* came in, I remember a Race of *Liſpers*, fine Perſons, who took an Averſion to particular Letters in our Language: Some never uttered the Letter *H*; and others had as mortal an Averſion to *S*. Others have had their faſhionable Defect in their Ears, and would make you repeat all you ſaid twice over. I know an ancient Friend of mine, whoſe Table is every Day ſurrounded with Flatterers, that makes uſe of this, ſometimes as a Piece of Grandeur, and at others as an Art, to make them repeat their Commendations. Such Affectations have been indeed in the World in ancient Times; but they fell into them out of politick Ends. *Alexander the Great* had a wry Neck, which made it the Faſhion in his Court to carry their Heads on one Side when they came into the Preſence. One who thought to outſhine the whole Court, carried his Head ſo over-complaiſantly, that this martial Prince gave him ſo great a Box on the Ear, as ſet all the Heads of the Court upright.

This Humour takes Place in our Minds as well as Bodies. I know at this Time a young Gentleman, who talks atheiſtically all Day in Coffee-houſes, and in his Degrees of Underſtanding ſets up for a *Free-Thinker*; though it can be proved upon

upon him, he ſays his Prayers every Morning and Evening. But this Claſs of modern Wits I ſhall reſerve for a Chapter by it ſelf. Of the like Turn are all your *Marriage-Haters*, who rail at the Nooſe, at the Words, *For ever and Ay*, and at the ſame Time are ſecretly pining for ſome young Thing or other that makes their Hearts ake by her Refuſal. The next to theſe, are ſuch as pretend to govern their Wives, and boaſt how ill they uſe them; when at the ſame Time, go to their Houſes, and you ſhall ſee them ſtep as if they feared making a Noiſe, and are as fond as an Alderman. I don't know, but ſometimes theſe Pretences may ariſe from a Deſire to conceal a contrary Defect than that they ſet up for. I remember, when I was a young Fellow, we had a Companion of a very fearful Complexion, who, when we ſat in to Drink, would deſire us to take his Sword from him when he grew fuddled, for 'twas his Misfortune to be quarrelſome.

There are many, many of theſe Evils, which demand my Obſervation; but becauſe I have of late been thought ſomewhat too Satyrical, I ſhall give them warning, and declare to the whole World, that they are not true, but falſe Hypocrites; and make it out, that they are good Men in their Hearts. The Motive of this monſtrous Affectation in the above-mentioned, and the like Particulars, I take to proceed from that noble Thirſt of Fame and Reputation which is planted in the Hearts of all Men. As this produces elegant Writings and gallant Actions in Men of great Abilities, it alſo brings forth ſpurious Productions

ductions in Men who are not capable of diſtinguiſhing themſelves by Things which are really Praiſe-worthy. As the Deſire of Fame in Men of true Wit and Gallantry ſhows it ſelf in proper Inſtances, the ſame Deſire in Men who have the Ambition without proper Faculties, runs wild, and diſcovers it ſelf in a Thouſand Extravagancies, by which they would ſignalize themſelves from others, and gain a Set of Admirers. When I was a middle-aged Man, there were many Societies of Ambitious young Men in *England*, who, in their Purſuits after Fame, were every Night employed in roaſting Porters, ſmoaking Coblers, knocking down Watchmen, overturning Conſtables, breaking Windows, blackening Sign-Poſts, and the like immortal Enterprizes, that diſperſed their Reputation throughout the whole Kingdom. One could hardly find a Knocker at a Door in a whole Street after a Midnight Expedition of theſe *Beaux Eſprits*. I was lately very much ſurpriſed by an Account of my Maid, who entered my Bed-chamber this Morning in a very great Fright, and told me, She was afraid my Parlour was haunted; for that ſhe had found ſeveral Panes of my Windows broken, and the Floor ſtrowed with Half-pence. I have not yet a full Light into this new Way, but am apt to think, that it is a generous Piece of Wit that ſome of my Contemporaries make Uſe of, to break Windows, and leave Money to pay for them.

St. *James*'s *Coffee-houſe*, *October* 5.

I have no manner of News, more than what the whole Town had t'other Day; except that I have

have the Original Letter of the Mareſchal *Bouf-flers* to the *French* King, after the late Battle in the Woods, which I tranſlate for the Benefit of the *Engliſh* Reader.

SIR,

'THis is to let your Majeſty underſtand, 'That, to your immortal Honour, and 'the Deſtruction of the Confederates, your 'Troops have loſt another Battle. *Artagnan* 'did Wonders, *Rohan* performed Miracles, '*Guiche* did Wonders, *Gattion* performed Mira-'cles, the whole Army diſtinguiſhed themſelves, 'and every Body did Wonders. And to con-'clude the Wonders of the Day, I can aſſure 'your Majeſty, That though you have loſt the 'Field of Battle, you have not loſt an Inch of 'Ground. The Enemy marched behind us with 'Reſpect, and we ran away from 'em as bold as 'Lions.

Letters have been ſent to Mr. Bickerſtaff, *relating to the preſent State of the Town of* Bath, *wherein the People of that Place have deſired him to call Home the Phyſicians. All Gentlemen therefore of that Profeſſion are hereby directed to return forthwith to their Places of Practice; and the Stage-Coaches are required to take them in before other Paſſengers, till there ſhall be a Certificate ſigned by the Mayor or Mr.* Powel, *that there are but Two Doctors to One Patient left in Town.*

The

The TATLER. [N° 78.

From *Thurſday*, *October* 6. to *Saturday*, *October* 8. 1709.

From my own Apartment, October 7.

AS your Painters, who deal in Hiſtory-Pieces, often entertain themſelves upon broken Sketches, and ſmaller flouriſhes of the Pencil; ſo I find ſome Relief in ſtriking out Miſcellaneous Hints, and ſudden Starts of Fancy, without any Order or Connexion, after having ſpent my ſelf on more regular and elaborate Diſſertations. I am at preſent, in this eaſy State of Mind, ſat down to my Scrutore; where, for the better Diſpoſition of my Correſpondence, I have writ upon every Drawer the proper Title of its Contents, as Hypocriſy, Dice, Patches, Politicks, Love, Duels, and ſo forth. My various Advices are ranged under ſuch ſeveral Heads, ſaving only that I have a particular Box for *Pacolet*, and another for *Monoculus*. I cannot but obſerve, that my Duel-Box, which is filled by the Letter'd Men of Honour, is ſo very ill ſpelt, that it is hard to decipher their Writings. My Love-Box, tho' on a quite contrary Subject, filled with the Works of the faireſt Hands in *Great Britain*, is almoſt as unintelligible. The private Drawer, which is ſacred to Politicks, has in it ſome of the moſt refined Panegyricks and Satyrs that any Age has produced.

I have now before me ſeveral Recommendations for Places at my Table of *Fame*: Three of them are of an extraordinary Nature, in which I find I am miſunderſtood, and ſhall therefore beg Leave to produce them. They are from a Quaker, a Courtier, and a Citizen.

ISAAC,

'THY Lucubrations, as thou loveſt to calf
'them, have been peruſed by ſeveral of
'our Friends, who have taken Offence: Foraſ-
'much as thou excludeſt out of the Brotherhood
'all Perſons who are Praiſe-worthy for Reli-
'gion, we are afraid that thou wilt fill thy Table
'with none but Heathens, and cannot hope to
'ſpy a Brother there; for there are none of us
'who can be placed among murdering Heroes,
'or ungodly Wits; ſince we do not aſſail our
'Enemies with the Arm of Fleſh, nor our Gain-
'ſayers with the Vanity of Humane Wiſdom.
'If therefore thou wilt demean thy ſelf on this
'Occaſion with a right Judgment, according to
'the Gifts that are in thee, we deſire thou wilt
'place *James Naylor* at the upper End of thy
'Table.

Ezekiel Stiffrump.

In Anſwer to my good Friend *Ezekiel*, I muſt ſtand to it, that I cannot break my Rule for the Sake of *James Naylor*; not knowing, whether *Alexander the Great*, who is a Cholerick Hero, won't reſent his ſitting at the upper End of the Table with his Hat on.

But

But to my Courtier:

SIR,

'I Am ſurpriſed, that you loſe your Time in 'complimenting the Dead, when you may 'make your Court to the Living. Let me only 'tell you in the Ear, *Alexander* and *Cæſar* (as 'generous as they were formerly) have not 'now a Groat to diſpoſe of. Fill your Table 'with good Company: I know a Perſon of 'Quality that ſhall give you 100*l.* for a Place 'at it. Be ſecret, and be rich.

Yours,

You know my Hand.

This Gentleman ſeems to have the true Spirit, without the Formality of an Under-Courtier; therefore I ſhall be plain with him, and let him leave the Name of his Courtier, and 100*l.* in *Morphew*'s Hands: If I can take it, I will.

My Citizen writes the following:

Mr. *Iſaac Bickerſtaff,*

SIR,

'YOur *Tatler* of *September* 13, am now read-'ing, and in your Liſt of famous Men, 'deſire you not forget Alderman *Whittington*, 'who began the World with a Cat, and died 'worth Three Hundred and Fifty Thouſand 'Pounds Sterling, which he left to an only 'Daughter Three Years after his Mayoralty. If 'you want any further Particulars of *Ditto* 'Alderman, Daughter, or Cat, let me know,

'and

'and *per* firſt will adviſe the Needful: Which 'concludes,

Your loving Friend,

Lemuel Leger.

I ſhall have all due Regard to this Gentleman's Recommendation; but cannot forbear obſerving, how wonderfully this Sort of Style is adapted for the Diſpatch of Buſineſs, by leaving out inſignificant Particles: Beſides that, the dropping of the firſt Perſon is an artful Way to diſengage a Man from the Guilt of raſh Words or Promiſes. But I am to conſider, that a Citizen's Reputation is Credit, not Fame; and am to leave theſe lofty Subjects for a Matter of private Concern in the next Letter before me.

S I R,

'I Am juſt recovered out of a languiſhing 'Sickneſs by the Care of *Hippocrates*, who 'viſited me throughout my whole Illneſs, and 'was ſo far from taking any Fee, that he en-'quired into my Circumſtances, and would have 'relieved me alſo that Way, but I did not want 'it. I know no Method of Thanking him, but 'recommending it to you to celebrate ſo great 'Humanity in the Manner you think fit, and to 'do it with the Spirit and Sentiments of a Man 'juſt relieved from Grief, Miſery, and Pain; to 'Joy, Satisfaction, and Eaſe: In which, you 'will repreſent the grateful Senſe of

Your Obedient Servant,

T. B.

I think the Writer of this Letter has put the Matter in as good a Dreſs as I can for him; yet I cannot but add my Applauſe to what this diſtreſſed Man has ſaid. There is not a more uſeful Man in a Commonwealth than a good Phyſician; and by Conſequence no worthier a Perſon than he that uſes his Skill with Generoſity, even to Perſons of Condition, and Compaſſion to thoſe who are in Want: Which is the Behaviour of *Hippocrates*, who ſhows as much Liberality in his Practice, as he does Wit in his Converſation, and Skill in his Profeſſion. A wealthy Doctor, who can help a poor Man, and will not without a Fee, has leſs Senſe of Humanity than a poor Ruffian, who kills a rich Man to ſupply his Neceſſities. It is ſomething monſtrous to conſider a Man of a liberal Education tearing out the Bowels of a poor Family, by taking for a Viſit what would keep them a Week. *Hippocrates* needs not the Compariſon of ſuch Extortion to ſet off his Generoſity; but I mention his Generoſity to add Shame to ſuch Extortion.

This is to give Notice to all ingenious Gentlemen in and about the Cities of London *and* Weſtminſter, *who have a Mind to be inſtructed in the noble Sciences of Muſick, Poetry, and Politicks, That they repair to the* Smyrna *Coffee-houſe in* Pall-mall, *betwixt the Hours of Eight and Ten at Night, where they may be inſtructed* gratis, *with elaborate Eſſays by Word of Mouth on all or any of the above-mentioned Arts. The Diſciples are to prepare their Bo-*

dies with three Diſhes of Bohea, and purge their Brains with two Pinches of Snuff. If any young Student gives Indication of Parts, by liſtening attentively, or asking a pertinent Queſtion, one of the Profeſſors ſhall diſtinguiſh him, by taking Snuff out of his Box in the Preſence of the whole Audience.

N. B. *The Seat of Learning is now removed from the Corner of the Chimney on the Left-hand towards the Window, to the Round-Table in the Middle of the Floor over-againſt the Fire; a Revolution much lamented by the Porters and Chairmen, who were much edified through a Pane of Glaſs that remained broken all the laſt Summer.*

I cannot forbear advertiſing my Correſpondents, that I think my ſelf treated by ſome of them after too familiar a Manner, and in Phraſes that neither become them to give, nor me to take. I ſhall therefore deſire for the future, that if any one returns me an Anſwer to a Letter, he will not tell me he has received the Favour of my Letter; *but if he does not think fit to ſay, he has received* the Honour *of it, that he tell me in plain* Engliſh, *he has received my Letter of ſuch a Date. I muſt likewiſe inſiſt, that he would conclude with,* I am with great Reſpect, *or plainly,* I am, *without further Addition; and not inſult me, by an Aſſurance of his being with* great Truth and Eſteem *my humble Servant. There is likewiſe another Mark of Superiority which I cannot bear, and therefore muſt inform my Correſpondents, that I diſcard all* faithful *humble Servants, and am reſolved to read no Letters that are not ſubſcribed,* Your moſt obedient, *or* moſt humble Servant, *or both. Theſe*

may

may appear Niceties to vulgar Minds, but they are ſuch as Men of Honour and Diſtinction muſt have Regard to. And I very well remember a famous Duel in France, *where Four were killed of one Side, and Three of the other, occaſioned by a Gentleman's ſubſcribing himſelf a* moſt affectionate Friend.

One in the Morning, of the 8th of *Octob.* 1709.

I was this Night looking on the Moon, and find by certain Signs in that Luminary, that a certain Perſon under her Dominion, who has been for many Years diſtempered, will within few Hours publiſh a Pamphlet, wherein he will pretend to give my Lucubrations to a wrong Perſon; and I require all ſober diſpoſed Perſons to avoid meeting the ſaid Lunatick, or giving him any Credence any farther than Pity demands; and to lock up the ſaid Perſon wherever they find him, keeping him from Pen, Ink, and Paper. And I hereby prohibit any Perſon to take upon him my Writings, on Pain of being ſent by me into Lethe *with the ſaid Lunatick and all his Works.*

The TATLER. [N° 79.

Felices ter, & amplius
Quos irrupta tenet Copula; nec malis
Divulſus Querimoniis
Supremâ citius ſolvet Amor Die. Hor.

From *Saturday*, *October* 8. to *Tueſday*, *October* 11. 1709.

From my own Apartment, *October* 10.

MY Siſter *Jenny*'s Lover, the honeſt *Tranquillus*, (for that ſhall be his Name) has been impatient with me to diſpatch the neceſſary Directions for his Marriage; that while I am taken up with imaginary Schemes, (as he called them) he might not burn with real Deſire, and the Torture of Expectation. When I had reprimanded him for the Ardor wherein he expreſſed himſelf, which I thought had not enough of that Veneration with which the Marriage-Bed is to be aſcended, I told him, the Day of his Nuptials ſhould be on the *Saturday* following, which was the 8th Inſtant. On the 7th in the Evening, poor *Jenny* came into my Chamber, and having her Heart full of the great Change of Life from a Virgin Condition to that of a Wife, ſhe long ſat ſilent. I ſaw ſhe expected me to entertain her on this important Subject, which was too delicate a Circumſtance for her ſelf to touch upon; whereupon I relieved her Modeſty in the following Manner: Siſter, (ſaid I) you are

are now going from me; and be contented, that you leave the Company of a talkative old Man, for that of a ſober young One: But take this along with you, That there is no Mean in the State you are entring into, but you are to be exquiſitely happy or miſerable, and your Fortune in this Way of Life will be wholly of your own Making. In all the Marriages I have ever ſeen, (moſt of which have been unhappy Ones) the great Cauſe of Evil has proceeded from ſlight Occaſions; and I take it to be the firſt Maxim in a married Condition, That you are to be above Trifles. When Two Perſons have ſo good an Opinion of each other as to come together for Life, they will not differ in Matters of Importance, becauſe they think of each other with Reſpect, in Regard to all Things of Conſideration that may affect them, and are prepared for mutual Aſſiſtance and Relief in ſuch Occurrences; but for leſs Occaſions, they have formed no Reſolutions, but leave their Minds unprepared.

This, dear *Jenny*, is the Reaſon that the Quarrel between Sir *Harry Willit* and his Lady, which began about her Squirrel, is irreconcilable: Sir *Harry* was reading a grave Author; ſhe runs into his Study, and in a playing Humour, claps the Squirrel upon the Folio: He threw the Animal in a Rage on the Floor; ſhe ſnatches it up again, calls Sir *Harry* a ſowr Pedant, without good Nature or good Manners. This caſt him into ſuch a Rage, that he threw down the Table before him, kick'd the Book round the Room; then recollected himſelf: Lord, Madam,

(ſaid he) Why did you run into ſuch Expreſſions? I was, ſaid he, in the higheſt Delight with that Author when you clap'd your Squirrel upon my Book; and ſmiling, added upon Recollection, I have a great Reſpect for your Favourite, and pray let us all be Friends. My Lady was ſo far from accepting this Apology, that ſhe immediately conceived a Reſolution to keep him under for ever; and with a ſerious Air, replied, There is no Regard to be had to what a Man ſays, who can fall into ſo indecent a Rage, and ſuch an abject Submiſſion, in the ſame Moment, for which I abſolutely deſpiſe you. Upon which ſhe ruſhed out of the Room. Sir *Harry* ſtayed ſome Minutes behind to think and command himſelf; after which he followed her into her Bedchamber, where ſhe was proſtrate upon the Bed, tearing her Hair, and naming Twenty Coxcombs who would have uſed her otherwiſe. This provoked him to ſo high a Degree, that he forbore nothing but Beating her; and all the Servants in the Family were at their ſeveral Stations liſtening, while the beſt Man and Woman, the beſt Maſter and Miſtreſs, defamed each other in a Way that is not to be repeated even at *Billinſgate*. You know this ended in an immediate Separation: She longs to return Home, but knows not how to do it: He invites her Home every Day, and lies with every Woman he can get. Her Husband requires no Submiſſion of her; but ſhe thinks her very Return will argue ſhe is to blame, which ſhe is reſolved to be for ever, rather than acknowledge it.

Thus,

Thus, dear *Jenny*, my great Advice to you is, Be guarded againſt giving or receiving little Provocations. Great Matters of Offence I have no Reaſon to fear, either from you or your Huſband. After this, we turned our Diſcourſe into a more gay Style, and parted: But before we did ſo, I made her reſign her Snuff-Box for ever, and half drown her ſelf with waſhing away the Stench of the Muſty.

But the Wedding Morning arrived, and our Family being very numerous, there was no avoiding the Inconvenience of making the Ceremony and Feſtival more publick, than the modern Way of celebrating them makes me approve of. The Bride next Morning came out of her Chamber, dreſſed with all the Art and Care that Mrs. *Toilet* the Tire-Woman could beſtow on her. She was on her Wedding-Day Three and twenty: Her Perſon is far from what we call a regular Beauty; but a certain Sweetneſs in her Countenance, an Eaſe in her Shape and Motion, with an unaffected Modeſty in her Looks, had Attractions beyond what Symmetry and Exactneſs can inſpire without the Addition of theſe Endowments. When her Lover entered the Room, her Features flush'd with Shame and Joy; and the ingenuous Manner, ſo full of Paſſion and of Awe, with which *Tranquillus* approached to ſalute her, gave me good Omens of his future Behaviour towards her. The Wedding was wholly under my Care. After the Ceremony at Church, I was reſolved to entertain the Company with a Dinner ſuitable to the Occaſion, and pitched upon the *Apollo*, at the *Old Devil* at *Tem-*

ple-Bar, as a Place ſacred to Mirth, temper'd with Diſcretion, where *Ben Johnſon* and his Sons uſed to make their liberal Meetings. Here the Chief of the *Staffian* Race appeared; and as ſoon as the Company were come into that ample Room, *Lepidus Wagſtaff* began to make me Compliments for chuſing that Place, and fell into a Diſcourſe upon the Subject of Pleaſure and Entertainment, drawn from the Rules of *Ben*'s Club, which are in Gold Letters over the Chimney. *Lepidus* has a Way very uncommon, and ſpeaks on Subjects, on which any Man elſe would certainly offend, with great Dexterity. He gave us a large Account of the publick Meetings of all the well-turned Minds who had paſſed through this Life in Ages paſt, and cloſed his pleaſing Narrative with a Diſcourſe on Marriage, and a Repetition of the following Verſes out of *Milton*.

Hail wedded Love! myſterious Law! true Source
Of humane Offspring, ſole Propriety
In Paradiſe, of all Things common elſe.
By thee adult'rous Luſt was driv'n from Men
Among the beſtial Herds to range; by thee,
Founded in Reaſon, loyal, juſt, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the Charities
Of Father, Son, and Brother, firſt were known.
Perpetual Fountain of domeſtick Sweets,
Whoſe Bed is undefiled, and chaſt pronounced,
Preſent or paſt, as Saints or Patriarchs uſed.
Here Love his Golden Shafts employs; here lights
His conſtant Lamp, and waves his Purple Wings:

Reigns

Reigns here, and revels not in the bought Smile
Of Harlots, loveleſs, joyleſs, unindear'd,
Caſual Fruition; nor in Court Amours,
Mixed Dance, or wanton Mask, or Midnight Ball,
Or Serenade, which the ſtarv'd Lover ſings,
To his proud Fair beſt quitted with Diſdain.

In theſe Verſes, all the Images that can come into a young Woman's Head on ſuch an Occaſion, are raiſed; but that in ſo chaſt and elegant a Manner, that the Bride thanked him for his agreeable Talk, and we ſat down to Dinner.

Amongſt the reſt of the Company, there was got in a Fellow you call a *Wag*. This ingenious Perſon is the uſual Life of all Feaſts and Merriments, by ſpeaking Abſurdities, and putting every Body of Breeding and Modeſty out of Countenance. As ſoon as we ſat down, he drank to the Bride's Diverſion that Night, and then made Twenty double Meanings on the Word *Thing*. We are the beſt-bred Family, for one ſo numerons, in this Kingdom; and indeed we ſhould all of us have been as much out of Countenance as the Bride, but that we were relieved by an honeſt rough Relation of ours at the lower End of the Table, who is a Lieutenant of Marines. The Soldier and Sailor had good plain Senſe, and ſaw what was wrong as well as another; he had a Way of looking at his Plate, and ſpeaking aloud in an inward Manner; and whenever the *Wag* mentioned the Word *Thing*, or the Words, *That ſame*, the Lieutenant in that Voice cried, *Knock him down.*

The

The merry Man wondring, angry, and looking round, was the Diverſion of the Table. When he offered to recover, and ſay, To the Bride's beſt Thoughts, *Knock him down*, ſays the Lieutenant, and ſo on. This ſilly Humour diverted, and ſaved us from the fulſom Entertainment of an ill-bred Coxcomb, and the Bride drank the Lieutenant's Health. We returned to my Lodging, and *Tranquillus* led his Wife to her Apartment, without the Ceremony of throwing the Stocking, which generally coſts Two or Three Maidenheads without any Ceremony at all.

The TATLER. [N° 80.

From *Tueſday*, *October* 11. to *Thurſday*, *October* 13. 1709.

Grecian Coffee-houſe, *October* 12.

THIS learned Board has complained to me of the exorbitant Price of late Years put upon Books, and conſequently on Learning, which has raiſed the Reward demanded by learned Men for their Advice and Labour. In order to regulate and fix a Standard in theſe Matters; Divines, Phyſicians, and Lawyers, have ſent in large Propoſals, which are of great Light and Inſtruction. From the Peruſal of theſe Memorials, I am come to this immediate Reſolution, till I have Leiſure to treat the Matter at large; *viz.* In Divinity, Fathers ſhall be valued according to their Antiquity; School-

men

men by the Pound Weight; and Sermons by their Goodneſs. In my own Profeſſion, which is moſtly Phyſick, Authors ſhall be rated according to their Language. The *Greek* is ſo rarely underſtood, and the *Engliſh* ſo well, I judge them of no Value, ſo that only *Latin* ſhall bear a Price, and that too according to its Purity, and as it ſerves beſt for Preſcription. In Law, the Value muſt be ſet according to the Intricacy and Obſcurity of the Author, and Blackneſs of the Letter; provided always, that the Binding be of Calves-Skin. This Method I ſhall ſettle alſo with Relation to all other Writings; inſomuch that even theſe our Lucubrations, tho' hereafter printed by *Aldus*, *Elzevir*, or *Stephanus*, ſhall not advance above one ſingle Penny.

White's *Chocolate-houſe*, *October* 12.

It will be allowed me, that I have all along ſhowed great Reſpect in Matters which concern the Fair Sex; but the Inhumanity with which the Author of the following Letter has been uſed, is not to be ſuffered.

SIR, *October* 9.

'YEſterday I had the Misfortune to drop in 'at my Lady *Haughty*'s upon her Viſiting-'Day. When I entred the Room where ſhe re-'ceives Company, they all ſtood up indeed; but 'they ſtood as if they were to ſtare at, rather 'than to receive me. After a long Pauſe, a Ser-'vant brought a round Stool, on which I ſat 'down at the lower End of the Room, in the 'Preſence of no leſs than Twelve Perſons, Gen-'tlemen and Ladies, lolling in Elbow-Chairs.

'And

'And to compleat my Diſgrace, my Miſtreſs was 'of the Society. I tried to compoſe my ſelf in 'vain, not knowing how to diſpoſe of either 'my Legs or Arms, nor how to ſhape my Coun-'tenance; the Eyes of the whole Room being 'ſtill upon me in a profound Silence. My Con-'fuſion at laſt was ſo great, that without ſpeak-'ing, or being ſpoken to, I fled for it, and left 'the Aſſembly to treat me at their Diſcretion. 'A Lecture from you upon theſe inhumane 'Diſtinctions in a free Nation, will, I doubt 'not, prevent the like Evils for the future, and 'make it, as we ſay, As cheap Sitting as Stand-'ing. I am with the greateſt Reſpect,

SIR,

Your moſt Humble and

Moſt Obedient Servant,

J. R.

'*P. S.* I had almoſt forgot to inform you, 'That a fair young Lady ſet in an armleſs Chair 'upon my Right Hand with manifeſt Diſcon-'tent in her Looks.

Soon after the Receipt of this Epiſtle, I heard a very gentle Knock at my Door: My Maid went down, and brought up Word, That a tall, lean, black Man, well dreſſed, who ſaid he had not the Honour to be acquainted with me, deſired to be admitted. I bid her ſhow him up, met him at my Chamber-Door, and then fell back a few Paces. He approach'd me with great Reſpect, and

and told me with a low Voice, He was the Gentleman that had been ſeated upon the round Stool. I immediately recollected, that there was a Joint-Stool in my Chamber, which I was afraid he might take for an Inſtrument of Diſtinction, and therefore winked at my Boy to carry it into my Cloſet. I then took him by the Hand, and led him to the upper End of my Room, where I placed him in my great Elbow-Chair; at the ſame Time drawing another without Arms to it, for my ſelf to ſit by him. I then asked him, At what Time this Misfortune befel him? He anſwer'd, Between the Hours of Seven and Eight in the Evening. I further demanded of him, What he had eat or drank that Day? He replied, Nothing but a Diſh of Water-gruel, with a few Plumbs in it. In the next Place I felt his Pulſe, which was very low and languiſhing. Theſe Circumſtances confirmed me in an Opinion which I had entertained upon the firſt reading of his Letter, that the Gentleman was far gone in the Spleen. I therefore adviſed him to riſe the next Morning and plunge into the Cold Bath, there to remain under Water 'till he was almoſt drowned. This I ordered him to repeat Six Days ſucceſſively; and on the Seventh, to repair at the wonted Hour to my Lady *Haughty*'s, and to acquaint me afterwards with what he ſhall meet with there; and particularly to tell me, whether he ſhall think they ſtared upon him ſo much as the Time before. The Gentleman ſmiled; and by his Way of talking to me, ſhewed himſelf a Man of excellent Senſe in all Particulars, unleſs when a Cane-Chair,

Chair, a Round or a Joint-Stool, were ſpoken of. He opened his Heart to me at the ſame Time concerning ſeveral other Grievances; ſuch as, being overlook'd in publick Aſſemblies, having his Bows unanſwer'd, being helped laſt at Table, and placed at the back Part of a Coach; with many other Diſtreſſes, which have wither'd his Countenance, and worn him to a Skeleton. Finding him a Man of Reaſon, I entered into the Bottom of his Diſtemper. Sir, (ſaid I) there are more of your Conſtitution in this Iſland of *Great-Britain*, than in any other Part of the World; and I beg the Favour of you to tell me, whether you do not obſerve, That you meet with moſt Affronts in rainy Days. He anſwered candidly, That he had long obſerved, that People were leſs ſawcy in Sun-ſhine than in cloudy Weather. Upon which, I told him plainly, his Diſtemper was the Spleen; and that though the World was very ill-natured, it was not ſo bad as he believed it. I further aſſured him, That his Uſe of the Cold Bath, with a Courſe of Steel which I ſhould preſcribe him, would certainly cure moſt of his Acquaintance of their Rudeneſs, ill Behaviour, and Impertinence. My Patient ſmiled, and promiſed to obſerve my Preſcriptions, not forgetting to give me an Account of their Operation. This Diſtemper being pretty Epidemical, I ſhall, for the Benefit of Mankind, give the Publick an Account of the Progreſs I make in the Cure of it.

From

From my own Apartment, October 12.

The Author of the following Letter behaves himſelf ſo ingenuouſly, that I cannot defer anſwering him any longer.

Honoured Sir, *Octob.* 6.

'I Have lately contracted a very honeſt and 'undiſſembled Claudication in my Left 'Foot, which will be a double Affliction to me, 'if (according to your *Tatler* of this Day) it 'muſt paſs upon the World for a Piece of 'Singularity and Affectation. I muſt there-'fore humbly beg Leave to limp along the 'Streets after my own Way, or I ſhall be in-'evitably ruined in Coach-hire. As ſoon as I 'am tolerably recovered, I promiſe to walk as 'upright as a Ghoſt in a Tragedy, being not 'of a Stature to ſpare an Inch of Height that I 'can any Way pretend to I honour your 'Lucubrations, and am, with the moſt pro-'found Submiſſion.

Honoured Sir,

Your moſt Dutiful, and

Moſt Obedient Servant, &c.

Not doubting but the Caſe is as the Gentleman repreſents, I do hereby order Mr. *Morphew* to deliver him out a Licence, upon paying his Fees, which ſhall empower him to wear a Cane till the 13th of *March* next; Five Months being the moſt I can allow for a Sprain.

The

The TATLER. [N° 81.

Hic Manus ob Patriam pugnando Vulnera paſſi,
Quique pii Vates & Phœbo digna locuti,
Inventas aut qui Vitam excoluere per Artes,
Quique ſui memores alios fecere merendo. Virg.

From *Thurſday*, *October* 13. to *Saturday*, *October* 15. 1709.

From my own Apartment, *October* 14.

THere are two Kinds of Immortality; that which the Soul really enjoys after this Life, and that Imaginary Exiſtence by which Men live in their Fame and Reputation. The beſt and greateſt Actions have proceeded from the Proſpect of the one or the other of theſe; but my Deſign is to treat only of thoſe who have chiefly propoſed to themſelves the latter as the principal Reward of their Labours. It was for this Reaſon that I excluded from my Tables of Fame all the great Founders and Votaries of Religion; and it is for this Reaſon alſo that I am more than ordinarily anxious to do Juſtice to the Perſons of whom I am now going to ſpeak; for ſince Fame was the only End of all their Enterprizes and Studies, a Man cannot be too ſcrupulous in allotting them their due Proportion of it. It was this Conſideration which made me call the whole Body of the Learned to my Aſſiſtance; to many of whom I muſt own my

my Obligations for the Catalogues of illuſtrious Perſons which they have ſent me in upon this Occaſion. I Yeſterday employed the whole Afternoon in comparing them with each other; which made ſo ſtrong an Impreſſion upon my Imagination, that they broke my Sleep for the firſt Part of the following Night, and at length threw me into a very agreeable Viſion, which I ſhall beg Leave to deſcribe in all its Particulars.

I dreamed that I was conveyed into a wide and boundleſs Plain, that was covered with prodigious Multitudes of People, which no Man could number. In the Midſt of it there ſtood a Mountain, with its Head above the Clouds. The Sides were extremely ſteep, and of ſuch a particular Structure, that no Creature, which was not made in an humane Figure, could poſſibly aſcend it. On a ſudden there was heard from the Top of it a Sound like that of a Trumpet; but ſo exceeding ſweet and harmonious, that it filled the Hearts of thoſe who heard it with Raptures, and gave ſuch high and delightful Senſations, as ſeemed to animate and raiſe humane Nature above it ſelf. This made me very much amazed to find ſo very few in that innumerable Multitude, who had Ears fine enough to hear or reliſh this Muſick with Pleaſure: But my Wonder abated, when, upon looking round me, I ſaw moſt of them attentive to Three Sirens cloathed like Goddeſſes, and diſtinguiſhed by the Names of *Sloth*, *Ignorance*, and *Pleaſure*. They were ſeated on Three Rocks, amidſt a beautiful Variety of Groves, Meadows,

and Rivulets, that lay on the Borders of the Mountain. While the baſe and groveling Multitude of different Nations, Ranks and Ages, were liſtening to theſe deluſive Deities, thoſe of a more erect Aſpect, and exalted Spirit ſeparated themſelves from the reſt, and marched in great Bodies towards the Mountain; from whence they heard the Sound, which ſtill grew ſweeter the more they liſtened to it.

On a ſudden, methought this ſelect Band ſprang forward, with a Reſolution to climb the Aſcent, and follow the Call of that Heavenly Muſick. Every one took ſomething with him that he thought might be of Aſſiſtance to him in his March. Several had their Swords drawn, ſome carried Rolls of Paper in their Hands, ſome had Compaſſes, others Quadrants, others Teleſcopes, and others Pencils; ſome had Lawrels on their Heads, and others Buskins on their Legs: In ſhort, there was ſcarce any Inſtrument of a Mechanick Art or Liberal Science, which was not made Uſe of on this Occaſion. My good *Dæmon*, who ſtood at my Right Hand during the Courſe of this whole Viſion, obſerving in me a burning Deſire to join that glorious Company, told me, he highly approved that generous Ardor with which I ſeemed tranſported; but at the ſame Time adviſed me to cover my Face with a Mask all the while I was to labour on the Aſcent. I took his Counſel without inquiring into his Reaſons. The whole Body now broke into different Parties, and began to climb the Precipice by Ten Thouſand different Paths. Several got into little Allies, which

which did not reach far up the Hill, before they ended and led no further: And I obſerved That moſt of the Artizans, which conſiderably diminiſhed our Number, fell into theſe Paths.

We left another conſiderable Body of Adventurers behind us, who thought they had diſcovered By-ways up the Hill, which proved ſo very intricate and perplexed, that after having advanced in them a little, they were quite loſt among the ſeveral Turns and Windings; and tho' they were as active as any in their Motions, they made but little Progreſs in the Aſcent. Theſe, as my Guide informed me, were Men of ſubtle Tempers, and puzzled Politicks, who would ſupply the Place of real Wiſdom with Cunning and Artifice. Among thoſe, who were far advanced in their Way, there were ſome that by one falſe Step fell backward, and loſt more Ground in a Moment, than they had gained for many Hours, or could be ever able to recover. We were now advanced very high, and obſerved, That all the different Paths which ran about the Sides of the Mountain, began to meet in Two great Roads, which inſenſibly gathered the whole Multitude of Travellers into Two great Bodies. At a little Diſtance from the Entrance of each Road, there ſtood an hideous Phantom, that oppoſed our further Paſſage. One of theſe Apparitions had his Right Hand filled with Darts, which he brandiſhed in the Face of all who came up that Way. Crowds ran back at the Appearance of it, and cried out, *Death*. The

Spectre that guarded the other Road, was *Envy*: She was not armed with Weapons of Deſtruction like the former; but by dreadful Hiſſings, Noiſes of Reproach, and a horrid diſtracted Laughter, ſhe appeared more frightful than Death it ſelf, inſomuch that Abundance of our Company were diſcouraged from paſſing any further, and ſome appeared aſhamed of having come ſo far. As for my ſelf, I muſt confeſs my Heart ſhrunk within me at the Sight of theſe ghaſtly Appearances: But on a ſudden, the Voice of the Trumpet came more full upon us, ſo that we felt a new Reſolution reviving in us; and in Proportion as this Reſolution grew, the Terrors before us ſeemed to vaniſh. Moſt of the Company who had Swords in their Hands, marched on with great Spirit, and an Air of Defiance, up the Road that was commanded by Death; while others, who had Thought and Contemplation in their Looks, went forward in a more compoſed Manner up the Road poſſeſſed by *Envy*. The Way above theſe Apparitions grew ſmooth and uniform, and was ſo delightful, that the Travellers went on with Pleaſure, and in a little Time arrived at the Top of the Mountain. They here began to breath a delicious Kind of Æther, and ſaw all the Fields about them covered with a Kind of Purple Light, that made them reflect with Satisfaction on their paſt Toils, and diffuſed a ſecret Joy through the whole Aſſembly, which ſhewed it ſelf in every Look and Feature. In the Midſt of theſe happy Fields, there ſtood a Palace of a very glorious Structure: It had Four great

great Folding-Doors, that faced the Four ſeveral Quarters of the World. On the Top of it was enthron'd the Goddeſs of the Mountain, who ſmiled upon her Votaries, and ſounded the Silver Trumpet which had called them up, and cheared them in their Paſſage to her Palace. They had now formed themſelves into ſeveral Diviſions, a Band of Hiſtorians taking their Stations at each Door, according to the Perſons whom they were to introduce.

On a ſudden the Trumpet, which had hitherto ſounded only a March, or a Point of War, now ſwelled all its Notes into Triumph and Exultation: The whole Fabrick ſhook, and the Doors flew open. The Firſt who ſtepped forward, was a beautiful and blooming Hero, and as I heard by the Murmurs round me, *Alexander the Great.* He was conducted by a Crowd of Hiſtorians. The Perſon who immediately walked before him, was remarkable for an embroider'd Garment, who not being well acquainted with the Place, was conducting him to an Apartment appointed for the Reception of fabulous Heroes. The Name of this falſe Guide was *Quintus Curtius.* But *Arrian* and *Plutarch*, who knew better the Avenues of this Palace, conducted him into the great Hall, and placed him at the upper End of the Firſt Table. My good Dæmon, that I might ſee the whole Ceremony, conveyed me to a Corner of this Room, where I might perceive all that paſſed without being ſeen my ſelf. The next who entered was a charming Virgin, leading in a venerable old Man that was blind. Under her

Left Arm ſhe bore a Harp, and on her Head a Garland. *Alexander*, who was very well acquainted with *Homer*, ſtood up at his Entrance, and placed him on his Right Hand. The Virgin, who it ſeems was one of the Nine Siſters that attended on the Goddeſs of *Fame*, ſmiled with an ineffable Grace at their Meeting, and retired.

Julius Cæſar was now coming forward; and though moſt of the Hiſtorians offered their Service to introduce him, he left them at the Door, and would have no Conductor but himſelf.

The next who advanced, was a Man of a homely but chearful Aſpect, and attended by Perſons of greater Figure than any that appeared on this Occaſion. *Plato* was on his Right Hand, and *Xenophon* on his Left. He bowed to *Homer*, and ſat down by him. It was expected that *Plato* would himſelf have taken a Place next to his Maſter *Socrates*; but on a ſudden there was heard a great Clamour of Diſputants at the Door, who appeared with *Ariſtotle* at the Head of them. That Philoſopher, with ſome Rudeneſs, but great Strength of Reaſon, convinced the whole Table, that a Title to the Fifth Place was his due, and took it accordingly.

He had ſcarce ſat down, when the ſame beautiful Virgin that had introduced *Homer* brought in another, who hung back at the Entrance, and would have excuſed himſelf, had not his Modeſty been overcome by the Invitation of all who ſat at the Table. His Guide

and

and Behaviour made me eaſily conclude it was *Virgil*. *Cicero* next appeared, and took his Place. He had inquired at the Door for one *Lucceius* to introduce him; but not finding him there, he contented himſelf with the Attendance of many other Writers, who all (except *Salluſt*) appeared highly pleaſed with the Office.

We waited ſome Time in Expectation of the next Worthy, who came in with a great Retinue of Hiſtorians, whoſe Names I could not learn, moſt of them being Natives of *Carthage*. The Perſon thus conducted, who was *Hannibal*, ſeemed much diſturbed, and could not forbear complaining to the Board of the Affronts he had met with among the *Roman* Hiſtorians, who attempted, ſays he, to carry me into the Subterraneous Apartment; and perhaps would have done it, had it not been for the Impartiality of this Gentleman, pointing to *Polybius*, who was the only Perſon, except my own Countrymen, that was willing to conduct me hither.

The *Carthaginian* took his Seat, and *Pompey* entered with great Dignity in his own Perſon, and preceded by ſeveral Hiſtorians. *Lucan* the Poet was at the Head of them, who obſerving *Homer* and *Virgil* at the Table, was going to ſit down himſelf, had not the latter whiſper'd him, That whatever Pretence he might otherwiſe have had, he forfeited his Claim to it, by coming in as one of the Hiſtorians. *Lucan* was ſo exaſperated with the Repulſe, that he muttered ſomething to himſelf,

and was heard to ſay, That ſince he could not have a Seat among them himſelf, he would bring in one who alone had more Merit than their whole Aſſembly: Upon which he went to the Door, and brought in *Cato* of *Utica*. That great Man approached the Company with ſuch an Air, that ſhowed he contemned the Honour which he laid a Claim to. Obſerving the Seat oppoſite to *Cæſar* was vacant, he took Poſſeſſion of it; and ſpoke Two or Three ſmart Sentences upon the Nature of Precedency, which, according to him, conſiſted not in Place, but in intrinſick Merit; to which he added, That the moſt virtuous Man, wherever he was ſeated, was always at the Upper End of the Table. *Socrates*, who had a great Spirit of Raillery with his Wiſdom, could not forbear ſmiling at a Virtue which took ſo little Pains to make it ſelf agreeable. *Cicero* took the Occaſion to make a long Diſcourſe in Praiſe of *Cato*, which he uttered with much Vehemence. *Cæſar* anſwered him with a great Deal of ſeeming Temper: But as I ſtood at a great Diſtance from them, I was not able to hear one Word of what they ſaid. But I could not forbear taking Notice, That in all the Diſcourſe which paſſed at the Table, a Word or Nod from *Homer* decided the Controverſy.

After a ſhort Pauſe, *Auguſtus* appeared looking round him with a ſerene and affable Countenance upon all the Writers of his Age, who ſtrove among themſelves which of them ſhould ſhow him the greateſt Marks of Gratitude and Reſpect. *Virgil* roſe from the Table

to

to meet him; and though he was an acceptable Gueſt to all, he appeared more ſuch to the Learned, than the Military Worthies. The next Man aſtoniſhed the whole Table with his Appearance: He was ſlow, ſolemn, and ſilent in his Behaviour, and wore a Raiment curiouſly wrought with Hieroglyphicks. As he came into the Middle of the Room, he threw back the Skirt of it, and diſcovered a Golden Thigh. *Socrates*, at the Sight of it, declared againſt keeping Company with any who were not made of Fleſh and Blood; and therefore deſired *Diogenes* the *Laertian* to lead him to the Apartment allotted for fabulous Heroes, and Worthies of Dubious Exiſtence. At his going out, he told them, That they did not know whom they diſmiſſed; that he was now *Pythagoras*, the Firſt of Philoſophers, and that formerly he had been a very brave Man at the Siege of *Troy*. That may be very true, ſaid *Socrates*; but you forget that you have likewiſe been a very great Harlot in your Time. This Excluſion made Way for *Archimedes*, who came forward with a Scheme of Mathematical Figures in his Hand; among which, I obſerved a Cone and Cylinder.

Seeing this Table full, I deſired my Guide for Variety to lead me to the Fabulous Apartment, the Roof of which was painted with Gorgons, Chimera's, and Centaurs, with many other Emblematical Figures, which I wanted both Time and Skill to unriddle. The Firſt Table was almoſt full. At the Upper End ſat *Hercules*, leaning an Arm upon his Club. On his

his Right Hand were *Achilles* and *Ulysses*, and between them *Æneas*. On his Left were *Hector*, *Theseus*, and *Jason*. The Lower End had *Orpheus*, *Æsop*, *Phalaris*, and *Musæus*. The Ushers seemed at a Loss for a Twelfth Man, when methought, to my great Joy and Surprize, I heard some at the Lower End of the Table mention *Isaac Bickerstaff*: But those of the Upper End received it with Disdain, and said, If they must have a *British* Worthy, they would have *Robin Hood*.

While I was transported with the Honour that was done me, and burning with Envy against my Competitor, I was awaken'd by the Noise of the Cannon which were then fired for the taking of *Mons*. I should have been very much troubled at being thrown out of so pleasing a Vision on any other Occasion; but thought it an agreeable Change to have my Thoughts diverted from the greatest among the Dead and Fabulous Heroes, to the most Famous among the Real and the Living.

The TATLER. [N° 82.

Ubi idem & maximus & honeſtiſſimus Amor eſt, aliquando præſtat Morte jungi, quam Vita diſtrahi. Val. Max.

From *Saturday*, *October* 15. to *Tueſday*, *October* 18. 1709.

From my own Apartment, *October* 17.

AFter the Mind has been employed on Contemplations ſuitable to its Greatneſs, it is unnatural to run into ſudden Mirth or Levity; but we muſt let the Soul ſubſide as it roſe, by proper Degrees. My late Conſiderations of the ancient Heroes impreſſed a certain Gravity upon my Mind, which is much above the little Gratification received from Starts of Humour and Fancy, and threw me into a pleaſing Sadneſs. In this State of Thought I have been looking at the Fire, and in a penſive Manner reflecting upon the great Misfortunes and Calamities incident to humane Life; among which there are none that touch ſo ſenſibly, as thoſe which befal Perſons who eminently love, and meet with fatal Interruptions of their Happineſs when they leaſt expect it. The Piety of Children to Parents, and the Affection of Parents to their Children, are the Effects of Inſtinct; but the Affection between Lovers and Friends is founded on Reaſon and Choice, which has always made me think, the Sorrows of the latter much more to be pitied than thoſe of

of the former. The Contemplation of Diſtreſſes of this Sort ſoftens the Mind of Man, and makes the Heart better. It extinguiſhes the Seeds of Envy and ill Will towards Mankind, corrects the Pride of Proſperity, and beats down all that Fierceneſs and Inſolence which are apt to get into the Minds of the Daring and Fortunate. For this Reaſon the wiſe *Athenians*, in their Theatrical Performances, laid before the Eyes of the People the greateſt Afflictions which could befal humane Life, and inſenſibly poliſh'd their Tempers by ſuch Repreſentations. Among the Modern, indeed, there has aroſe a Chimerical Method of diſpoſing the Fortune of the Perſons repreſented, according to what they call Poetical Juſtice; and letting none be unhappy, but thoſe who deſerve it. In ſuch Caſes, an intelligent Spectator, if he is concerned, knows he ought not to be ſo; and can learn nothing from ſuch a Tenderneſs, but that he is a weak Creature, whoſe Paſſions cannot follow the Dictates of his Underſtanding. It is very natural, when one is got into ſuch a Way of Thinking, to recollect thoſe Examples of Sorrow which have made the ſtrongeſt Impreſſion upon our Imaginations. An Inſtance or Two of ſuch you'll give me Leave to communicate

A young Gentleman and Lady of ancient and honourable Houſes in *Cornwall*, had from their Childhood entertained for each other a generous and noble Paſſion, which had been long oppoſed by their Friends, by Reaſon of the Inequality of their Fortunes; but their Conſtancy

to

to each other, and Obedience to thoſe on whom they depended, wrought ſo much upon their Relations, that theſe celebrated Lovers were at length joined in Marriage. Soon after their Nuptials, the Bridegroom was obliged to go into a Foreign Country, to take Care of a conſiderable Fortune which was left him by a Relation, and came very opportunely to improve their moderate Circumſtances. They received the Congratulations of all the Country on this Occaſion; and I remember it was a common Sentence in every one's Mouth, *You ſee how faithful Love is rewarded.*

He took this agreeable Voyage, and ſent Home every Poſt freſh Accounts of his Succeſs in his Affairs Abroad; but at laſt (though he deſigned to return with the next Ship) he lamented in his Letters, that Buſineſs would detain him ſome Time longer from Home, becauſe he would give himſelf the Pleaſure of an unexpected Arrival.

The young Lady, after the Heat of the Day, walked every Evening on the Sea-Shore, near which ſhe lived, with a familiar Friend, her Husband's Kinſwoman, and diverted her ſelf with what Objects, they met there, or upon Diſcourſes of the future Methods of Life in the happy Change of their Circumſtances. They ſtood one Evening on the Shore together in a perfect Tranquility, obſerving the Setting of the Sun, the calm Face of the Deep, and the ſilent Heaving of the Waves which gently rolled towards 'em, and broke at their Feet; when at a Diſtance her Kinſwoman ſaw ſomething float

float on the Waters, which ſhe fancied was a Cheſt; and with a Smile told her, ſhe ſaw it firſt, and if it came aſhore full of Jewels, ſhe had a Right to it. They both fixed their Eyes upon it, and entertained themſelves with the Subject of the Wreck, the Couſin ſtill aſſerting her Right; but promiſing, if it was a Prize, to give her a very rich Coral for the Child of which ſhe was then big, provided ſhe might be Godmother. Their Mirth ſoon abated, when they obſerved upon the nearer Approach, that it was a humane Body. The young Lady, who had a Heart naturally filled with Pity and Compaſſion, made many melancholy Reflections on the Occaſion. Who knows (ſaid ſhe) but this Man may be the only Hope and Heir of a wealthy Houſe; the Darling of indulgent Parents, who are now in impertinent Mirth, and pleaſing themſelves with the Thoughts of offering him a Bride they have got ready for him? Or, May he not be the Maſter of a Family that wholly depended upon his Life? There may, for ought we know, be half a Dozen Fatherleſs Children, and a tender Wife, now expoſed to Poverty by his Death. What Pleaſure might he have promiſed himſelf in the different Welcome he was to have from her and them? But let us go away, 'tis a dreadful Sight! The beſt Office we can do, is to take Care that the poor Man, whoever he is, may be decently buried. She turned away, when a Wave threw the Carcaſs on the Shore. The Kinſwoman immediately ſhrieked out, Oh, my Couſin! and fell upon the Ground. The unhappy Wife went

to

to help her Friend, when ſhe ſaw her own Huſband at her Feet, and dropt in a Swoon upon the Body. An old Woman, who had been the Gentleman's Nurſe, came out about this Time to call the Ladies in to Supper, and found her Child (as ſhe always called him) dead on the Shore, her Miſtreſs and Kinſwoman both lying dead by him. Her loud Lamentations, and calling her young Maſter to Life, ſoon awaked the Friend from her Trance; but the Wife was gone for ever.

When the Family and Neighbourhood got together round the Bodies, no one asked any Queſtion, but the Objects before 'em told the Story.

Incidents of this Nature are the more moving, when they are drawn by Perſons concerned in the Cataſtrophe, notwithſtanding they are often oppreſſed beyond the Power of giving them in a diſtinct Light, except we gather their Sorrow from their Inability to ſpeak it.

I have Two Original Letters written both on the ſame Day, which are to be exquiſite in their different Kinds. The Occaſion was this: A Gentleman who had courted a moſt agreeable young Woman, and won her Heart, obtained alſo the Conſent of her Father, to whom ſhe was an only Child. The old Man had a Fancy that they ſhould be married in the ſame Church where he himſelf was, in a Village in *Weſtmorland*, and made 'em ſet out while he was laid up with the Gout at *London*. The Bridegroom took only his Man, the Bride her Maid. They

They had the moſt agreeable Journey imaginable to the Place of Marriage: From whence the Bridegroom writ the following Letter to his Wife's Father:

SIR, March 18. 1672.

AFter a very pleaſant Journey hither, we are preparing for the happy Hour in which I am to be your Son. I aſſure you the Bride carries it, in the Eye of the Vicar who married you, much beyond her Mother; though he ſays, your open Sleeves, Pantaloons, and Shoulder-Knot, made a much better Show than the finnikal Dreſs I am in. However, I am contented to be the Second Fine Man this Village ever ſaw, and ſhall make it very merry before Night, becauſe I ſhall writ my ſelf from thence,

Your moſt Dutiful Son,

T. D.

The Bride gives her Duty, and is as handſome as an Angel—I am the happieſt Man breathing.

The Villagers were aſſembling about the Church, and the happy Couple took a Walk in a private Garden. The Bridegroom's Man knew his Maſter would leave the Place on a ſudden after the Wedding, and ſeeing him draw his Piſtols the Night before, took this Opportunity to go into his Chamber, and charge them. Upon their Return from the Garden, they went into that Room; and after a little fond Raillery on the Subject of their Courtſhip, the Lover took up a Piſtol which he knew he had unloaded the Night before, and pre-

preſenting it to her, ſaid with the moſt graceful Air, whilſt ſhe looked pleaſed at his agreeable Flattery; Now, Madam, repent of all thoſe Cruelties you have been guilty of to me; conſider before you die, how often you have made a poor Wretch freeze under your Caſement; you ſhall die, you Tyrant, you ſhall die, with all thoſe Inſtruments of Death and Deſtruction about you, with that inchanting Smile, thoſe killing Ringlets of your Hair— Give Fire, ſaid ſhe, Laughing. He did ſo, and ſhot her dead. Who can ſpeak his Condition? But he bore it ſo patiently as to call up his Man. The poor Wretch enter'd, and his Maſter locked the Door upon him. *Will*, ſaid he, Did you charge theſe Piſtols? He anſwered, Yes. Upon which he ſhot him dead with that remaining. After this, amidſt a Thouſand broken Sobs, piercing Groans, and diſtracted Motions, he writ the following Letter to the Father of his dead Miſtreſs.

SIR,

I Who Two Hours ago told you truly, I was the happieſt Man alive, am now the moſt miſerable. Your Daughter lies dead at my Feet, kill'd by my Hand, through a Miſtake of my Man's charging my Piſtols unknown to me. Him I have murder'd for it. Such is my Wedding-Day,— I will immediately follow my Wife to her Grave: but before I throw my ſelf upon my Sword, I command my Diſtraction ſo far as to explain my Story to you. I fear my Heart will not keep together till I have ſtabb'd it. Poor good old Man!— Remember, he that killed your

Daughter, dyed for it. In the Article of Death I give you my Thanks, and pray for you, though I dare not for my ſelf. If it be poſſible, do not curſe me.

The TATLER. [N° 83.

Senilis Stultitia, quæ Deliratio appellari ſolet, Senum levium eſt non omnium. M. T. C.

From *Tueſday*, *October* 18. to *Thurſday*, *October* 20. 1709.

From my own Apartment, October 19.

IT is my frequent Practice to viſit Places of Reſort in this Town, where I am leaſt known, to obſerve what Reception my Works meet with in the World, and what good Effects I may promiſe my ſelf from my Labours: And it being a Privilege aſſerted by Monſieur *Montaigne* and others, of vain-glorious Memory, That we Writers of Eſſays may talk of our ſelves, I take the Liberty to give an Account of the Remarks which I find are made by ſome of my gentle Readers upon theſe my Diſſertations.

I happened this Evening to fall into a Coffee-houſe near the *Change*, where Two Perſons were reading my Account of the Table of *Fame*. The one of theſe was commenting as he read, and explaining who was meant by this and t'other Worthy as he paſſed on. I obſerved the Perſon over-againſt him wonderfully intent and ſatisfied with his Explanation. When he came to *Julius Cæſar*, who is ſaid to have refuſed

fuſed any Conductor to the Table; No, no, ſaid he, he is in the Right of it, he has Money enough to be welcome wherever he comes; and then whiſpered, He means a certain Colonel of the Train-Bands. Upon reading, that *Ariſtotle* made his Claim with ſome Rudeneſs, but great Strength of Reaſon; Who can that be, ſo rough and ſo reaſonable? It muſt be ſome Whig I warrant you. There is nothing but Party in theſe publick Papers. Where *Pythagoras* is ſaid to have a Golden Thigh, Ay, ay, ſaid he, he has Money enough in his Breeches, that is the Alderman of our Ward. You muſt know, whatever he read, I found he interpreted from his own Way of Life and Acquaintance. I am glad my Readers can conſtrue for themſelves theſe difficult Points; but for the Benefit of Poſterity, I deſign, when I come to write my laſt Paper of this Kind, to make it an Explanation of all my former. In that Piece, you ſhall have all I have commended, with their proper Names. The faulty Characters muſt be left as they are, becauſe we live in an Age wherein Vice is very general, and Virtue very particular; for which Reaſon the latter only wants Explanation.

But I muſt turn my preſent Diſcourſe to what is of yet greater Regard to me than the Care of my Writings; that is to ſay, the Preſervation of a Lady's Heart. Little did I think I ſhould ever have Buſineſs of this Kind on my Hands more; but as little as any one who knows me would believe it, there is a Lady at this Time who profeſſes Love to me. Her Paſ-

ſion and good Humour you ſhall have in her own Words.

Mr. Bickerſtaff,

I Had formerly a very good Opinion of my ſelf; but it is now withdrawn, and I have placed it upon you, Mr. Bickerſtaff, *for whom I am not aſhamed to declare, I have a very great Paſſion and Tenderneſs. 'Tis not for your Face, for that I never ſaw; your Shape and Height I am equally a Stranger to: But your Underſtanding charms me, and I'm loſt if you don't diſſemble a little Love for me. I am not without Hopes, becauſe I am not like the tawdry gay Things that are fit only to make Bone-Lace. I am neither Childiſh-young, nor Beldam-old, but (the World ſays) a good agreeable Woman.*

Speak Peace to a troubled Heart, troubled only for you; and in your next Paper let me find your Thoughts of me.

Don't think of finding out who I am, for notwithſtanding your Intereſt in Dæmons, they cannot help you either to my Name, or a Sight of my Face; therefore don't let them deceive you.

I can bear no Diſcourſe, if you are not the Subject; and believe me, I know more of Love than you do of Aſtronomy.

Pray ſay ſome civil Things in return to my Generoſity, and you ſhall have my very beſt Pen imployed to thank you, and I will confirm it. I am

Your Admirer,

Maria.

There

There is ſomething wonderfully pleaſing in the Favour of Women; and this Letter has put me in ſo good an Humour, that nothing could diſpleaſe me ſince I received it. My Boy breaks Glaſſes and Pipes, and inſtead of giving him a Knock of the Pate, as my Way is, (for I hate ſcolding at Servants) I only ſay, *Ah!* Jack, *Thou haſt a Head, and ſo has a Pin*; or ſome ſuch merry Expreſſion. But alas! How am I mortified when he is putting on my fourth Pair of Stockings on theſe poor Spindles of mine? *The Fair One underſtands Love better than I Aſtronomy?* I am ſure, without the Help of that Art, this poor meagre Trunk of mine is a very ill Habitation for Love. She is pleaſed to ſpeak civilly of my Senſe; but *Ingenium male habitat* is an invincible Difficulty in Caſes of this Nature. I had always indeed, from a Paſſion to pleaſe the Eyes of the Fair, a great Pleaſure in Dreſs. Add to this, That I have writ Songs ſince I was Sixty, and have lived with all the Circumſpection of an old Beau, as I am: But my Friend *Horace* has very well ſaid, *Every Year takes ſomething from us*; and inſtructed me to form my Purſuits and Deſires according to the Stage of my Life: Therefore I have no more to value my ſelf upon, than that I can converſe with young People without Peeviſhneſs, or wiſhing my ſelf a Moment younger. For which Reaſon, when I am amongſt 'em, I rather moderate, than interrupt their Diverſions. But though I have this Complacency, I muſt not pretend to write to a Lady civil Things, as *Maria* deſires. Time was, when

I could have told her, I had received a Letter from her Fair Hands; and, That if this Paper trembled as ſhe read it, it then beſt expreſſed its Author, or ſome other gay Conceit. Though I never ſaw her, I could have told her, That good Senſe and good Humour ſmiled in her Eyes; That Conſtancy and good Nature dwelt in her Heart; That Beauty and good Breeding appeared in all her Actions. When I was Five and Twenty, upon Sight of one Syllable, even wrong ſpelt, by a Lady I never ſaw, I could tell her, That her Height was that which was fit for inviting our Approach, and commanding our Reſpect; That a Smile ſat on her Lips, which prefaced her Expreſſions before ſhe uttered 'em, and her Aſpect prevented her Speech. All ſhe could ſay, though ſhe had an infinite deal of Wit, was but a Repetition of what was expreſſed by her Form, her Form! which ſtruck her Beholders with Ideas more moving and forcible, than ever were inſpired by Muſick, Painting, or Eloquence. At this rate I panted in thoſe Days; but, Ah! Sixty Three! I am very ſorry I can only return the agreeable *Maria* a Paſſion, expreſſed rather from the Head than the Heart.

Dear Madam,

YOU have already ſeen the beſt of me, and I ſo paſſionately love you, that I deſire we may never meet. If you will examine your Heart, you will find, that you join the Man with the Philoſopher: And if you have that kind Opinion of my Senſe as you pretend, I queſtion not, but you add to it Com-

plexion,

plexion, Air, and Shape: But, dear Molly, *a Man in his grand Climacterick is of no Sex. Be a good Girl; and conduct your ſelf with Honour and Virtue, when you love one younger than my ſelf. I am, with the greateſt Tenderneſs,*

Your innocent Lover,

I. B.

Will's Coffee-houſe October 19.

There is nothing more common than the Weakneſſes mentioned in the following Epiſtle; and I believe there is hardly a Man living who has not been more or leſs injured by it.

S I R, *Land's-End, October* 12.

'I Have left the Town ſome Time; and much 'the ſooner for not having had the Ad-'vantage when I lived there, of ſo good a Pilot 'as you are to this preſent Age. Your Cau-'tions to the young Men againſt the Vices of 'the Town are very well: But there is one not 'leſs needful, which I think you have omit-'ted. I had from the Rough Diamond, (a 'Gentleman ſo called from an honeſt blunt 'Wit he had) not long ſince dead, this Obſer-'vation, That a young Man muſt be at at leaſt 'Three or Four Years in *London* before he dares 'ſay, *No.*

'You will eaſily ſee the Truth and Force of 'this Obſervation; for I believe more People 'are drawn away againſt their Inclinations, 'than with them. A young Man is afraid to 'deny any Body going to a Tavern to Dinner; 'or after being gorged there, to repeat the

'ſame with another Company at Supper, or to 'drink exceſſively if deſired, or go to any o-'ther Place, or commit any other Extravagan-'cy propoſed. The Fear of being thought co-'vetous, to have no Money, or to be under 'the Dominion or Fear of his Parents and 'Friends, hinder him from the free Exerciſe of 'his Underſtanding, and affirming boldly the 'true Reaſon, which is, his real Diſlike of what 'is deſired. If you could cure this ſlaviſh Fa-'cility, it would ſave Abundance at their firſt 'Entrance into the World. I am,

SIR,

Yours,

Solomon Afterwit.

This Epiſtle has given an Occaſion to a Treatiſe on this Subject, wherein I ſhall lay down Rules when a young Stripling is to ſay, *No*, and a young Virgin, *Yes*.

N. B. For the Publication of this Diſcourſe, I wait only for Subſcriptions from the Under-Graduates of each Univerſity; and the young Ladies in the Boarding-Schools of *Hackney* and *Chelſea*.

St. *James*'s *Coffee-houſe*, *October* 19.

Letters from the *Hague* of the 25th of *October*, *N. S.* adviſe, That the Garriſon of *Mons* marched out on the 23d Inſtant, and a Garriſon of the Allies marched into the Town. All the Forces in the Field, both of the Enemy and the Confederates, are preparing to withdraw into Winter-Quarters.

The

The TATLER. [N° 84.

From *Thurſday*, *October* 20. to *Saturday*, *October* 22. 1709.

From my own Apartment, *October* 21.

I Have received a Letter ſubſcribed *A. B.* wherein it has been repreſented to me as an Enormity, that there are more than ordinary Crowds of Women at the *Old-Baily* when a Rape is to be try'd: But by Mr. *A. B.*'s Favour, I can't tell who are ſo much concerned in that Part of the Law as the Sex he mentions, they being the only Perſons liable to ſuch Inſults. Nor indeed do I think it more unreaſonable that they ſhould be inquiſitive on ſuch Occaſions, than Men of Honour, when one is try'd for killing another in a Duel. It is very natural to enquire how the fatal Paſs was made, that we may the better defend our ſelves when we come to be attack'd. Several eminent Ladies appeared lately at the Court of Juſtice on ſuch an Occaſion, and with great Patience and Attention ſtayed the whole Tryals of two Perſons for the aboveſaid Crime. The Law to me indeed ſeems a little defective in this Point; and it is a very great Hardſhip, that this Crime which is committed by Men only, ſhould have Men only on their Jury. I humbly therefore propoſe, That on future Trials of this Sort, half of the Twelve may be Women, and thoſe ſuch whoſe Faces are well known to have

have taken Notes, or may be ſuppoſed to remember what happened in former Trials in the ſame Place. There is the learned *Androgyne*, that would make a good Fore-woman of the Pannel, who (by long Attendance) underſtands as much Law and Anatomy as is neceſſary in this Caſe. Till this is taken Care of, I am humbly of Opinion, it would be much more expedient that the Fair were wholly abſent: For to what End can it be that they ſhould be preſent at ſuch Examinations, when they can only be perplex'd with a Fellow-feeling for the Injured, without any Power to avenge their Sufferings. It is an unneceſſary Pain which the Fair ones give themſelves on theſe Occaſions. I have known a young Woman ſhriek out at ſome Parts of the Evidence; and have frequently obſerv'd, That when the Proof grew particular and ſtrong, there has been ſuch an univerſal Flutter of Fans, that one would think the whole Female Audience were falling into Fits. Nor indeed can I ſee how Men themſelves can be wholly unmov'd at ſuch Tragical Relations. In ſhort, I muſt tell my Female Readers, and they may take an old Man's Word for it, That there is nothing in Women ſo graceful and becoming as Modeſty: It adds Charms to their Sex. Without it Simplicity and Innocence appear rude, Reading and good Senſe maſculine, Wit and Humour laſcivious. This is ſo neceſſary a Qualification for pleaſing, that the looſe Part of Womankind, whoſe Study it is to inſnare Men's Hearts, never

never fail to ſupport the Appearance of what they know is ſo eſſential to that End: And I have heard it reported by the young Fellows in my Time, as a Maxim of the celebrated Madam *Bennet*, That a young Wench, tho' never ſo beautiful, was not worth her Board when ſhe was paſt her Bluſhing. This Diſcourſe naturally brings into my Thoughts a Letter I have received from the virtuous Lady *Whittleſtick* on the Subject of *Lucretia*.

Couſin Iſaac, *From my Tea-Table, Octob.* 17.

'I Read your *Tatler* of *Saturday* laſt, and was 'ſurpriz'd to ſee you ſo partial to your own 'Sex, as to think none of ours worthy to ſit it 'your Firſt Table; for ſure you can't but own '*Lucretia* as famous as any you have placed 'there, who firſt parted with her Virtue, and 'afterwards with her Life, to preſerve her 'Fame.

Mrs. *Biddy Twig* has written me a Letter to the ſame Purpoſe: But in Anſwer to both my pretty Correſpondents and Kinſwomen, I muſt tell 'em, that although I know *Lucretia* would have made a very graceful Figure at the upper End of the Table, I did not think it proper to place her there, becauſe I knew ſhe would not care for being in the Company of ſo many Men without her Husband. At the ſame Time I muſt own, that *Tarquin* himſelf was not a greater Lover and Admirer of *Lucretia* than I my ſelf am in an honeſt Way. When my Siſter *Jenny* was in her Sampler, I made her get the whole Story without Book, and tell it me in Needle-

Needlework. This illuſtrious Lady ſtands up in Hiſtory, as the Glory of her own Sex, and the Reproach of ours; and the Circumſtances under which ſhe fell were ſo very particular, that they ſeem to make Adultery and Murder meritorious. She was a Woman of ſuch tranſcendent Virtue, that her Beauty, which was the greateſt of the Age and Country in which ſhe liv'd, and is generally celebrated as the higheſt of Praiſe in other Women, is never mention'd as a Part of her Character. But it would be declaiming to dwell upon ſo celebrated a Story, which I mentioned only in Reſpect of my Kinſwomen; and to make Reparation for the Omiſſion they complain of, do further promiſe 'em, That if they can furniſh me with Inſtances to fill it, there ſhall be a ſmall Tea-Table ſet apart in my Palace of Fame for the Reception of all of her Character.

Grecian Coffee-houſe, October 21.

I was this Evening communicating my Deſign of producing obſcure Merit into Publick View; and propos'd to the Learned, that they would pleaſe to aſſiſt me in the Work. For the ſame End I publiſh my Intention to the World, That all Men of liberal Thoughts may know they have an Opportunity of doing Juſtice to ſuch worthy Perſons as have come within their reſpective Obſervation, and who by Misfortune, Modeſty, or want of proper Writers to recommend 'em, have eſcaped the Notice of the reſt of Mankind. If therefore any one can bring any Tale or Tidings of Illuſtrious Perſons, or glo-

rious

rious Actions, that are not commonly known, he is desired to send an Account thereof to me at *J. Morphew*'s, and they shall have Justice done 'em. At the same Time that I have this Concern for Men and Things that deserve Reputation and have it not, I am resolved to examine into the Claims of such Ancients and Moderns as are in Possession of it, with a Design to displace them, in case I find their Titles defective. The first whose Merits I shall enquire into, are some merry Gentlemen of the *French* Nation, who have written very advantagious Histories of their Exploits in War, Love and Politicks, under the Title of Memoirs. I am afraid I shall find several of these Gentlemen tardy, because I hear of them in no Writings but their own. To read the Narrative of one of these Authors, you would fancy that there was not an Action in a whole Campaign, which he did not contrive or execute; yet if you consult the History, or *Gazettes* of those Times, you do not find him so much as at the Head of a Party from one end of the Summer to the other. But it is the Way of these Great Men, when they lie behind their Lines, and are in a Time of Inaction, as they call it, to pass away their Time in writing their Exploits. By this Means, several who are either unknown or despis'd in the present Age, will be famous in the next, unless a sudden Stop be put to such pernicious Practices. There are others of that gay People, who (as I am informed) will live half a Year together in a Garret, and write an History of their Intrigues in the Court of *France*. As for Politicians, they

do

do not abound with that Species of Men ſo much as we; but as ours are not ſo famous for writing, as for extemporary Diſſertations in Coffee-houſes, they are more annoy'd with Memoirs of this Nature alſo than we are. The moſt immediate Remedy that I can apply to prevent this growing Evil, is, that I do hereby give Notice to all Bookſellers and Tranſlators whatſoever, That the Word *Memoir* is *French* for a Novel; and to require of them, That they ſell and tranſlate it accordingly.

Will's Coffee-houſe, October 21.

Coming into this Place to Night, I met an old Friend of mine, who, a little after the Reſtoration, writ an Epigram with ſome Applauſe, which he has liv'd upon ever ſince; and by Virtue of it, has been a conſtant Frequenter of this Coffee houſe for Forty Years. He took me aſide, and with a great deal of Friendſhip told me, He was glad to ſee me alive; for ſays he, Mr *Bickerſtaff*, I am ſorry to find you have raiſed many Enemies by your Lucubrations. There are indeed ſome, ſays he, whoſe Enmity is the greateſt Honour they can ſhew a Man; but have you lived to theſe Years, and don't know, that the ready Way to diſoblige, it to give Advice? You may endeavour to guard your Children, as you call them, but —— He was going on; but I found the Diſagreeableneſs of giving Advice without being asked it, by my own Impatience of what he was about to ſay. In a Word, I begged him to give me the Hearing of a ſhort Fable.

A Gentleman (ſays I) who was one Day ſlumbering in an Arbour, was on a ſudden awakened by the gentle Biting of a Lizard, a little Animal remarkable for its Love to Mankind. He threw it from his Hand with ſome Indignation, and was riſing up to kill it, when he ſaw an huge venemous Serpent ſliding towards him on the other Side, which he ſoon deſtroyed; reflecting afterwards with Gratitude upon his Friend that ſaved him, and with Anger againſt himſelf, that had ſhown ſo little Senſe of a good Office.

The TATLER. [N° 85.

From *Saturday*, *October* 22. to *Tueſday*, *October* 25. 1709.

From my own Apartment, *October* 24.

MY Brother *Tranquillus*, who is a Man of Buſineſs, came to me this Morning into my Study, and atfer very many civil Expreſſions in Return for what good Offices I had done him, told me, he deſired to carry his Wife my Siſter that very Morning to his own Houſe. I readily told him, I would wait upon him, without asking why he was ſo impatient to rob us of his good Company. He went out of my Chamber, and I thought ſeem'd to have a little Heavineſs upon him, which gave me ſome Diſquiet. Soon after, my Siſter came to me with a very Matron-like Air, and moſt ſedate Satisfaction in her Looks, which ſpoke her very much at Eaſe; but

but the Traces of her Countenance ſeem'd to diſcover that ſhe had been lately in a Paſſion, and that Air of Content to flow from a certain Triumph upon ſome Advantage obtained. She no ſooner ſat down by me, but I perceived ſhe was one of thoſe Ladies who begin to be Managers within the Time of their being Brides.— Without letting her ſpeak, (which I ſaw ſhe had a mighty Inclination to do) I ſaid, Here has been your Husband, who tells me he has a Mind to go Home this very Morning, and I have conſented to it. It is well, ſaid ſhe, for you muſt know —— Nay, *Jenny*, ſaid I, I beg your Pardon, for 'tis you muſt know —— You are to underſtand, that now is the Time to fix or alienate your Husband's Heart for ever; and I fear you have been a little Indiſcreet in your Expreſſions or Behaviour towards him, even here in my Houſe. There has, ſays ſhe, been ſome Words; but I'll be judge by you if he was not in the Wrong: Nay, I need not be judg'd by any Body, for he gave it up himſelf, and ſaid not a Word when he ſaw me grow paſſionate, but, Madam, you are perfectly in the Right of it: As you ſhall judge. —— Nay, Madam, ſaid I, I am judge already, and tell you, that you are perfectly in the Wrong of it; for if it was a Matter of Importance, I know he has better Senſe than you; if a Trifle, you know what I told you on your Wedding-Day, That you were to be above little Provocations. She knows very well I can be ſour upon Occaſion, therefore gave me leave to go on.

Siſter, ſaid I, I will not enter into the Diſpute be-

between you, which I find his Prudence put an End to before it came to Extremity, but charge you to have a Care of the firſt Quarrel, as you tender your Happineſs; for then it is, that the Mind will reflect harſhly upon every Circumſtance that has ever paſs'd between you. If ſuch an Accident is ever to happen, (which I hope never will) be ſure to keep to the Circumſtance before you; make no Alluſions to what is paſs'd, or Concluſions referring to what is to come: Don't ſhow an Hoard of Matter for Diſſention in your Breaſt; but if it is neceſſary, lay before him the Thing as you underſtand it, candidly, without being aſham'd of acknowledging an Error, or proud of being in the Right. If a young Couple be not careful in this Point, they will get into an Habit of Wrangling: And when to Diſpleaſe is thought of no Conſequence, to Pleaſe is always of as little Moment. There is a Play, *Jenny*, I have formerly been at when I was a Student: We got into a dark Corner with a Porringer of Brandy, and threw Raiſins into it, then ſet it on Fire. My Chamber-fellow and I diverted our ſelves with the Sport of venturing our Fingers for the Raiſins; and the Wantonneſs of the Thing was, to ſee each other look like a Dæmon, as we burnt our ſelves and ſnatched out the Fruit. This fantaſtical Mirth was called *Snap-Dragon*. You may go into many a Family, where you ſee the Man and Wife at this Sport: Every Word at their Table alludes to ſome Paſſage between themſelves; and you ſee by the Paleneſs and Emotion in their Countenances, that it is for your Sake,

and not their own, that they forbear playing out the whole Game, in burning each others Fingers. In this Caſe, the whole Purpoſe of Life is inverted, and the Ambition turns upon a certain Contention, who ſhall contradict beſt, and not upon an Inclination to excel in Kindneſſes and good Offices. Therefore, dear *Jenny*, remember me, and avoid *Snap-Dragon.* — I thank you Brother (ſaid ſhe), but you don't know how he loves me; I find I can do any Thing with him. If you can ſo, Why ſhould you deſire to do any Thing but pleaſe him? But I have a Word or Two more before you go out of the Room; for I ſee you do not like the Subject I am upon. Let nothing provoke you to fall upon an Imperfection he cannot help; for if he has a reſenting Spirit, he will think your Averſion as immoveable as the Imperfection with which you upbraid him. But above all, dear *Jenny*, be careful of one Thing, and you will be ſomething more than Woman, that is, a Levity you are almoſt all guilty of, which is, to take a Pleaſure in your Power to give Pain. It is even in a Miſtreſs an Argument of Meanneſs of Spirit, but in a Wife it is Injuſtice and Ingratitude. When a ſenſible Man once obſerves this in a Woman, he muſt have a very great or a very little Spirit to overlook it. A Woman ought therefore to conſider very often, how few Men there are who will regard a meditated Offence as a Weakneſs of Temper. I was going on in my Confabulation, when *Tranquillus* entered. She caſt all her Eyes upon him with much Shame and Confuſion, mixed with great Complacency and Love,

Love, and went up to him. He took her in his Arms, and looked ſo many ſoft Things at one Glance, that I could ſee he was glad I had been talking to her, ſorry ſhe had been troubled, and angry at himſelf that he could not diſguiſe the Concern he was in an Hour before. After which, he ſays to me, with an Air aukward enough, but methought not unbecoming, I have altered my Mind, Brother; we'll live upon you a Day or Two longer. I reply'd, That's what I have been perſwading *Jenny* to ask of you; but ſhe is reſolv'd never to contradict your Inclination, and refus'd me. We were going on in that Way which one hardly knows how to expreſs; as when Two People mean the ſame Thing in a nice Caſe, but come at it by talking as diſtantly from it as they can; when very opportunely came in upon us an honeſt inconſiderable Fellow, *Tim. Dapper*, a Gentleman well known to us both. *Tim.* is one of thoſe who are very neceſſary by being very inconſiderable. *Tim.* dropt in at an Incident when we knew not how to fall into either a Grave or a merry Way. My Siſter took this Occaſion to make off, and *Dapper* gave us an Account of all the Company he had been in to Day, who was and who was not at Home, where he viſited. This *Tim.* is the Head of a Species: He is a little out of his Element in this Town; but he is a Relation of *Tranquillus*, and his Neighbour in the Country, which is the true Place of Reſidence for this Species. The Habit of a *Dapper*, when he is at Home, is a light Broad-Cloth, with Calamanco or Red Waſtcoat and Breeches; and 'tis remarkable,

that their Wigs ſeldom hide the Collar of their Coats. They have always a peculiar Spring in their Arms, a Riggle in their Bodies, and a Trip in their Gate. All which Motions they expreſs at once in their drinking, bowing, or ſaluting Ladies; for a diſtant Imitation of a forward Fop, and a Reſolution to over-top him in his Way, are the diſtinguiſhing Marks of a *Dapper*. Theſe Under-Characters of Men are Parts of the ſociable World by no Means to be neglected: They are like Pegs in a Building. They make no Figure in it, but hold the Structure together, and are as abſolutely neceſſary as the Pillars and Columns. I am ſure we found it ſo this Morning; for *Tranquillus* and I ſhould perhaps have look'd cold at each other the whole Day, but *Dapper* fell in with his brisk Way, ſhook us both by the Hand, rally'd the Bride, miſtook the Acceptance he met with amongſt us for extraordinary Perfection in himſelf, and heartily pleas'd, and was pleas'd, all the while he ſtay'd. His Company left us all in good Humour, and we were not ſuch Fools as to let it ſink, before we confirmed it by great Chearfulneſs and Openneſs in our Carriage the whole Evening.

White's *Chocolate-houſe*, *October* 24.

I have been this Evening to viſit a Lady who is a Relation of the enamour'd *Cynthio*, and there heard the melancholy News of his Death. I was in Hopes, that Fox-hunting and *October* would have recovered him from his unhappy Paſſion. He went into the Country with a Deſign to leave behind him all Thought of *Clariſſa*; but he

he found that Place only more convenient to think of her without Interruption. The Country Gentlemen were very much puzzled upon his Caſe, and never finding him merry or loud in their Company, took him for a *Roman* Catholick, and immediately upon his Death ſeiz'd his *French* Valet-de-Chambre for a Prieſt; and it is generally thought in the Country, it will go hard with him next Seſſion. Poor *Cynthio* never held up his Head after having received a Letter of *Clariſſa*'s Marriage. The Lady who gave me this Account being far gone in Poetry and Romance, told me, If I would give her an Epitaph, ſhe would take Care to have it plac'd on his Tomb; which ſhe her ſelf had devis'd in the following Manner: It is to be made of black Marble, and every Corner to be crowned with weeping *Cupids*. Their Quivers are to be hung up upon Two tall Cypreſs Trees, which are to grow on each Side of the Monument, and their Arrows to be laid in a great Heap, after the Manner of a Funeral Pile, on which is to lie the Body of the Deceas'd. On the Top of each Cypreſs is to ſtand the Figure of a Moaning Turtle-Dove. On the uppermoſt Part of the Monument, the Goddeſs, to whom theſe Birds are ſacred, is to ſit in a dejected Poſture, as weeping for the Death of her Votary. I need not tell you this Lady's Head is a little turned: However, to be rid of Importunities, I promiſed her an Epitaph, and told her, I would take for my Pattern that of Don *Alonzo*, who was no leſs famous in his Age than *Cynthio* is in ours.

The EPITAPH:

Here lies Don Alonzo,
Slain by a Wound receiv'd under
His Left Pap;
The Orifice of which was ſo
Small, no Surgeon could
Diſcover it.

READER;

If thou would'ſt avoid ſo ſtrange
A Death,
Look not upon Lucinda's *Eyes.*

The TATLER. [N° 86.

From *Tueſday, October* 25. to *Thurſday, October* 27. 1709.

From my own Apartment, October 25.

When I came Home laſt Night, my Servant delivered me the following Letter:

SIR, *Octob.* 24.

'I Have Orders from Sir *Harry Quickſet*, of '*Staffordſhire*, Bar. to acquaint you, That his 'Honour Sir *Harry* himſelf, Sir *Giles Wheelbar-'row* Kt. *Thomas Rentfree* Eſq; Juſtice of the '*Quorum*, *Andrew Windmill* Eſq; and Mr. *Ni-'cholas Doubt* of the *Inner-Temple*, Sir *Harry's* 'Grandſon, will wait upon you at the Hour of 'Nine to Morrow Morning, being *Tueſday* the '25th of *October*, upon Buſineſs which Sir *Harry* 'will impart to you by Word of Mouth. I 'thought it proper to acquaint you before-hand

'ſo

'ſo many Perſons of Quality came, that you 'might not be ſurpriz'd therewith. Which con-'cludes, tho' by many Years Abſence ſince I 'ſaw you at *Stafford*, unknown,

SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant,

John Thrifty.

I received this Meſſage with leſs Surprize than I believe Mr. *Thrifty* imagined; for I knew the good Company too well to feel any Palpitations at their Approach: But I was in very great Concern how I ſhould adjuſt the Ceremonial, and demean my ſelf to all theſe great Men, who perhaps had not ſeen any Thing above themſelves for theſe Twenty Years laſt paſt. I am ſure that's the Caſe of Sir *Harry*. Beſides which, I was ſenſible that there was a great Point in adjuſting my Behaviour to the ſimple 'Squire, ſo as to give him Satisfaction, and not diſoblige the Juſtice of the *Quorum*.

The Hour of Nine was come this Morning, and I had no ſooner ſet Chairs (by the Steward's Letter) and fixed my Tea-Equipage, but I heard a Knock at my Door, which was opened, but no one enter'd; after which follow'd a long Silence, which was broke at laſt by, Sir, I beg your Pardon; I think I know better: And another Voice, Nay, good Sir *Giles* —— I looked out from my Window, and ſaw the good Company all with their Hats off, and Arms ſpread, offering the Door to each other. After many Offers, they enter'd with much Solemnity, in

the Order Mr. *Thrifty* was ſo kind as to name 'em to me. But they are now got to my Chamber-Door, and I ſaw my old Friend Sir *Harry* enter. I met him with all the Reſpect due to ſo reverend a Vegetable; for you are to know, that is my Senſe of a Perſon who remains idle in the ſame Place for half a Century. I got him with great Succeſs into his Chair by the Fire, without throwing down any of my Cups. The Knight-Batchelor told me, he had a great Reſpect for my whole Family, and would, with my Leave, place himſelf next to Sir *Harry*, at whoſe Right Hand he had ſat at every Quarter-Seſſions this Thirty Years, unleſs he was ſick. The Steward in the Rear whiſpered the young Templer, That's true to my Knowledge. I had the Misfortune, as they ſtood Cheek by Jole, to deſire the 'Squire to ſit down before the Juſtice of the *Quorum*, to the no ſmall Satisfaction of the former, and Reſentment of the latter: But I ſaw my Error too late, and got 'em as ſoon as I could into their Seats. Well, ſaid I, Gentlemen, after I have told you how glad I am of this great Honour, I am to deſire you to drink a Diſh of Tea. They anſwered one and all, That they never drank Tea in a Morning. Not in a Morning, ſaid I! ſtaring round me. Upon which the pert Jackanapes *Nick Doubt* tipp'd me the Wink, and put out his Tongue at his Grandfather. Here followed a profound Silence, when the Steward in his Boots and Whip propos'd, That we ſhould adjourn to ſome Publick-Houſe, where every Body might call for what they pleas'd, and enter upon the Buſineſs.

We

We all ſtood up in an Inſtant, and Sir *Harry* fil'd off from the Left very diſcreetly, countermarching behind the Chairs towards the Door: After him, Sir *Giles* in the ſame Manner. The ſimple 'Squire made a ſudden Start to follow; but the Juſtice of the *Quorum* whipp'd between upon the Stand of the Stairs. A Maid going up with Coals made us halt, and put us into ſuch Confuſion, that we ſtood all in a Heap, without any viſible Poſſibility of recovering our Order: For the young Jackanapes ſeem'd to make a Jeſt of this Matter, and had ſo contrived, by preſſing amongſt us under Pretence of making Way, that his Grandfather was got into the Middle, and he knew no Body was of Quality to ſtir a Step, till Sir *Harry* mov'd firſt. We were fix'd in this Perplexity for ſome Time, till we heard a very loud Noiſe in the Street; and Sir *Harry* asking what it was, I, to make 'em move, ſaid it was Fire. Upon this, all ran down as faſt as they could, without Order or Ceremony, till we got into the Street, where we drew up in very good Order, and fil'd off down *Sheer-Lane*, the impertinent Templer driving us before him, as in a String, and pointing to his Acquaintance who paſs'd by.

I muſt confeſs, I love to uſe People according to their own Senſe of good Breeding, and therefore whipp'd in between the Juſtice and the ſimple 'Squire. He could not properly take this ill; but I over-heard him whiſper the Steward, That he thought it hard that a common Conjurer ſhould take Place of him, tho' an elder 'Squire. In this Order we marched down

Sheer-

Sheer-Lane, at the upper End of which I lodge. When we came to *Temple-Bar*, Sir *Harry* and Sir *Giles* got over; but a Run of the Coaches kept the reſt of us on this Side the Street: However we all at laſt landed, and drew up in very good Order before *Ben. Tooke*'s Shop, who favoured our Rallying with great Humanity. From hence we proceeded again, till we came to *Dick*'s Coffee-houſe, where I deſigned to carry 'em. Here we were at our old Difficulty, and took up the Street upon the ſame Ceremony. We proceeded through the Entry, and were ſo neceſſarily kept in Order by the Situation, that we were now got into the Coffee-houſe it ſelf, where, as ſoon as we arrived, we repeated our Civilities to each other; after which, we marched up to the high Table, which has an Aſcent to it inclos'd in the Middle of the Room. The whole Houſe was alarm'd at this Entry, made up of Perſons of ſo much State and Ruſticity. Sir *Harry* call'd for a Mug of Ale, and *Dyer*'s Letter. The Boy brought the Ale in an Inſtant; but ſaid, they did not take in the Letter. No, (ſays Sir *Harry*!) Then take back your Mug; we are like indeed to have good Liquor at this Houſe. Here the Templer tipp'd me a ſecond Wink, and if I had not looked very grave upon him, I found he was diſpoſed to be very familiar with me. In ſhort, I obſerved after a long Pauſe, that the Gentlemen did not care to enter upon Buſineſs till after their Morning-Draught, for which Reaſon I call'd for a Bottle of Mum; and finding that had no Effect upon 'em, I ordered a Second,

and

and a Third: After which, Sir *Harry* reached over to me, and told me in a low Voice, that the Place was too publick for Buſineſs; but he would call upon me again to Morrow Morning at my own Lodgings, and bring ſome more Friends with him.

Will's Coffee-houſe, October 26.

Though this Place is frequented by a more mixed Company than it us'd to be formerly, yet you meet very often ſome whom one cannot leave without being the better for their Converſation. A Gentleman this Evening, in a dictating Manner, talk'd I thought very pleaſingly in Praiſe of Modeſty, in the midſt of Ten or Twelve Libertines, upon whom it ſeemed to have had a good Effect: He repreſented it as the certain Indication of a great and Noble Spirit. Modeſty, ſaid he, is the Virtue which makes Men prefer the Publick to their Private Intereſt, the Guide of every honeſt Undertaking, and the great Guardian of Innocence: It makes Men amiable to their Friends, and reſpected by their very Enemies. In all Places, and on all Occaſions, it attracts Benevolence, and demands Approbation.

One might give Inſtances out of Antiquity of the irreſiſtible Force of this Quality in great Minds: *Cicereius* and *Cneius Scipio*, the Son of the great *Africanus*, were Competitors for the Office of Prætor. The Crowd followed *Cicereius*, and left *Scipio* unattended. *Cicereius* ſaw this with much Concern, and deſiring an Audience of the People, he deſcended from the Place where

where the Candidates were to ſit, in the Eye of the Multitude, pleaded for his Adverſary, and with an ingenuous Modeſty (which it is impoſſible to feign) repreſented to 'em, how much it was to their Diſhonour, that a virtuous Son of *Africanus* ſhould not be preferr'd to him, or any other Man whatſoever. This immediately gain'd the Election for *Scipio*; but all the Compliments and Congratulations upon it were made to *Cicereius*. It is eaſier in this Caſe to ſay who had the Office, than the Honour. There is no Occurrence in Life, where this Quality is not more ornamental than any other. After the Battle of *Pharſalia*, *Pompey* marching towards *Lariſſus*, the whole People of that Place came out in Proceſſion to do him Honour. He thanked the Magiſtrates for their Reſpect to him; but deſired them to perform theſe Ceremonies to the Conqueror. This gallant Submiſſion to his Fortune, and Diſdain of making any Appearance but like *Pompey*, was owing to his Modeſty, which would not permit him to be ſo diſingenuous, as to give himſelf the Air of Proſperity, when he was in the contrary Condition.

This I ſay of Modeſty, as it is the Virtue which preſerves a Decorum in the general Courſe of our Life; but conſidering it alſo as it regards our meer Bodies, it is the certain Character of a great Mind. It is memorable of the mighty *Cæſar*, that when he was murder'd in the Capitol, at the very Moment in which he expired, he gathered his Robe about him, that he might fall in a decent Poſture. In this

Manner

Manner (ſays my Author) he went off, not like a Man that departed out of Life, but a Deity that returned to his Abode.

The TATLER. [N° 87.

From *Thurſday*, *October* 27. to *Saturday*, *October* 29. 1709.

Will's Coffee-houſe, *October* 28.

THere is nothing which I contemplate with greater Pleaſure than the Dignity of Humane Nature, which often ſhows it ſelf in all Conditions of Life: For notwithſtanding the Degeneracy and Meanneſs that is crept into it, there are a Thouſand Occaſions in which it breaks through its Original Corruption, and ſhows what it once was, and what it will be hereafter. I conſider the Soul of Man, as the Ruin of a glorious Pile of Building; where, amidſt great Heaps of Rubbiſh, you meet with noble Fragments of Sculpture, broken Pillars and Obelisks, and a Magnificence in Confuſion. Virtue and Wiſdom are continually employed in clearing the Ruins, removing theſe diſorderly Heaps, recovering the noble Pieces that lie buried under him, and adjuſting them as well as poſſible according to their ancient Symmetry and Beauty. A happy Education, Converſation with the fineſt Spirits, looking abroad into the Works of Nature, and Obſervations upon Mankind, are the great Aſſiſtances to this neceſſary and glorious Work. But even among thoſe

thoſe who have never had the Happineſs of any of theſe Advantages, there are ſometimes ſuch Exertions of the Greatneſs that is natural to the Mind of Man, as ſhow Capacities and Abilities, which only want theſe Accidental Helps to fetch them out, and ſhow them in a proper Light. A Plebeian Soul is ſtill the Ruin of this glorious Edifice, though encumber'd with all its Rubbiſh. This Reflection roſe in me from a Letter which my Servant drop'd as he was dreſſing me, and which he told me was communicated to him as he is an Acquaintance of ſome of the Perſons mentioned in it. The Epiſtle is from one Serjeant *Hall* of the Foot-Guards. It is directed, *To Serjeant* Cabe, *in the* Cold-ſtream *Regiment of Foot-Guards, at the* Red Lettice *in the* Butcher-Row *near* Temple-Bar.

I was ſo pleaſed with ſeveral Touches in it, that I could not forbear ſhewing it to a Cluſter of Criticks, who, inſtead of conſidering it in the Light I have done, examined it by the Rules of Epiſtolary Writing: For as theſe Gentlemen are ſeldom Men of any great Genius, they work altogether by Mechanical Rules, and are able to diſcover no Beauties that are not pointed out by *Bouhours* and *Rapin*. The Letter is as follows:

Comrade, From the Camp before Mons, Sept. 26.

'I Received Yours, and am glad your ſelf
'and your Wife are in good Health, with
'all the reſt of my Friends. Our Battalion
'ſuffered more than I could wiſh in the Action;
'But who can withſtand Fate? Poor *Richard*
'*Stephenſon*

'*Stephenſon* had his Fate with a great many
'more: He was killed dead before we entered
'the Trenches. We had above 200 of our
'Battalion killed and wounded: We loſt 10
'Serjeants; 6 are as followeth, *Jenings*, *Caſtles*,
'*Roach*, *Sherring*, *Meyrick*, and my Son *Smith*.
'The reſt are not your Acquaintance. I have
'received a very bad Shot in my Head my ſelf,
'but am in Hopes, and pleaſe God, I ſhall re-
'cover. I continue in the Field, and lie at my
'Colonel's Quarters. *Arthur* is very well;
'but I can give you no Account of *Elms*; he
'was in the Hoſpital before I came into the
'Field. I will not pretend to give you an
'Account of the Battle, knowing you have a
'better in the Prints. Pray give my Service
'to Mrs. *Cook* and her Daughter, to Mr. *Stoffet*
'and his Wife, and to Mr. *Lyver*, and *Thomas*
'*Hogſdon*, and to Mr. *Ragdell*, and to all my
'Friends and Acquaintance in general who do
'ask after me: My Love to Mrs. *Stephenſon*. I
'am ſorry for the ſending ſuch ill News. Her
'Husband was gathering a little Money toge-
'ther to ſend to his Wife, and put it into my
'Hands. I have Seven Shillings and Three
'Pence, which I ſhall take Care to ſend her;
'wiſhing your Wife a ſafe Delivery, and both
'of you all Happineſs, reſt

Your aſſured Friend,
and Comrade,

John Hall.

'We

'We had but an indifferent Breakfaſt, but 'the Mounſeers never had ſuch a Dinner in all 'their Lives.

'My kind Love to my Comrade *Hinton*, 'and Mrs. *Morgan*, and to *John Brown* and his 'Wife. I ſent Two Shillings, and *Stephenſon* 'Sixpence, to drink with you at Mr. *Cook*'s; 'but I have heard nothing from him. It was 'by Mr. *Edgar*.

'Corporal *Hartwell* deſires to be remembred 'to you, and deſires you to enquire of *Edgar*, 'what is become of his Wife *Pegg*; and when 'you write, to ſend Word in your Letter what 'Trade ſhe drives.

'We have here very bad Weather, which I 'doubt will be a Hindrance to the Siege; but 'I am in Hopes we ſhall be Maſters of the 'Town in a little Time, and then I believe we 'ſhall go to Garriſon.

I ſaw the Criticks prepared to nibble at my Letter; therefore examined it my ſelf, partly in their Way, and partly my own. This is (ſaid I) truly a *Letter*, and an honeſt Repreſentation of that chearful Heart which accompanies the poor Soldier in his Warfare. Is not there in this all the Topick of ſubmitting to our Deſtiny as well diſcuſſed, as if a greater Man had been placed, like *Brutus* in his Tent at Midnight, reflecting on all the Occurrences of paſt Life, and ſaying fine Things on Being it ſelf? What Serjeant *Hall* knows of the Matter, is, that he wiſhes there had not been ſo many killed, and he had himſelf a very bad

Stho

Shot in the Head, and ſhould recover if it pleaſe God. But be that as it will, he takes Care, like a Man of Honour, as he certainly is, to let the Widow *Stephenſon* know, that he had Seven and three Pence for her; and that if he lives, he is ſure he ſhall go into Garriſon at laſt. I doubt not but all the good Company at the *Red Lettice* drank his Health with as much real Eſteem as we do any of our Friends. All that I am concerned for, is, that Mrs. *Peggy Hartwell* may be offended at ſhowing this Letter, becauſe her Conduct in Mr. *Hartwell*'s Abſence is a little enquired into. But I could not ſink that Circumſtance, becauſe you Criticks would have loſt one of the Parts which I doubt not but you have much to ſay upon, Whether the Familiar Way is well hit in this Style or not? As for my ſelf, I take a very particular Satisfaction in ſeeing any Letter that is fit only for thoſe to read who are concern'd in it, but eſpecially on ſuch a Subject.

If we conſider the Heap of an Army, utterly out of all Proſpect of Riſing and Preferment, as they certainly are, and ſuch great Things executed by them, it is hard to account for the Motive of their Gallantry. But to me, who was a Cadet at the Battle of *Coldſtream* in *Scotland*, when *Monk* charged at the Head of the Regiment, now called *Coldſtream* from the Victory of that Day; (I remember it as well as if it were Yeſterday) I ſtood on the Left of old *Weſt*, who I believe is now at *Chelſea*; I ſay, to me, who know very well this Part of Mankind, I take the Gallantry of private Soldiers

to proceed from the ſame, if not from a nobler, Impulſe than that of Gentlemen and Officers. They have the ſame Taſte of being acceptable to their Friends, and go thro' the Difficulties of that Profeſſion by the ſame irreſiſtible Charm of Fellowſhip, and the Communication of Joys and Sorrows, which quickens the Reliſh of Pleaſure, and abates the Anguiſh of Pain. Add to this, that they have the ſame Regard to Fame, though they do not expect ſo great a Share as Men above them hope for; but I'll engage, Serjeant *Hall* would die Ten Thouſand Deaths, rather than a Word ſhould be ſpoken at the *Red-Lettice*, or any Part of the *Butcher-Row*, in Prejudice to his Courage or Honeſty. If you will have my Opinion then of the Serjeant's Letter, I pronounce the Style to be mixed, but truly Epiſtolary; the Sentiment relating to his own Wound, is in the Sublime; the Poſtſcript of *Pegg Hartwell*, in the gay; and the Whole, the Picture of the braveſt Sort of Men, that is to ſay, a Man of great Courage, and ſmall Hopes.

From my own Apartment, October 28.

When I came Home this Evening, I found, after many Attempts to vary my Thoughts, that my Head ſtill ran upon the Subject of the Diſcourſe to Night at *Will*'s. I fell therefore into the Amuſement of proportioning the Glory of a Battle among the whole Army, and dividing it into Shares, according to the Method of the Million-Lottery. In this Bank of Fame, by an exact Calculation, and the Rules of Political

litical Arithmetick, I have allotted Ten hundred thouſand Shares; Five hundred thouſand of which is the Due of the General, Two hundred thouſand I aſſign to the General Officers, and Two hundred thouſand more to all the Commiſſioned Officers, from Colonels to Enſigns; the remaining Hundred Thouſand muſt be diſtributed among the Non-Commiſſion'd Officers, and private Men: According to which Computation, I find Serjeant *Hall* is to have one Share and a Fraction of two Fifths. When I was a Boy at *Oxford*, there was among the Antiquities near the Theatre a great Stone, on which were engraven the Names of all who fell in the Battle of *Marathon*. The generous and knowing People of *Athens* underſtood the Force of the Deſire of Glory, and would not let the meaneſt Soldier periſh in Oblivion. Were the natural Impulſe of the *Britiſh* Nation animated with ſuch Monuments, What Man would be ſo mean, as not to hazard his Life for his Ten hundred thouſandth Part of the Honour in ſuch a Day as that of *Blenheim* or *Blaregnies*.

The TATLER. [N° 88.

From *Saturday*, *October* 29. to *Tueſday*, *November* 1. 1709.

White's Chocolate-houſe, *October* 31.

I Have lately received a Letter from a Friend in the Country, wherein he acquaints me, That two or three Men of the Town are got

among them, and have brought down particular Words and Phraſes, which were never before in thoſe Parts. He mentions in particular the Words *Gunner* and *Gunſter*, which my Correſpondent obſerves they make uſe of when any Thing has been related that is ſtrange and ſurprizing; and therefore deſires I would explain thoſe Terms, as I have many others; for the Information of ſuch as live at a Diſtance from this Town and Court, which he calls the great Mints of Language. His Letter is dated from *York*; and (if he tells me Truth) a Word in its ordinary Circulation does not reach that City within the Space of Five Years after it is firſt ſtamp'd. I cannot ſay how long theſe Words have been current in Town, but I ſhall now take Care to ſend them down by the next Poſt.

I muſt in the firſt Place obſerve, That the Words *Gunner* and *Gunſter* are not to be uſed promiſcuouſly; for a Gunner, properly ſpeaking, is not a Gunſter; nor is a Gunſter, *vice verſa*, a Gunner. They both indeed are derived from the Word Gun, and ſo far they agree. But as a Gun is remarkable for its deſtroying at a Diſtance, or for the Report it makes, which is apt to ſtartle all its Hearers, thoſe who recount ſtrange Accidents and Circumſtances, which have no Manner of Foundation in Truth, when they deſign to do Miſchief, are comprehended under the Appellation of Gunners; but when they endeavour only to ſurpriſe and entertain, they are diſtinguiſhed by the Name of Gunſters. Gunners therefore are the Peſt of Society; but the Gunſters often

the

the Diverſion. The Gunner is deſtructive, and hated; the Gunſter innocent, and laughed at The firſt is prejudicial to others, the other only to himſelf.

This being premiſed, I muſt in the next Place ſubdivide the Gunner into ſeveral Branches: All or the chief of which are I think as follow:

Firſt, The Bombardeer.
Secondly, The Miner.
Thirdly, The Squib.
Fourthly, The Serpent.

And *Firſt*, Of the Firſt. The Bombardeer toſſes his Balls ſometimes into the Midſt of a City, with a Deſign to fill all around him with Terror and Combuſtion. He has been ſometimes known to drop a Bomb in a Senate-houſe, and to ſcatter a Pannick over a Nation. But his chief Aim is at ſeveral eminent Stations, which he looks upon as the faireſt Marks, and uſes all his Skill to do Execution upon thoſe who poſſeſs them. Every Man ſo ſituated, let his Merit be never ſo great, is ſure to undergo a Bombardment. It is further obſerved, that the only Way to be out of Danger from the Burſting of a Boom, is to lie proſtrate on the Ground; a Poſture too abject for generous Spirits.

Secondly, The Miner.

As the Bombardeer levels his Miſchief at Nations and Cities, the Miner buſies himſelf in ruining and overturning private Houſes and particular Perſons. He often acts as a Spy, in diſcovering the ſecret Avenues and unguarded

Acceſſes of Families, where, after he has made his proper Diſcoveries and Diſpoſitions, he ſets ſudden Fire to his Train, that blows up Families, ſcatters Friends, ſeparates Lovers, diſperſes Kindred, and ſhakes a whole Neighbourhood.

It is to be noted, that ſeveral Females are great Proficients in this Way of Engineering. The Marks by which they are to be known, are a wonderful Sollicitude for the Reputation of their Friends, and a more than ordinary Concern for the Good of their Neighbours. There is alſo in them ſomething ſo very like Religion, as may deceive the Vulgar; but if you look upon it more nearly, you ſee on it ſuch a Caſt of Cenſoriouſneſs, as diſcovers it to be nothing but Hypocriſy. *Cleomilla* is a great Inſtance of a Female Miner: But as my Deſign is to expoſe only the Incorrigible, let her be ſilent for the future, and I ſhall be ſo too.

Thirdly, The Squib.

The Squibs are thoſe who in the common Phraſe of the World are called Libellers, Lampooners, and Pamphleteers. Their Fire-works are made up in Paper; and it is obſerved, that they mix abundance of Charcoal in their Powder, that they may be ſure to blacken where they cannot ſinge. Theſe are obſerved to give a Conſternation and Diſturbance only to weak Minds; which, according to the Proverb, are always more afraid than hurt.

Fourthly, Serpents.

The Serpents are a pretty Kind of Gunners, more pernicious than any of the reſt. They make

make uſe of a Sort of White Powder, that goes off without any violent Crack, but gives a gentle Sound, much like that of a Whiſper; and is more deſtructive in all Parts of Life than any of the Materials made uſe of by any of the Fraternity.

Come we now to the *Gunſters*.

This Race of Engineers deals altogether in Wind-Guns, which by recoiling often, knock down thoſe who diſcharge them without hurting any body elſe; and according to the various Compreſſions of the Air, make ſuch ſtrange Squeaks, Cracks, Pops, and Bounces, as it is impoſſible to hear without Laughing. 'Tis obſervable however, that there is a Diſpoſition in a Gunſter to become a Gunner; and though their proper Inſtruments are only loaden with Wind, they often, out of Wantonneſs, fire a Bomb, or ſpring a Mine, out of their natural Inclination to Engineering; by which Means they do Miſchief when they don't deſign it, and have their Bones broken when they don't deſerve it.

This Sort of Engineers are the moſt unaccountable Race of Men in the World: Some of them have received above an Hundred Wounds and yet have not a Scar in their Bodies; ſome have debauched Multitudes of Women who have died Maids. You may be with them from Morning till Night, and the next Day they ſhall tell you a Thouſand Adventures that happened when you were with them, which you know nothing of. They have a Quality of having been preſent at every Thing

they hear related; and never heard a Man commended, who was not their intimate Acquaintance, if not their Kinſman.

I hope theſe Notes may ſerve as a rough Draught for a new Eſtabliſhment of Engineers, which I ſhall hereafter fill up with proper Perſons, according to my own Obſervations on their Conduct, having already had one recommended to me for the General of my Artillery. But that, and all the other Poſts, I intend to keep open, till I can inform my ſelf of the Candidates, having reſolved in this Caſe to depend no more upon their Friend's Word, than I would upon their own.

From my own Apartment, October 31.

I was this Morning awaked by a ſudden Shake of the Houſe; and as ſoon as I had got a little out of my Conſternation, I felt another, which was followed by Two or Three Repetitions of the ſame Convulſion. I got up as faſt as poſſible, girt on my Rapier, and ſnatched up my Hat, when my Landlady came up to me, and told me, That the Gentlewoman of the next Houſe begged me to ſtep thither; for that a Lodger ſhe had taken in was run mad, and ſhe deſired my Advice; as indeed every Body in the whole Lane does upon important Occaſions. I am not like ſome Artiſts, ſawcy, becauſe I can be beneficial, but went immediately. Our Neighbour told us, ſhe had the Day before let her Second Floor to a very genteel youngiſh Man, who told her, he kept extraordinary good Hours, and was generally at Home moſt Part of the Morning and Evening

at

at Study; but that this Morning he had for an Hour together made this extravagant Noiſe which we then heard. I went up Stairs with my Hand upon the Hilt of my Rapier, and approached this new Lodger's Door. I looked in at the Key-hole, and there I ſaw a well-made Man look with great Attention on a Book, and on a ſudden, jump into the Air ſo high, that his Head almoſt touched the Cieling. He came down ſafe on his Right Foot, and again flew up alighting on his Left; then looked again at his Book, and holding out his Right Leg, put it into ſuch a quivering Motion, that I thought he would have ſhaked it off. He uſed the Left after the ſame Manner, when on a ſudden, to my great Surprize, he ſtooped himſelf incredibly low, and turned gently on his Toes. After this circular Motion, he continued bent in that humble Poſture for ſome Time, looking on his Book. After this, he recovered himſelf with a ſudden Spring, and flew round the Room in all the Violence and Diſorder imaginable, till he made a full Pauſe for Want of Breath. In this Interim my Women asked what I thought: I whiſper'd, That I thought this learned Perſon an Enthuſiaſt, who poſſibly had his firſt Education in the Peripatetick Way, which was a Sect of Philoſophers who always ſtudied when walking. But obſerving him much out of Breath, I thought it the beſt Time to maſter him if he were diſorder'd, and knock'd at his Door. I was ſurprized to find him open it, and ſay with great Civility and good Mien, That he hoped he had

not

not diſturbed us. I believed him in a lucid Interval, and deſired he'd pleaſe to let me ſee his Book. He did ſo, ſmiling. I could not make any Thing of it, and therefore asked in what Language it was writ. He ſaid, It was one he ſtudied with great Application; but it was his Profeſſion to teach it, and could not communicate his Knowledge without a Conſideration. I anſwer'd, That I hoped he would hereafter keep his Thoughts to himſelf; for his Meditation this Morning had coſt me Three Coffee-Diſhes, and a clean Pipe. He ſeemed concern'd at that, and told me, he was a Dancing-Maſter, and had been reading a Dance or Two before he went out, which had been written by one who taught at an Academy in *France*. He obſerved me at a Stand, and went on to inform me, That now articulate Motions, as well as Sounds, were expreſſed by proper Characters; and that there is nothing ſo common as to communicate a Dance by a Letter. I beſeeched him hereafter to meditate in a Ground-Room, for that otherwiſe it would be impoſſible for an Artiſt of any other Kind to live near him; and that I was ſure, ſeveral of his Thoughts this Morning would have ſhaken my Spectacles off my Noſe, had I been my ſelf at Study.

I then took my Leave of this Virtuoſo, and return'd to my Chamber, meditating on the various Occupations of Rational Creatures.

The TATLER. [N° 89.

Rura mihi placeant, riguique in Vallibus Amnes,
Flumina Arnem Sylvaſque inglorius ——

From *Tueſday, November* 1. to *Thurſday, November* 3. 1709.

Grecian Coffee-houſe, November 2.

I have received this ſhort Epiſtle from an unknown Hand;

SIR,

'I Have no more to trouble you with, than 'to deſire you would in your next help 'me to ſome Anſwer to the Incloſed concern-'ing your ſelf. In the Mean Time I congra-'tulate you upon the Increaſe of your Fame, 'which you ſee has extended it ſelf beyond 'the Bills of Mortality.

SIR,

THat the Country is barren of News, has been the Excuſe Time out of Mind for dropping a Correſpondence with our Friends in London; *as if it were impoſſible out of a Coffee-houſe to write an agreeable Letter. I am too ingenuous to endeavour at the covering of my Negligence with ſo common an Excuſe. Doubtleſs, amongſt Friends bred as we have been, to the Knowledge of Books as well as Men, a Letter dated from a Garden, a Grotto, a Fountain, a Wood, a Meadow, or the Banks of a River,*

River, may be more entertaining, than one from Tom's, Will's, White's, *or St.* Jame's. *I promiſe therefore to be frequent for the future in my rural Dates to you: But for fear you ſhould, from what I have ſaid, be induced to believe I ſhun the Commerce of Men, I muſt inform you, That there is a freſh Topick of Diſcourſe lately riſen amongſt the Ingenious in our Part of the World, and is become the more faſhionable for the Ladies giving into it. This we owe to* Iſaac Bickerſtaff, *who is very much cenſured by ſome, and as much juſtified by others. Some criticiſe his Style, his Humour and his Matter; others admire the whole Man: Some pretend, from the Informations of their Friends in Town, to decipher the Author; and others confeſs they are loſt in their Gueſſes. For my Part, I muſt own my ſelf a profeſſed Admirer of the Paper, and deſire you to ſend me a compleat Set, together with your Thoughts of the 'Squire, and his Lucubrations.*

There is no Pleaſure like that of receiving Praiſe from the Praiſe-worthy; and I own it a very ſolid Happineſs, that theſe my Lucubrations are approved by a Perſon of ſo fine a Taſte as the Author of this Letter, who is capable of enjoying the World in the Simplicity of its natural Beauties. This Paſtoral Letter, if I may ſo call it, muſt be written by a Man who carries his Entertainment wherever he goes, and is undoubtedly one of thoſe happy Men who appear far otherwiſe to the Vulgar. I dare ſay, he is not envied by the Vicious, the Vain, the Frolick, and the Loud; but is continually bleſſed with that ſtrong and

ſerious

ſerious Delight which flows from a well-taught and liberal Mind. With great Reſpect to Country Sports, I may ſay, this Gentleman could paſs his Time agreeably, if there were not a Hare or a Fox in his County. That calm and elegant Satisfaction which the Vulgar call Melancholy, is the true and proper Delight of Men of Knowledge and Virtue. What we take for Diverſion, which is a kind of forgetting our ſelves, is but a mean Way of Entertainment, in Compariſon of that which is conſidering, knowing, and enjoying our ſelves. The Pleaſures of ordinary People are in their Paſſions; but the Seat of this Delight is in the Reaſon and Underſtanding. Such a Frame of Mind raiſes that ſweet Enthuſiaſm which warms the Imagination at the Sight of every Work of Nature, and turns all round you into Picture and Landskip. I ſhall be ever proud of Advices from this Gentleman; for I profeſs writing News from the learned, as well as the buſie World.

As for my Labours, which he is pleaſed to enquire after, if they can but wear one Impertinence out of humane Life, deſtroy a ſingle Vice, or give a Morning's Chearfulneſs to an honeſt Mind: In ſhort, if the World can be but one Virtue the better, or in any Degree leſs vicious, or receive from them the ſmalleſt Addition to their innocent Diverſions, I ſhall not think my Pains, or indeed my Life, to have been ſpent in vain.

Thus far as to my Studies. It will be expected I ſhould in the next Place give ſome Account

count of my Life. I ſhall therefore, for the Satisfaction of the preſent Age, and the Benefit of Poſterity, preſent the World with the following Abridgement of it.

It is remarkable, that I was bred by Hand, and eat nothing but Milk till I was a Twelvemonth old; from which Time, to the 8th Year of my Age, I was obſerved to delight in Pudding and Potatoes; and indeed I retain a Benevolence for that Sort of Food to this Day. I do not remember that I diſtinguiſhed my ſelf in any Thing at thoſe Years, but by my great Skill at Taw, for which I was ſo barbarouſly uſed, that it has ever ſince given me an Averſion to Gaming. In my Twelfth Year, I ſuffered very much for Two or Three falſe Concords. At Fifteen, I was ſent to the Univerſity, and ſtayed there for ſome Time; but a Drum paſſing by, (being a Lover of Muſick) I liſted my ſelf for a Soldier. As Years came on, I began to examine Things, and grew diſcontented at the Times. This made me quit the Sword, and take to the Study of the Occult Sciences, in which I was ſo wrap'd up, that *Oliver Cromwell* had been buried, and taken up again, Five Years before I heard he was dead. This gave me firſt the Reputation of a Conjurer, which has been of great Diſadvantage to me ever ſince, and kept me out of all Publick Employments. The greater Part of my later Years has been divided between *Dick*'s Coffee-houſe, the *Trumpet* in *Sheer-lane*, and my own Lodgings.

From

From my own Apartment, November 2.

The Evil of unſeaſonable Viſits has been complained of to me with much Vehemence by Perſons of both Sexes; and I am deſired to conſider this very important Circumſtance, that Men may know how to regulate their Conduct in an Affair which concerns no leſs than Life it ſelf. For to a rational Creature, it is almoſt the ſame Cruelty to attack his Life, by robbing him of ſo many Moments of his Time, or ſo many Drops of his Blood. The Author of the following Letter has a juſt Delicacy in this Point, and hath put it into a very good Light.

Mr. Bickerſtaff, Octob. 29.

I Am very much afflicted with the Gravel, which makes me ſick and peeviſh. I deſire to know of you, if it be reaſonable that any of my Acquaintance ſhould take Advantage over me at this Time, and afflict me with long Viſits, becauſe they are idle, and I am confined. Pray Sir, reform the Town in this Matter. Men never conſider whether the ſick Perſon be diſpoſed for Company, but make their Viſits to humour themſelves. You may talk upon this Topick, ſo as to oblige all Perſons afflicted with Chronical Diſtempers, among which I reckon Viſits. Don't think me a ſowr Man, for I love Converſation and my Friends; but I think ones moſt intimate Friend may be too familiar; and that there are ſuch Things as unſeaſonable Wit, and painful Mirth.

It is with ſome ſo hard a Thing to employ their Time, that it is a great good Fortune when

when they have a Friend indiſpoſed, that they may be punctual in perplexing him, when he is recovered enough to be in that State which cannot be called Sickneſs or Health; when he is too well to deny Company, and too ill to receive them. It is no uncommon Caſe, if a Man is of any Figure or Power in the World, to be congratulated into a Relapſe.

Will's Coffee-houſe, November 2.

I was very well pleaſed this Evening, to hear a Gentleman expreſs a very becoming Indignation againſt a Practice which I my ſelf have been very much offended at. There is nothing (ſaid he) more ridiculous, than for an Actor to inſert Words of his own in the Part he is to act, ſo that it is impoſſible to ſee the Poet for the Player; You'll have *Pinkethman* and *Bullock* helping out *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*. It puts me in Mind (continued he) of a Collection of antique Statues which I once ſaw in a Gentleman's Poſſeſſion, who employ'd a neighbouring Stone-Cutter to add Noſes, Ears, Arms, or Legs, to the maimed Works of *Phidias* or *Praxiteles*. You may be ſure this Addition disfigured the Statues much more than Time had. I remember a *Venus*, that by the Noſe he had given her, looked like Mother *Shipton*; and a *Mercury*, with a Pair of Legs that ſeemed very much ſwelled with a Dropſy.

I thought the Gentleman's Obſervations very proper; and he told me, I had improved his Thought, in mentioning on this Occaſion thoſe wiſe Commentators who had filled up the Hemiſticks of *Virgil*; particularly that notable Poet,

Poet, who, to make the *Æneid* more perfect, carried on the Story to *Lavinia*'s Wedding. If the proper Officer will not condeſcend to take Notice of theſe Abſurdities, I ſhall my ſelf, as a Cenſor of the People, animadvert upon ſuch Proceedings.

The TATLER. [N° 90.

—— Amoto quæramus Seria Ludo. Hor.

From *Thurſday, November* 3. to *Saturday, November* 5. 1709.

Will's Coffee-houſe November 4.

THE Paſſion of Love happened to be the Subject of Diſcourſe between Two or Three of us at the Table of the Poets this Evening; and among other Obſervations, it was remarked, that the ſame Sentiment on this Paſſion had run through all Languages and Nations. *Menmius*, who has a very good Taſte, fell into a little Sort of Diſſertation on this Occaſion. It is (ſaid he) remarkable, that no Paſſion has been treated by all who have touched upon it with the ſame Bent of Deſign but this. The Poets, the Moraliſts, the Painters, in all their Deſcriptions, Allegories, and Pictures, have repreſented it as a ſoft Torment, a bitter Sweet, a pleaſing Pain, or an agreeable Diſtreſs, and have only expreſſed the ſame Thought in a different Manner.

The joining of Pleaſure and Pain together in ſuch Devices, ſeems to me the only pointed Thought I ever read which is natural; and it muſt have proceeded from its being the univerſal Senſe and Experience of Mankind, that they have all ſpoken of it in the ſame Manner. I have in my own Reading remarked an Hundred and Three Epigrams, Fifty Odes, and Ninety one Sentences, tending to this ſole Purpoſe.

It is certain, there is no other Paſſion which does produce ſuch contrary Effects in ſo great a Degree. But this may be ſaid for Love, that if you ſtrike it out of the Soul, Life would be inſipid, and our Being but half animated. Humane Nature would ſink into Deadneſs and Lethargy, if not quickned with ſome active Principle; and as for all others, whether Ambition, Envy, or Avarice, which are apt to poſſeſs the Mind in the Abſence of this Paſſion, it muſt be allowed that they have greater Pains, without the Compenſation of ſuch exquiſite Pleaſures as thoſe we find in Love. The great Skill is to heighten the Satisfactions, and deaden the Sorrows of it, which has been the End of many of my Labours, and ſhall continue to be ſo for the Service of the World in general, and in Particular of the Fair Sex, who are always the beſt or the worſt Part of it. It is pity that a Paſſion, which has in it a Capacity of making Life happy, ſhould not be cultivated to the utmoſt Advantage. Reaſon, Prudence, and good Nature, rightly apply'd, can throughly accompliſh this great End, provi-

ded

ded they have always a real and conſtant Love to work upon. But this Subject I ſhall treat more at large in the Hiſtory of my married Siſter; and in the mean Time ſhall conclude my Reflection on the Pains and Pleaſures which attend this Paſſion with one of the fineſt Allegories which I think I have ever read. It is invented by the Divine *Plato*, and to ſhow the Opinion he himſelf had of it, aſcribed by him to his admir'd *Socrates*, whom he repreſents as diſcourſing with his Friends, and giving the Hiſtory of Love in the following Manner:

At the Birth of *Beauty* (ſays he) there was a great Feaſt made, and many Gueſts invited: Among the reſt, was the God *Plenty*, who was the Son of the Goddeſs *Prudence*, and inherited many of his Mother's Virtues. After a full Entertainment, he retired into the Garden of *Jupiter*, which was hung with a great Variety of Ambroſial Fruits, and ſeems to have been a very proper Retreat for ſuch a Gueſt. In the mean Time an unhappy Female, called *Poverty*, having heard of this great Feaſt, repaired to it in Hopes of finding Relief. The firſt Place ſhe lights upon was *Jupiter*'s Garden, which generally ſtands open to People of all Conditions. *Poverty* enters, and by Chance finds the God *Plenty* aſleep in it. She was immediately fired with his Charms, laid her ſelf down by his Side, and managed Matters ſo well, that ſhe conceived a Child by him. The World was very much in Suſpence upon the Occaſion, and could not imagine to themſelves what would be the Nature of an Infant that

was to have its Orignal from Two ſuch Parents. At the laſt, the Child appears; and who ſhould it be but *Love*. This Infant grew up, and proved in all his Behaviour what he really was, a Compound of oppoſite Beings. As he is the Son of *Plenty*, (who was the Offspring of *Prudence*) he is ſubtle, intriguing, full of Stratagems and Devices; as the Son of *Poverty*, he is fawning, begging, ſerenading, delighting to lie at a Threſhold, or beneath a Window. By the Father, he is audacious, full of Hopes, conſcious of Merit, and therefore quick of Reſentment: By the Mother, he is doubtful, timorous, mean-ſpirited, fearful of offending, and abject in Submiſſions. In the ſame Hour you may ſee him tranſported with Raptures, talking of immortal Pleaſures, and appearing ſatisfy'd as a God; and immediately after, as the mortal Mother prevails in his Compoſition, you behold him pining, languiſhing, deſpairing, dying.

I have been always wonderfully delighted with Fables, Allegories, and the like Inventions, which the politeſt and the beſt Inſtructors of Mankind have always made Uſe of: They take off from the Severity of Inſtruction, and inforce it at the ſame Time that they conceal it: The ſuppoſing *Love* to be conceived immediately after the Birth of *Beauty*, the Parentage of *Plenty*, and the Inconſiſtency of this Paſſion with its ſelf ſo naturally derived to it, are great Maſter-Strokes in this Fable; and if they fell into good Hands, might furniſh out a more pleaſing Canto than any in *Spencer*.

From

From my own Apartment, November 4.

I came home this Evening in a very penſive Mood; and to divert me, took up a Volume of *Shakeſpear*, where I chanced to caſt my Eye upon a Part in the Tragedy of *Richard the Third*, which filled my Mind with a very agreeable Horror. It was the Scene in which that bold, but wicked Prince, is repreſented as ſleeping in his Tent, the Night before the Battle in which he fell. The Poet takes that Occaſion to ſet before him in a Viſion a terrible Aſſembly of Apparitions, the Ghoſts of all thoſe innocent Perſons whom he is ſaid to have murther'd. Prince *Edward*, *Henry* VI. the Duke of *Clarence*, *Rivers*, *Gray*, and *Vaughan*, Lord *Haſtings*, the Two young Princes Sons to *Edward* IV. his own Wife, and the Duke of *Buckingham*, riſe up in their Blood before him, beginning their Speeches with that dreadful Salutation, *Let me ſit heavy on thy Soul to Morrow*; and concluding with that diſmal Sentence, *Deſpair and die.* This inſpires the Tyrant with a Dream of his paſt Guilt, and of the approaching Vengeance. He anticipates the fatal Day of *Boſworth*, fancies himſelf diſmounted, weltring in his own Blood; and in the Agonies of Deſpair, (before he is thoroughly awake) ſtarts up with the following Speech:

Give me another Horſe—Bind up my Wounds!
Have Mercy Jeſu——Soft, I did but dream.
Oh Coward Conſcience! How doſt thou afflict me?
The Lights burn blue! Is it not dead Midnight?
Cold fearful Drops ſtand on my trembling Fleſh;
What do I fear? My ſelf! &c.

A Scene written with ſo great Strength of Imagination, indiſpoſed me from further Reading, and threw me into a deep Contemplation. I began to reflect upon the different Ends of good and bad Kings; and as this was the Birth-Day of our late Renowned Monarch, I could not forbear thinking on the Departure of that excellent Prince, whoſe Life was crowned with Glory, and his Death with Peace. I let my Mind go ſo far into this Thought, as to imagine to my ſelf, what might have been the Viſion of his departing Slumbers. He might have ſeen Confederate Kings applauding him in different Languages, Slaves that had been bound in Fetters lifting up their Hands and bleſſing him, and the Perſecuted in their ſeverral Forms of Worſhip imploring Comfort on his laſt Moments. The Reflection upon this excellent Prince's Mortality had been a very melancholy Entertainment to me, had I not been relieved by the Conſideration of the glorious Reign which ſucceeds it.

We now ſee as great a Virtue as ever was on the *Britiſh* Throne, ſurrounded with all the Beauty of Succeſs. Our Nation may not only boaſt of a long Series of great, regular, and well-laid Deſigns, but alſo of Triumphs and Victories; while we have the Happineſs to ſee our Sovereign exerciſe that true Policy which tends to make a Kingdom great and happy, and at the ſame Time enjoy the good and glorious Effect of it.

The

The TATLER. [N°91.

From *Saturday*, *November* 5. to *Tueſday*, *November* 7. 1709.

From my own Apartment, *November* 7.

I Was very much ſurprized this Evening with a Viſit from one of the Top Toaſts of the Town, who came privately in a Chair, and bolted into my Room, while I was reading a Chapter of *Agrippa* upon the Occult Sciences; but as ſhe entered with all the Air and Bloom that Nature ever beſtowed on Woman, I threw down the Conjurer, and met the Charmer. I had no ſooner placed her at my Right Hand by the Fire, but ſhe opened to me the Reaſon of her Viſit. 'Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, (ſaid the fine Creature) I have 'been your Correſpondent ſome Time, tho' I 'never ſaw you before; I have writ by the 'Name of *Maria*. You have told me you were 'too far gone in Life to think of Love; there-'fore I am anſwered as to the Paſſion ſpoke 'of, and (continued ſhe ſmiling) will not 'ſtay till you grow young again, (as you Men 'never fail to do in your Dotage) but am come 'to conſult you about diſpoſing of my ſelf to 'another. My Perſon you ſee; my Fortune is 'very conſiderable; but I am at preſent under 'much Perplexity how to act in a great Con-'juncture. I have Two Lovers, *Craſſus* and '*Lorio*. *Craſſus* is prodigiouſly rich, but has 'no one diſtinguiſhing Quality; tho' at the 'ſame Time he is not remarkable on the de-

'fective Side. *Lorio* has travelled, is well-bred, 'pleasant in Discourse, discreet in his Conduct, 'agreeable in his Person; and with all this, he 'has a Competency of Fortune without Superfluity. When I consider *Lorio*, my Mind is 'filled with an Idea of the great Satisfactions of 'a pleasant Conversation. When I think of '*Crassus*, my Equipage, numerous Servants, gay 'Liveries, and various Dresses, are opposed to 'the Charms of his Rival. In a Word, when 'I cast my Eyes upon *Lorio*, I forget and despise 'Fortune; when I behold *Crassus*, I think only 'of pleasing my Vanity, and enjoying an un-'controuled Expence in all the Pleasures of 'Life, except Love. She paused here.

Madam, said I, I am confident you have not stated your Case with Sincerity, and that there is some secret Pang which you have concealed from me: For I see by your Aspect the Generosity of your Mind; and that open ingenuous Air lets me know, that you have too great a Sense of the generous Passion of Love, to prefer the Ostentation of Life in the Arms of *Crassus*, to the Entertainments and Conveniencies of it in the Company of your beloved *Lorio*; for so he is indeed Madam. You speak his Name with a different Accent from the rest of your Discourse: The Idea his Image raises in you, gives new Life to your Features, and new Grace to your Speech. Nay, blush not, Madam, there is no Dishonour in loving a Man of Merit: I assure you, I am grieved at this dallying with your self, when you put another in Competition with him, for no other Reason but superior

Wealth.

Wealth. ‘To tell you then, ſaid ſhe, the Bot-
‘tom of my Heart, there's *Clotilda* lies by, and
‘plants her ſelf in the Way of *Craſſus*, and
‘I am confident will ſnap him, if I refuſe him.
‘I cannot bear to think that ſhe will ſhine a-
‘bove me. When our Coaches meet, to ſee
‘her Chariot hung behind with Four Footmen,
‘and mine with but Two: Hers, powder'd,
‘gay, and ſawcy, kept only for Show; mine,
‘a Couple of careful Rogues that are good for
‘ſomething: I own, I cannot bear that *Clo-*
‘*tilda* ſhould be in all the Pride and Wanton-
‘neſs of Wealth, and I only in the Eaſe and
‘Affluence of it.

Here I interrupted: Well, Madam, now I ſee your whole Affliction; you could be happy, but that you fear another would be happier: Or rather, you could be ſolidly happy, but that another is to be happy in Appearance. This is an Evil which you muſt get over, or never know Happineſs. We will put the Caſe, Madam, that you married *Craſſus*, and ſhe *Lorio*. She anſwered, Speak not of it ——I could tear her Eyes out at the Mention of it. Well then, I pronounce *Lorio* to be the Man; but I muſt tell you, that what we call Settling in the World, is in a Kind leaving it; and you muſt at once reſolve to keep your Thoughts of Happineſs within the reach of your Fortune, and not meaſure it by Compariſon with others.

But indeed, Madam, when I behold that beauteous Form of yours, and conſider the Generality of your Sex, as to their Diſpoſal of themſelves in Marriage, or their Parents doing it for

'em

'em without their own Approbation, I cannot but look upon all ſuch Matches as the moſt impudent Proſtitutions. Do but obſerve when you are at a Play, the familiar Wenches that ſit laughing among the Men. Theſe appear deteſtable to you in the Boxes: Each of 'em would give up her Perſon for a Guinea; and ſome of you would take the worſt there for Life for Twenty Thouſand. If ſo, How do you differ but in Price? As to the Circumſtance of Marriage, I take that to be hardly an Alteration of the Caſe; for Wedlock is but a more ſolemn Proſtitution, where there is not an Union of Minds. You would hardly believe it, but there have been Deſigns even upon me.

A Neighbour in this very Lane, who knows I have, by leading a very wary Life, laid up a little Money, had a great Mind to marry me to his Daughter. I was frequently invited to their Table: The Girl was always very pleaſant and agreeable. After Dinner, Miſs *Molly* would be ſure to fill my Pipe for me, and put more Sugar than ordinary into my Coffee; for ſhe was ſure I was good-natured — If I chanced to hem, the Mother would applaud my Vigour; and has often ſaid on that Occaſion, I wonder, Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, you don't marry, I am ſure you would have Children. Things went ſo far, that my Miſtreſs preſented me with a Wrought Nightcap and a Lac'd Band of her own Working. I began to think of it in earneſt; but one Day, having an Occaſion to ride to *Iſlington*, as Two or Three People were lifting me upon my Pad, I ſpied her at a convenient Diſtance laughing at her

her Lover with a Parcel of Romps of her Acquaintance: One of them, who I ſuppoſe had the ſame Deſign upon me, told me ſhe ſaid, Do you ſee how briskly my old Gentleman mounts? This made me cut off my Amour, and to reflect with my ſelf, that no married Life could be ſo unhappy, as where the Wife propoſes no other Advantage from her Husband than that of making her ſelf fine, and keeping her out of the Dirt.

My fair Client burſt out a laughing at the Account I gave her of my Eſcape, and went away ſeemingly convinced of the Reaſonableneſs of my Diſcourſe to her.

Aſſoon as ſhe was gone, my Maid brought up the following Epiſtle, which by the Style, and the Deſcription ſhe gave of the Perſon, I ſuppoſe was left by *Nick Doubt*. Harkee, ſaid he, Girl, tell old *Basket-hilt*, I would have him anſwer it by the firſt Opportunity. What he ſays is this:

Iſaac,

YOU ſeem a very honeſt Fellow; therefore pray tell me, Did not you write that Letter in Praiſe of the 'Squire and his Lucubrations your ſelf? &c.

The greateſt Plague of Coxcombs is, that they often break upon you with an impertinent Piece of good Senſe, as this Jackanapes has hit me in a right Place enough. I muſt confeſs, I am as likely to play ſuch a Trick as another; but that Letter he ſpeaks of was really genuine. When I firſt ſet up, I thought it fair enough to let my ſelf know from all Parts that my Works were wonder-

wonderfully enquired for, and were become the Diverſion, as well as Inſtruction, of all the choice Spirits in every County of *Great Britain*. I do not doubt but the more intelligent of my Readers found it, before this *Jackanapes* (I can call him no better) took upon him to obſerve upon my Style and my Basket-hilt. A very pleaſant Gentleman of my Acquaintance told me one Day a Story of this Kind of Falſhood and Vanity in an Author.

Mævius ſhowed him a Paper of Verſes which he ſaid he had received that Morning by the Penny-Poſt from an unknown Hand. My Friend admired 'em extremely. Sir, ſaid he, this muſt come from a Man that's eminent: You ſee Fire, Life and Spirt, run through the Whole, and at the ſame Time a Correctneſs, which ſhows he is uſed to writing. Pray, Sir, read them over again. He begins again, Title and all; *To* Mævius *on his incomparable Poems*. The ſecond Reading was performed with much more Vehemence and Action than the former; after which my Friend fell into downright Raptures—Why, they are truly ſublime! There is Energy in this Line! Deſcription in that! Why, 'tis the Thing it ſelf! This is perfect Picture! *Mævius* could bear no more; but, Faith ſays he, *Ned*, to tell you the plain Truth, I writ them my ſelf.

There goes juſt ſuch another Story of the ſame paternal Tenderneſs in *Bavius*, an ingenious Contemporary of mine, who had writ ſeveral Comedies, which were rejected by the Players. This my Friend *Bavius* took for Envy, and therefore prevailed upon a Gentleman to go with

with him to the Play-houſe, and gave him a new Play of his, deſiring he would perſonate the Author, and read it, to baffle the Spite of the Actors. The Friend conſented, and to reading they went. They had not gone over three Similies, before *Roſcius* the Player made the acting Author ſtop, and deſired to know, What he meant by ſuch a Rapture? And how it came to paſs, that in this Condition of the Lover, inſtead of acting according to his Circumſtances, he ſpent his Time in conſidering what his preſent State was like? That is very true, ſays the Mock-Author, I believe we had as good ſtrike theſe Lines out. By your Leave, ſays *Mævius*, you ſhall not ſpoil your Play, you are too modeſt; thoſe very Lines, for ought I know, are as good as any in your Play, and they ſhall ſtand. Well, they go on, and the Particle *and* ſtood unfortunately at the End of a Verſe, and was made to rhime to the Word *ſtand*. This *Roſcius* excepted againſt. The new Poet gave up that too, and ſaid, he would not diſpute for a Monoſyllable—For a Monoſyllable, ſays the real Author! I can aſſure you, a Monoſyllable may be of as great Force as a Word of Ten Syllables. I tell you, Sir, *and* is the Connexion of the Mater in that Place; without that Word, you may put all that follows into any other Play as well as this. Beſides, if you leave it out, it will look as if you had put it in only for the Sake of the Rhime. *Roſcius* perſiſted, aſſuring the Gentleman, that it was impoſſible to ſpeak it but the *and* muſt be loſt; ſo it might as well be blotted out. *Bavius* ſnatched his Play out of their Hands,

Hands, ſaid they were both Blockheads, and went off; repeating a Couplet, becauſe he would not make his *Exit* irregularly. A witty Man of theſe Days compared this true and feigned Poet to the contending Mothers before *Solomon*: The true One was eaſily diſcovered from the Pretender, by refuſing to ſee his Offſpring diſſected.

The TATLER. [N° 92.

Falſus Honor juvat, & mendax Infamia terret
Quem niſi mendoſum & mendacem? —— Hor.

From *Tueſday, Nov.* 8. to *Thurſday, Nov.* 10. 1709.

White's Chocolate-houſe, November 9.

I Know no Manner of Speaking ſo offenſive as that of giving Praiſe, and cloſing it with an Exception; which proceeds (where Men do not do it to introduce Malice, and make Calumny more effectual) from the common Error of conſidering Man as a perfect Creature. But if we rightly examine Things, we ſhall find, that there is a Sort of Oeconomy in Providence, that one ſhall excel where another is defective, in order to make Men more uſeful to each other, and mix them in Society. This Man having this Talent, and that Man another, is as neceſſary in Converſation, as one profeſſing one Trade, and another another, is beneficial in Commerce. The happieſt Climate does not produce all Things; and it was ſo ordered, that one Part of the

the Earth ſhould want the Product of another, for uniting Mankind in a general Correſpondence and good Underſtanding. It is therefore Want of good Senſe as well as good Nature, to ſay, *Simplicius* has a better Judgment, but not ſo much Wit, as *Latius*; for that theſe have not each other's Capacities, is no more a Diminution to either, than if you ſhould ſay, *Simplicius* is not *Latius*, or *Latius* not *Simplicius*. The Heathen World had ſo little Notion that Perfection was to be expected amongſt Men, that among them any one Quality or Endowment in an Heroick Degree made a God. *Hercules* had Strength; but it was never objected to him that he wanted Wit. *Apollo* preſided over Wit, and it was never asked whether he had Strength. We hear no Exceptions againſt the Beauty of *Minerva*, or the Wiſdom of *Venus*. Theſe wiſe Heathens were glad to immortalize any one ſerviceable Gift, and overlook all Imperfections in the Perſon who had it: But with us it is far otherwiſe, for we reject many eminent Virtues, if they are accompanied with one apparent Weakneſs. The reflecting after this Manner, made me account for the ſtrange Delight Men take in reading Lampoons and Scandal, with which the Age abounds, and of which I receive frequent Complaints. Upon mature Conſideration, I find it is principally for this Reaſon, that the worſt of Mankind, the Libellers, receive ſo much Encouragement in the World. The low Race of Men take a ſecret Pleaſure in finding an eminent Character levelled to their Condition by a Report of its Defects, and keep themſelves

in

in Countenance, tho' they are excelled in a thouſand Virtues, if they believe they have in common with a great Perſon any one Fault. The Libeller falls in with this Humour, and gratifies this Baſeneſs of Temper, which is naturally an Enemy to extraordinary Merit. It is from this, that Libel and Satyr are promiſcuouſly joined together in the Notions of the Vulgar, tho' the Satyriſt and Libeller differ as much as the Magiſtrate and the Murderer. In the Conſideration of Humane Life, the Satyriſt never falls upon Perſons who are not glaringly faulty, and the Libeller on none but who are conſpicuouſly commendable. Were I to expoſe any Vice in a good or great Man, it ſhould certainly be by correcting it in ſome one where that Crime was the moſt diſtinguiſhing Part of the Character; as Pages are chaſtized for the Admonition of Princes. When it is performed otherwiſe, the Vicious are kept in Credit, by placing Men of Merit in the ſame Accuſation. But all the Paſquils, Lampoons and Libels, we meet with now-a-days, are a Sort of playing with the Four and twenty Letters, and throwing them into Names and Characters, without Senſe, Truth or Wit. In this Caſe, I am in great Perplexity to know whom they mean, and ſhould be in Diſtreſs for thoſe they abuſe, if I did not ſee their Judgment and Ingenuity in thoſe they commend. This is the true Way of examining a Libel; and when Men conſider, that no one Man living thinks the better of their Heroes and Patrons for the Panegyrick given 'em, none can think themſelves leſſen'd by their Invective. The Hero or Patron in

a Libel, is but a Scavenger to carry off the Dirt, and by that very Employment is the filthieſt Creature in the Street. Dedications and Panegyricks are frequently ridiculous, let 'em be addreſſed where they will; but at the Front, or in the Body of a Libel, to commend a Man, is ſaying to the Perſons applauded, *My Lord, or, Sir, I have pulled down all Men that the reſt of the World think Great and Honourable, and here is a clear Stage; you may as you pleaſe be valiant or wiſe; you may chooſe to be on the Military or Civil Liſt; for there is no one brave who commands, or juſt who has Power: You may rule the World now it is empty, which exploded you when it was full: I have knocked out the Brains of all whom Mankind thought good for any Thing; and I doubt not, but you will reward that Invention, which found out the only Expedient to make your Lordſhip, or your Worſhip, of any Conſideration.*

Had I the Honour to be in a Libel, and had eſcaped the Approbation of the Author, I ſhould look upon it exactly in this Manner. But tho' it is a Thing thus perfectly indifferent, who is exalted or debaſed in ſuch Performances, yet it is not ſo with Relation to the Authors of them: Therefore I ſhall, for the Good of my Country, hereafter take upon me to puniſh theſe Wretches. What is already paſſed, may die away according to its Nature, and continue in its preſent Oblivion; but for the future, I ſhall take Notice of ſuch Enemies to Honour and Virtue, and preſerve them to immortal Infamy. Their Names ſhall give freſh Offence many Ages hence, and be deteſted a Thouſand Years after the Com-

miſſion of their Crime. It ſhall not avail, that theſe Children of Infamy publiſh their Works under feigned Names, or under none at all; for I am ſo perfectly well acquainted with the Styles of all my Contemporaries, that I ſhall not fail of doing them Juſtice, with their proper Names, and at their full Length. Let therefore theſe Miſcreants enjoy their preſent Act of Oblivion, and take Care how they offend hereafter.

But to avert our Eyes from ſuch Objects, it is methinks but requiſite to ſettle our Opinion in the Caſe of Praiſe and Blame; and I believe, the only true Way to cure that Senſibility of Reproach, which is a common Weakneſs with the moſt virtuous Men, is to fix their Regard firmly upon only what is ſtrictly true, in Relation to their Advantage, as well as Diminution. For if I am pleaſed with Commendation which I do not deſerve, I ſhall from the ſame Temper be concerned at Scandal I do not deſerve. But he that can think of falſe Applauſe, with as much Contempt as falſe Detraction, will certainly be prepared for all Advantages, and will become all Occaſions. Undeſerved Praiſe can pleaſe only thoſe who want Merit, and undeſerved Reproach frighten only thoſe who want Sincerity. I have thought of this with ſo much Attention, that I fancy there can be no other Method in Nature found for the Cure of that Delicacy which gives good Men Pain under Calumny, but placing Satisfaction no where but in a juſt Senſe of their own Integrity, without Regard to the Opinion of others. If we have

not

not ſuch a Foundation as this, there is no Help againſt Scandal, but being in Obſcurity, which to noble Minds is not being at all. The Truth of it is, this Love of Praiſe dwells moſt in great and heroick Spirits; and thoſe who beſt deſerve it, have generally the moſt exquiſite Reliſh of it. Methinks I ſee the Renowned *Alexander*, after a painful and laborious March, amidſt the Heats of a parched Soil and a burning Climate, ſitting over the Head of a Fountain, and after a Draught of Water, pronounce that memorable Saying, Oh *Athenians!* How much do I ſuffer that you may ſpeak well of me? The *Athenians* were at that Time the Learned of the World, and their Libels againſt *Alexander* were written as he was a profeſſed Enemy of their State: But how monſtrous would ſuch Invectives have appeared in *Macedonians*?

As Love of Reputation is a darling Paſſion in great Men, ſo the Defence of them in this Particular is the Buſineſs of every Man of Honour and Honeſty. We ſhould run on ſuch an Occaſion (as if a Publick Building was on Fire) to their Relief; and all who ſpread or publiſh ſuch deteſtable Pieces as traduce their Merit, ſhould be uſed like Incendiaries. It is the common Cauſe of our Country, to ſupport the Reputation of thoſe who preſerve it againſt Invaders; and every Man is attacked in the Perſon of that Neighbour who deſerves well of him.

From my own Apartment, November 9.

The Chat I had to Day at *White*'s about Fame and Scandal, put me in Mind of a Perſon who has often writ to be regarded, and has a very

moderate Ambition in this Particular. His Name it ſeems is *Charles Lilly*, and he recommends himſelf to my Obſervation, as one that ſold Snuff next Door to the *Fountain-Tavern* in the *Strand*, and was burnt out when he began to have a Reputation in his Way.

Mr. Bickerſtaff,

I *Suppoſe, through a Hurry of Buſineſs, you have either forgot me, or loſt my laſt of this Nature; which was, to beg the Favour of being advantagiouſly expoſed in your Paper, chiefly for the Reputation of Snuff. Be pleaſed to pardon this Trouble, from,*

SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

C. L.

I am a Perfumer at the Corner of *Beauford-Buildings* in the *Strand*.

This ſame *Charles* leaves it to me to ſay what I will of him, and I am not a little pleaſed with the ingenuous Manner of his Addreſs. Taking Snuff is what I have declared againſt; but as his Holineſs the Pope allows Whoring for the Taxes raiſed by the Ladies of Pleaſure, ſo I, to repair the Loſs of an unhappy Trader, indulge all Perſons in that Cuſtom who buy of *Charles*. There is ſomething ſo particular in the Requeſt of the Man, that I ſhall ſend for him before me, and believe, I ſhall find he has a Genius for Bawbles: If ſo, I ſhall for ought I know, at his Shop, give Licenſed Canes to thoſe who are really lame, and Tubes to thoſe who are unfeignedly ſhort-ſighted; and forbid all others to vend the ſame.

The

The TATLER. [N° 93.

From *Thurſday*, *Nov.* 10. to *Saturday*, *Nov.* 12. 1709.

Will's Coffee-houſe, *November* 11.

THE *French* Humour of writing Epiſtles, and publiſhing their fulſom Compliments to each other, is a Thing I frequently complain of in this Place. It is, methinks, from the Prevalence of this ſilly Cuſtom, that there is ſo little Inſtruction in the Converſation of our diſtant Friends: For which Reaſon, during the whole Courſe of my Life, I have deſired my Acquaintance, when they write to me, rather to ſay ſomething which ſhould make me wiſh my ſelf with them, than make me Compliments that they wiſhed themſelves with me. By this Means, I have by me a Collection of Letters from moſt Parts of the World, which are as naturally of the Growth of the Place, as any Herb, Tree or Plant, of the Soil. This I take to be the proper Uſe of an Epiſtolary Commerce. To deſire to know how *Damon* goes on with his Courtſhip to *Silvia*, or how the Wine taſtes at the *Old Devil*, are thread-bare Subjects, and cold Treats, which our abſent Friends might have given us without going out of Town for 'em. A Friend of mine who went to travel, uſed me far otherwiſe; for he gave me a Proſpect of the Place, or an Account of the People, from every Country thro' which he paſſed. Among others which I was looking

over this Evening, I am not a little delighted with this which follows:

Dear Sir,

I *Believe this is the first Letter that was ever sent you from the Middle Region, where I am at this present Writing. Not to keep you in Suspence, it comes to you from the Top of the highest Mountain in* Switzerland, *where I am now shivering among the eternal Frosts and Snows. I can scarce forbear dating it in* December, *though they call it the first of* August *at the Bottom of the Mountain. I assure you, I can hardly keep my Ink from freezing in the middle of the Dog-Days. I am here entertained with the prettiest Variety of Snow-Prospects that you can imagine, and have several Pits of it before me that are very near as old as the Mountain it self; for in this Country, it is as lasting as Marble. I am now upon a Spot of it, which they tell me fell about the Reign of* Charlemain *or King* Pepin. *The Inhabitants of the Country are as great Curiosities as the Country it self: They generally hire themselves out in their Youth, and if they are Musquet-Proof till about Fifty, they bring Home the Money they have got, and the Limbs they have left, to pass the rest of their Time among their native Mountains. One of the Gentlemen of the Place, who is come off with the Loss of an Eye only, told me by Way of Boast, That there were now seven Wooden Legs in his Family; and that for these Four Generations, there had not been one in his Line that carried a whole Body with him to the Grave. I believe you will think the Style of this Letter a little extraordinary; but the* Rehearsal *will tell you, that* People in Clouds must not be confined

fined to ſpeak Senſe; *and I hope we that are above them may claim the ſame Privilege. Wherever I am, I ſhall always be,*

SIR,

Your moſt Obedient,

Moſt Humble Servant.

I think they ought, in thoſe Parts where the Materials are ſo eaſy to work, and at the ſame Time ſo durable, (when any one of their Heroes come Home from the Wars) to erect his Statue in Snow upon the Mountains, there to remain from Generation to Generation.

A Gentleman who is apt to expatiate upon any Hint, took this Occaſion to deliver his Opinion upon our ordinary Method of ſending young Gentlemen to travel for their Education. It is certain, ſaid he, if Gentlemen travel at an Age proper for them, during the Courſe of their Voyages, their Accounts to their Friends, and after their Return, their Diſcourſes and Converſations, will have in them ſomething above what we can meet with from thoſe who have not had thoſe Advantages. At the ſame Time it is to be obſerved, that every Temper and Genius is not qualified for this Way of Improvement. Men may change their Climate, but they cannot their Nature. A Man that goes out a Fool, cannot ride or ſail himſelf into common Senſe. Therefore let me but walk over *London-Bridge* with a young Man, and I'll tell you infallibly whether going over the *Rialto* at *Venice* will make him wiſer.

It is not to be imagined how many I have ſaved in my Time from Baniſhment, by letting their Parents know they were good for nothing. But this is to be done with much Tenderneſs. There is my Couſin *Harry* has a Son, who is the dulleſt Mortal that was ever born into our Houſe. He had got his Trunk and his Books all packed up to be tranſported into Foreign Parts, for no Reaſon but becauſe the Boy never talk'd; and his Father ſaid he wanted to know the World. I could not ſay to a fond Parent, that the Boy was dull; but looked grave, and told him, the Youth was very thoughtful, and I feared he might have ſome Doubts about Religion, with which it was not proper to go into *Roman*-Catholick Countries. He is accordingly kept here till he declares himſelf upon ſome Points, which I am ſure he will never think of. By this Means, I have prevented the Diſhonour of having a Fool of our Houſe laughed at in all Parts of *Europe*. He is now with his Father upon his own Eſtate, and he has ſent to me to get him a Wife, which I ſhall do with all convenient Speed; but it ſhall be ſuch a one, whoſe good Nature ſhall hide his Faults, and good Senſe ſupply 'em. The Truth of it is, that Race is of the true *Britiſh* Kind: They are of our Country only; it hurts 'em to tranſplant 'em, and they are deſtroyed if you pretend to improve 'em. Men of this ſolid Make are not to be hurried up and down the World, for (if I may ſo ſpeak) they are naturally at their Wits End; and it is an impertinent Part to diſturb their Repoſe, that they may give you only an Hiſtory of their Bodily Occur-

Occurrences, which is all they are capable of obſerving. *Harry* had an elder Brother who was tryed in this Way. I remember, all he could talk of at his Return, was, that he had like to have been drowned at ſuch a Place, he fell out of a Chaiſe at another, he had a better Stomach when he moved Northward than when he turned his Courſe to the Parts in the South, and ſo forth. It is therefore very much to be conſidered, what Senſe a Perſon has of Things when he is ſetting out; and if he then knows none of his Friends and Acquaintance but by their Cloaths and Faces, it is my humble Opinion, that he ſtay at Home. His Parents ſhould take Care to marry him, and ſee what they can get out of him that Way; for there is a certain Sort of Men, who are no otherwiſe to be regarded, but as they deſcend from Men of Conſequence, and may beget valuable Succeſſors. And if we conſider, that Men are to be eſteemed only as they are uſeful, while a ſtupid Wretch is at the Head of a great Family, we may ſay, the Race is ſuſpended; as properly as when it is all gone, we ſay, it is extinct.

From my own Apartment, November 11.

I had ſeveral Hints and Advertiſements from unknown Hands, that ſome, who are Enemies to my Labours, deſign to demand the faſhionable Way of Satisfaction for the Diſturbance my Lucubrations have given them. I confeſs, as Things now ſtand, I don't know how to deny ſuch Inviters, and am preparing my ſelf accordingly: I have bought Pumps and Files, and am every Morning practiſing in my Chamber. My Neigh-

Neighbour, the Dancing-Maſter, has demanded of me, Why I take this Liberty, ſince I would not allow it him? But I anſwered, His was an Act of an indifferent Nature, and mine of Neceſſity. My late Treatiſes againſt Duels have ſo far diſobliged the Fraternity of the noble Science of Defence, that I can get none of them to ſhow me ſo much as one Paſs. I am therefore obliged to learn by Book, and have accordingly ſeveral Volumes, wherein all the Poſtures are exactly delineated. I muſt confeſs, I am ſhy of letting People ſee me at this Exerciſe, becauſe of my Flannel Waſtcoat, and my Spectacles, which I am forced to fix on, the better to obſerve the Poſture of the Enemy.

I have upon my Chamber-Walls, drawn at full Length, the Figures of all Sorts of Men, from Eight Foot to Three Foot Two Inches. Within this Height I take it, that all the fighting Men of *Great Britain* are comprehended. But as I puſh, I make Allowances for my being of a lank and ſpare Body, and have chalked out in every Figure my own Dimenſions; for I ſcorn to rob any Man of his Life by taking Advantage of his Breadth: Therefore I preſs purely in a Line down from his Noſe, and take no more of him to aſſault, than he has of me: For to ſpeak impartially, if a lean Fellow wounds a fat One in any Part to the Right or Left, whether it be in Cart or in Terſe, beyond the Dimenſions of the ſaid lean Fellow's own Breadth, I take it to be Murder, and ſuch a Murder as is below a Gentleman to commit. As I am ſpare, I am alſo very tall, and behave my ſelf with Relation to

that

that Advantage with the ſame Punctilio; and I am ready to ſtoop or ſtand, according to the Stature of my Adverſary. I muſt confeſs, I have had great Succeſs this Morning, and have hit every Figure round the Room in a mortal Part, without receiving the leaſt Hurt, except a little Scratch by falling on my Face, in puſhing at one at the lower End of my Chamber; but I recovered ſo quick, and jumped ſo nimbly into my Guard, that if he had been alive, he could not have hurt me. It is confeſſed, I have writ againſt Duels with ſome Warmth; but in all my Diſcourſes, I have not ever ſaid, that I knew how a Gentleman could avoid a Duel if he were provoked to it; and ſince that Cuſtom is now become a Law, I know nothing but the Legiſlative Power, with new Animadverſions upon it, can put us in a Capacity of denying Challenges, though we are afterwards hanged for it. But no more of this at preſent. As Things ſtand, I ſhall put up no more Affronts; and I ſhall be ſo far from taking ill Words, that I will not take ill Looks. I therefore warn all young hot Fellows, not to look hereafter more terrible than their Neighbours; for if they ſtare at me with their Hats cocked higher than other People, I won't bear it. Nay, I give Warning to all People in general to look kindly at me; for I'll bear no Frowns, even from Ladies; and if any Woman pretends to look ſcornfully at me, I ſhall demand Satisfaction of the next of Kin of the Maſculine Gender.

The

The TATLER. [N° 94.

Si non errâſſet, fecerat ille minus. Mart.

From *Saturday, Nov.* 12. to *Tueſday, Nov.* 15. 1709.

Will's Coffee-houſe, November 14.

THAT which we call Gallantry to Women, ſeems to be the heroick Virtue of private Perſons; and there never breathed one Man, who did not, in that Part of his Days wherein he was recommending himſelf to his Miſtreſs, do ſomething beyond his ordinary Courſe of Life. As this has a very great Effect even upon the moſt ſlow and common Men; ſo, upon ſuch as it finds qualified with Virtue and Merit, it ſhines out in proportionable Degrees of Excellence: It gives new Grace to the moſt eminent Accompliſhments; and he, who of himſelf has either Wit, Wiſdom, or Valour, exerts each of theſe noble Endowments when he becomes a Lover, with a certain Beauty of Action above what was ever obſerved in him before; and all who are without any one of theſe Qualities, are to be looked upon as the Rabble of Mankind.

I was talking after this Manner in a Corner of this Place with an old Acquaintance, who taking me by the Hand, ſaid, Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, your Diſcourſe recalls to my Mind a Story, which I have longed to tell you ever ſince I read that Article, wherein you deſire your Friends to give you

you Accounts of obſcure Merit. The Story I had of him is literally true, and well known to be ſo in the Country wherein the Circumſtances were tranſacted. He acquainted me with the Names of the Perſons concerned, which I ſhall change into feigned Ones, there being a Reſpect due to their Families, that are ſtill in Being, as well as that the Names themſelves would not be ſo familiar to an *Engliſh* Ear. The Adventure really happened in *Denmark*; and if I can remember all the Paſſages, I doubt not but it will be as moving to my Readers as it was to me.

Clarinda and *Chloe*, two very fine Women, were bred up as Siſters in the Family of *Romeo*, who was the Father of *Chloe*, and the Guardian of *Clarinda*. *Philander*, a young Gentleman of a good Perſon, and charming Converſation, being a Friend of old *Romeo*'s, frequented his Houſe, and by that Means was much in Converſation with the young Ladies, tho' ſtill in the Preſence of the Father and the Guardian. The Ladies both entertained a ſecret Paſſion for him, and could ſee well enough, notwithſtanding the Delight which he really took in *Romeo*'s Converſation, that there was ſomething more in his Heart which made him ſo aſſiduous a Viſitant. Each of them thought her ſelf the happy Woman; but the Perſon beloved was *Chloe*. It happened that both of them were at a Play in a Carnaval Evening, when it is the Faſhion there (as well as in moſt Countries of *Europe*) both for Men and Women to appear in Masks and Diſguiſes. It was on that memorable Night in the

Year

Year 1679, when the Play-houſe, by ſome unhappy Accident, was ſet on Fire. *Philander*, in the firſt Hurry of the Diſaſter, immediately ran where his Treaſure was, burſt open the Door of the Box, ſnatched the Lady up in his Arms, and with unſpeakable Reſolution and good Fortune carried her off ſafe. He was no ſooner out of the Crowd, but he ſet her down; and graſping her in his Arms, with all the Raptures of a deſerving Lover, How happy am I, ſays he, in an Opportunity to tell you I love you more than all Things, and of ſhewing you the Sincerity of my Paſſion at the very firſt Declaration of it. My dear, dear *Philander*, ſays the Lady, pulling off her Mask, this is not a time for Art; you are much dearer to me than the Life you have preſerved; and the Joy of my preſent Deliverance does not tranſport me ſo much as the Paſſion which occaſioned it. Who can tell the Grief, the Aſtoniſhment, the Terror, that appeared in the Face of *Philander*, when he ſaw the Perſon he ſpoke to was *Clarinda*. After a ſhort Pauſe, Madam, ſays he, with the Looks of a dead Man, we are both miſtaken; and immediately flew away, without hearing the diſtreſſed *Clarinda*, who had juſt Strength enough to cry out, Cruel *Philander!* Why did you not leave me in the Theatre? Crowds of People immediately gathered about her, and after having brought her to her ſelf, conveyed her to the Houſe of the good old unhappy *Romeo*. *Philander* was now preſſing againſt a whole Tide of People at the Doors of the Theatre, and ſtriving to enter with more Earneſtneſs than any there endeavoured to get

get out. He did it at laſt, and with much Difficulty forced his Way to the Box where his beloved *Chloe* ſtood, expecting her Fate amidſt this Scene of Terror and Diſtraction. She revived at the Sight of *Philander*, who fell about her Neck with a Tenderneſs not to be expreſſed; and amidſt a Thouſand Sobs and Sighs, told her his Love, and his dreadful Miſtake. The Stage was now in Flames, and the whole Houſe full of Smoke; the Entrance was quite barred up with Heaps of People, who had fallen upon one another as they endeavoured to get out; Swords were drawn, Shrieks heard on all Sides; and in ſhort, no Poſſibility of an Eſcape for *Philander* himſelf, had he been capable of making it without his *Chloe*. But his Mind was above ſuch a Thought, and wholly employed in weeping, condoling, and comforting. He catches her in his Arms. The Fire ſurrounds them, while—I cannot go on——

Were I an Infidel, Misfortunes like this would convince me, that there muſt be an Hereafter: For who can believe, that ſo much Virtue could meet with ſo great Diſtreſs without a following Reward. As for my Part, I am ſo old faſhioned, as firmly to believe, that all who periſh in ſuch generous Enterprizes, are relieved from the further Exerciſe of Life; and Providence, which ſees their Virtue conſummate and manifeſt, takes them to an immediate Reward, in a Being more ſuitable to the Grandeur of their Spirits. What elſe can wipe away our Tears, when we contemplate ſuch undeſerved, ſuch irreparable Diſtreſſes?

ſtreſſes? It was a ſublime Thought in ſome of the Heathens of old:

——*Quæ Gratia Currûm*
Armorumque fuit Vivis, quæ Cura nitentes
Paſcere Equos, eadem ſequitur Tellure repoſtos.

That is in other Words, 'The ſame Employ-'ments and Inclinations which were the Enter-'tainment of virtuous Men upon Earth, make 'up their Happineſs in *Elyſium.*

From my own Apartment, November 14.

When I came Home this Evening, I found a Preſent from Mr. *Charles Lilly*, the Purfumer at the Corner of *Beauford-Buildings*, with a Letter of Thanks for the Mention I made of him. He tells me, ſeveral of my gentle Readers have obliged me in buying at his Shop upon my Recommendation. I have enquired into the Man's Capacity, and find him an Adept in his Way. He has ſeveral Helps to Diſcourſe beſides Snuff, (which is the beſt *Barcelona*) and ſells an Orange-Flower-Water, which ſeems to me to have in it the right Spirit of Brains; and I am informed, he extracts it according to the Manner uſed in *Greſham* College. I recommend it to the Handkerchiefs of all young Pleaders: It cures or ſupplies all Pauſes and Heſitations in Speech, and creates a general Alacrity of the Spirit. When it is uſed as a Gargle, it gives Volubility to the Tongue, and never fails of that neceſſary Step towards pleaſing others, making a Man pleaſed with himſelf. I have taken Security of him,

That

That he ſhall not raiſe the Price of any of his Commodities for theſe or any other occult Qualities in them; but he is to ſell them at the ſame Price which you give at the common Perfumers. Mr. *Lillie* has brought further Security, That he will not ſell the Boxes made for Politicians to Lovers; nor on the contrary, thoſe proper for Lovers to Men of Speculation: *At this Time, to avoid Confuſion, the beſt* Orangerie *for Beaus, and right* Muſty *for Politicians.*

My Almanack is to be publiſhed on the 22*d; and from that Inſtant, all Lovers, in Raptures or Epiſtles, are to forbear the Compariſon of their Miſtreſſes Eyes to Stars, I having made Uſe of that Simile in my Dedication for the laſt Time it ſhall ever paſs, and on the propereſt Occaſion that it was ever employed. All Ladies are hereby deſired to take Notice, that they never receive that Simile in Payment for any Smiles they ſhall beſtow for the future.*

On Saturday *Night laſt, a Gentlewoman's Husband ſtrayed from the* Play-houſe *in the* Hay-Market. *If the Lady who was ſeen to take him up, will reſtore him, ſhe ſhall be asked no Queſtions, he being of no Uſe but to the Owner.*

The TATLER. [N°95.

Interea dulces pendent circum Oſcula Nati,
Caſta Pudicitiam ſervat Domus. —— Virg.

From *Tueſday*, *Nov.* 15. to *Thurſday*, *Nov.* 17. 1709.

From my own Apartment, *November* 16.

THere are ſeveral Perſons who have many Pleaſures and Entertainments in their Poſſeſſion which they do not enjoy. It is therefore a kind and good Office to acquaint them with their own Happineſs, and turn their Attention to ſuch Inſtances of their good Fortune which they are apt to overlook. Perſons in the married State often want ſuch a Monitor, and pine away their Days, by looking upon the ſame Condition in Anguiſh and Murmur, which carries with it in the Opinion of others a Complication of all the Pleaſures of Life, and a Retreat from its Inquietudes.

I am led into this Thought by a Viſit I made an old Friend, who was formerly my School-fellow. He came to Town laſt Week with his Family for the Winter, and yeſterday Morning ſent me Word his Wife expected me to Dinner. I am as it were at Home at that Houſe, and every Member of it knows me for their Well-wiſher. I cannot indeed expreſs the Pleaſure it is, to be met by the Children with ſo much Joy as I am when I go thither: The Boys and Girls

ſtrive

ſtrive who ſhall come firſt, when they think it is I that am knocking at the Door; and that Child which loſes the Race to me, runs back again to tell the Father it is Mr. *Bickerſtaff*. This Day I was led in by a pretty Girl, that we all thought muſt have forgot me; for the Family has been out of Town theſe Two Years. Her knowing me again was a mighty Subject with us, and took up our Diſcourſe at the firſt Entrance. After which they began to rally me upon a Thouſand little Stories they heard in the Country about my Marriage to one of my Neighbour's Daughters: Upon which the Gentleman my Friend ſaid, "Nay, if Mr. *Bickerſtaff* marries a Child of any of his old Companions, I hope mine ſhall have the Preference; there's Mrs. *Mary* is now Sixteen, and would make him as fine a Widow as the beſt of them: But I know him too well; he is ſo enamoured with the very Memory of thoſe who flouriſhed in our Youth, that he will not ſo much as look upon the modern Beauties. I remember, old Gentleman, how often you went Home in a Day to refreſh your Countenance and Dreſs, when *Teraminta* reigned in your Heart. As we came up in the Coach, I repeated to my Wife ſome of your Verſes on her." With ſuch Reflections on little Paſſages which happened long ago, we paſſed our Time during a chearful and elegant Meal. After Dinner, his Lady left the Room, as did alſo the Children. As ſoon as we were alone, he took me by the Hand; Well, my good Friend, ſays he, I am heartily glad to ſee thee;

I was afraid you would never have ſeen all the Company that dined with you to Day again. Do not you think the good Woman of the Houſe a little altered, ſince you followed her from the Play-houſe, to find out who ſhe was, for me? I perceived a Tear fall down his Cheek as he ſpoke, which moved me not a little. But to turn the Diſcourſe, ſaid I, She is not indeed quite that Creature ſhe was when ſhe returned me the Letter I carried from you; and told me, She hoped, as I was a Gentleman, I would be employ'd no more to trouble her who had never offended me, but would be ſo much the Gentleman's Friend as to diſſwade him from a Purſuit which he could never ſucceed in. You may remember, I thought her in earneſt, and you were forced to employ your Couſin *Will.* who made his Siſter get acquainted with her for you. You cannot expect her to be for ever Fifteen. Fifteen? replied my good Friend: Ah! You little underſtand, you that have lived a Batchelor, how great, how exquiſite, a Pleaſure there is in being really beloved! It is impoſſible that the moſt beauteous Face in Nature ſhould raiſe in me ſuch pleaſing Ideas, as when I look upon that excellent Woman. That Fading in her Countenance is chiefly cauſed by her watching with me in my Fever. This was followed by a Fit of Sickneſs, which had like to have carried her off laſt Winter. I tell you ſincerely, I have ſo many Obligations to her, that I cannot with any ſort of Moderation think of her preſent State of Health. But as to what you ſay of Fifteen, ſhe gives me every Day Pleaſures beyond what

I ever knew in the Poſſeſſion of her Beauty when I was in the Vigour of Youth. Every Moment of her Life brings me freſh Inſtances of her Complacency to my Inclinations, and her Prudence in Regard to my Fortune. Her Face is to me much more beautiful than when I firſt ſaw it; there is no Decay in any Feature which I cannot trace from the very Inſtant it was occaſioned, by ſome anxious Concern for my Welfare and Intereſts. Thus at the ſame Time, methinks, the Love I conceived towards her for what ſhe was, is heightened by my Gratitude for what ſhe is. The Love of a Wife is as much above the idle Paſſion commonly called by that Name, as the loud Laughter of Buffoons is inferior to the elegant Mirth of Gentlemen. Oh! ſhe is an ineſtimable Jewel. In her Examination of her Houſhold Affairs, ſhe ſhows a certain Fearfulneſs to find a Fault, which makes her Servants obey her like Children; and the meaneſt we have, has an ingenuous Shame for an Offence, not always to be ſeen in Children in other Families. I ſpeak freely to you, my old Friend; ever ſince her Sickneſs, Things that gave me the quickeſt Joy before, turn now to a certain Anxiety. As the Children play in the next Room, I know the poor Things by their Steps, and am conſidering what they muſt do, ſhould they loſe their Mother in their tender Years. The Pleaſure I uſed to take in telling my Boy Stories of the Battles, and asking my Girl Queſtions about the Diſpoſal of her Baby, and the Goſſiping of it, is turned into inward Reflection and Melancholy.

He would have gone on in this tender Way, when the good Lady entered, and with an inexpreſſible Sweetneſs in her Countenance told us, ſhe had been ſearching her Cloſet for ſomething very good to treat ſuch an old Friend as I was. Her Husband's Eyes ſparkled with Pleaſure at the Chearfulneſs of her Countenance; and I ſaw all his Fears vaniſh in an Inſtant. The Lady obſerving ſomething in our Looks which ſhowed we had been more ſerious than ordinary, and ſeeing her Husband receive her with great Concern under a forced Chearfulneſs, immediately gueſſed at what we had been talking of; and applying her ſelf to me, ſaid, with a Smile, Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, don't believe a Word of what he tells you, I ſhall ſtill live to have you for my Second, as I have often promiſed you, unleſs he takes more Care of himſelf than he has done ſince his coming to Town. You muſt know, he tells me, That he finds *London* is a much more healthy Place than the Country; for he ſees ſeveral of his old Acquaintance and School-fellows are here, young Fellows with fair full-bottomed Periwigs. I could ſcarce keep him this Morning from going out open-breaſted: My Friend, who is always extremely delighted with her agreeable Humour, made her ſit down with us. She did it with that Eaſineſs which is peculiar to Women of Senſe; and to keep up the good Humour ſhe had brought in with her, turned her Raillery upon me. Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, you remember you followed me one Night from the Play-houſe; ſuppoſing you ſhould carry me thither to morrow Night, and lead me into the Front-

Front-Box. This put us into a long Field of Diſcourſe about the Beauties, who were Mothers to the preſent, and ſhined in the Boxes Twenty Years ago. I told her, I was glad ſhe had tranſferred ſo many of her Charms, and I did not queſtion but her eldeſt Daughter was within half a Year of being a Toaſt.

We were pleaſing our ſelves with this fantaſtical Preferment of the young Lady, when on a ſudden we were alarm'd with the Noiſe of a Drum, and immediately entered my little God-ſon to give me a Point of War. His Mother, between Laughing and Chiding, would have put him out of the Room; but I would not part with him ſo. I found, upon Converſation with him, tho' he was a little noiſy in his Mirth, that the Child had excellent Parts, and was a great Maſter of all the Learning on t'other Side Eight Years old. I perceived him a very great Hiſtorian in *Æſop*'s Fables; but he frankly declared to me his Mind, That he did not delight in that Learning, becauſe he did not believe they were true; for which Reaſon, I found he had very much turned his Studies for about a Twelvemonth paſt, into the Lives and Adventures of Don *Bellianis* of *Greece*, *Guy* of *Warwick*, the *Seven Champions*, and other Hiſtorians of that Age. I could not but obſerve the Satisfaction the Father took in the Forwardneſs of his Son; and that theſe Diverſions might turn to ſome Profit, I found the Boy had made Remarks, which might be of Service to him during the Courſe of his whole Life. He would tell you the Miſmanagements of *John Hickathrift*,

find Fault with the paſſionate Temper in *Bevis* of *Southampton*, and love St. *George* for being the Champion of *England*; and by this Means, had his Thoughts inſenſibly moulded into the Notions of Diſcretion, Virtue, and Honour. I was extolling his Accompliſhments, when the Mother told me, That the little Girl who led me in this Morning, was in her Way a better Scholar than he. *Betty* (ſays ſhe) deals chiefly in Fairies and Sprights; and ſometimes in a Winter Night, will terrify the Maids with her Accounts, till they are afraid to go up to Bed.

I ſat with them till it was very late, ſometimes in merry, ſometimes in ſerious Diſcourſe, with this particular Pleaſure, which gives the only true Reliſh to all Converſation, a Senſe that every one of us liked each other. I went Home, conſidering the different Conditions of a married Life and that of a Batchelor; and I muſt confeſs, it ſtruck me with a ſecret Concern, to reflect, that whenever I go off, I ſhall leave no Traces behind me. In this penſive Mood I returned to my Family; that is to ſay, to my Maid, my Dog and my Cat, who only can be the better or worſe for what happens to me.

The

The TATLER. [N° 96.

Is mihi demum vivere & frui Animâ videtur, qui aliquo Negotio intentus, præclari Facinoris aut Artis bonæ Famam quærit. Sal.

From *Thurſday, Nov.* 17. to *Saturday, Nov.* 19. 1709.

From my own Apartment, November 17.

IT has coſt me very much Care and Thought to marſhal and fix the People under their proper Denominations, and to range them according to their reſpective Characters. Theſe my Endeavonrs have been received with unexpected Succeſs in one Kind, but neglected in another: For though I have many Readers, I have but few Converts. This muſt certainly proceed from a falſe Opinion, That what I write, is deſigned rather to amuſe and entertain, than convince and inſtruct. I entered upon my Eſſays with a Declaration, that I ſhould conſider Mankind in quite another Manner than they had hitherto been repreſented to the ordinary World; and aſſerted, that none but an uſeful Life ſhould be with me any Life at all. But leaſt this Doctrine ſhould have made this ſmall Progreſs towards the Conviction of Mankind, becauſe it may appear to the Unlearned light and whimſical, I muſt take Leave to unfold the Wiſdom and

and Antiquity of my firſt Propoſition in theſe my Eſſays, to wit, That *every Worthleſs Man is a Dead Man.* This Notion is as old as *Pythagoras*, in whoſe School it was a Point of Diſcipline, That if among the Ακουσικοί, or *Probationers*, there were any who grew weary of ſtudying to be uſeful, and returned to an idle Life, the reſt were to regard them as dead; and upon their Departing, to perform their Obſequies, and raiſe them Tombs with Inſcriptions, to warn others of the like Mortality, and quicken them to Reſolutions of refining their Souls above that wretched State. It is upon a like Suppoſition, that young Ladies at this very Time in *Roman*-Catholick Countries are received into ſome Nunneries with their Coffins, and with the Pomp of a formal Funeral, to ſignify, That henceforth they are to be of no further Uſe, and conſequently Dead. Nor was *Pythagoras* himſelf the firſt Author of this Symbol, with whom, and with the *Hebrews*, it was generally received. Much more might be offered in Illuſtration of this Doctrine from Sacred Authority, which I recommend to my Reader's own Reflections; who will eaſily recollect, from Places which I do not think fit to quote here, the forcible Manner of applying the Words Dead and Living to Men as they are Good or Bad.

I have therefore compoſed the following Scheme of Exiſtence for the Benefit both of the Living and the Dead, tho' chiefly for the Latter, whom I muſt deſire to read it with all poſſible Attention. In the Number of the Dead, I comprehend

prehend all Perſons of what Title or Dignity ſoever, who beſtow moſt of their Time in Eating and Drinking, to ſupport that imaginary Exiſtence of theirs, which they call Life; or in dreſſing and adorning thoſe Shadows and Apparitions, which are looked upon by the Vulgar as real Men and Women. In ſhort, whoever reſides in the World without having any Buſineſs in it, and paſſes away an Age without ever thinking on the Errand for which he was ſent hither, is to me a Dead Man to all Intents and Purpoſes; and I deſire that he may be ſo reputed. The Living are only thoſe that are ſome Way or other laudably employed in the Improvement of their own Minds, or for the Advantage of others; and even among theſe, I ſhall only reckon into their Lives that Part of their Time which has been ſpent in the Manner above-mentioned. By theſe Means, I am afraid, we ſhall find the longeſt Lives not to conſiſt of many Months, and the greateſt Part of the Earth to be quite unpeopled. According to this Syſtem we may obſerve, that ſome Men are born at Twenty Years of Age, ſome at Thirty, ſome at Threeſcore, and ſome not above an Hour before they die; nay, we may obſerve Multitudes that die without ever being born, as well as many dead Perſons that fill up the Bulk of Mankind, and make a better Figure in the Eyes of the Ignorant, than thoſe who are alive, and in their proper and full State of Health. However, ſince there may be many good Subjects, that pay their Taxes, and live peaceably in their Habitations, who are not yet

born,

born, or have departed this Life ſeveral Years ſince, my Deſign is, to encourage both to join themſelves as ſoon as poſſible to the Number of the Living: For as I invite the former to break forth into Being, and become good for ſomething; ſo I allow the latter a State of Reſuſcitation; which I chiefly mention for the Sake of a Perſon, who has lately publiſhed an Advertiſement, with ſeveral ſcurrilous Terms in it, that do by no Means become a dead Man to give. It is my departed Friend *John Partridge*, who concludes the Advertiſement of his next Year's Almanack with the following Note:

Whereas it has been induſtriouſly given out by Bickerſtaff *Eſq*; *and others, to prevent the Sale of this Year's Almanack, that* John Partridge *is Dead: This may inform all his loving Country men, That he is ſtill Living, in Health, and they are Knaves that reported it otherwiſe.*

J. P.

From my own Apartment, November 18.

When an Engineer finds his Guns have not had their intended Effect, he changes his Batteries. I am forced at preſent to take this Methods and inſtead of continuing to write againſt the Singularity ſome are guilty of in their Habit and Behaviour, I ſhall henceforward deſire them to perſevere in it; and not only ſo, but ſhall take it as a Favour of all the Coxcombs in the Town, if they will ſet Marks upon themſelves, and by ſome Particular in their Dreſs, ſhow to what Claſs they belong. It would be very obliging in all ſuch Perſons, who feel in themſelves that they

they are not ſound of Underſtanding, to give the World Notice of it, and ſpare Mankind the Pains of finding them out. A Cane upon the Fifth Button ſhall from henceforth be the Type of a Dapper; Red-heeled Shoes, and an Hat hung upon one Side of the Head, ſhall ſignify a Smart; a good Periwig made into a Twiſt, with a brisk Cock, ſhall ſpeak a Mettled Fellow; and an Upper-Lip covered with Snuff, denotes a Coffee-houſe Stateſman. But as it is required that all Coxcombs hang out their Signs, it is on the other Hand expected, that Men of real Merit ſhould avoid any Thing particular in their Dreſs, Gait, or Behaviour. For, as we old Men delight in Proverbs, I cannot forbear bringing out one on this Occaſion, *That good Wine needs no Buſh.* I muſt not leave this Subject without reflecting on ſeveral Perſons I have lately met with, who at a Diſtance ſeem very terrible; but upon a ſtricter Enquiry into their Looks and Features, appeared as meek and harmleſs as any of my own Neighbours. Theſe are Country Gentlemen, who of late Years have taken up an Humour of coming to Town in Red Coats, whom an arch Wag of my Acquaintance uſed to deſcribe very well, by calling them Sheep in Wolves Cloathing. I have often wondered, that honeſt Gentlemen, who are good Neighbours, and live quietly in their own Poſſeſſions, ſhould take it in their Heads to frighten the Town after this unreaſonable Manner. I ſhall think my ſelf obliged, if they perſiſt in ſo unnatural a Dreſs (notwithſtanding any Poſts they may have in the Militia) to give away their

their Red Coats to any of the Soldiery who ſhall think fit to ſtrip them, provided the ſaid Soldiers can make it appear, that they belong to a Regiment where there is a Deficiency in the Cloathing.

About Two Days ago I was walking in the *Park*, and accidentally met a Rural Squire, cloathed in all the Types above-mentioned, with a Carriage and Behaviour made intirely out of his own Head. He was of a Bulk and Stature larger than ordinary, had a Red Coat, flung open to ſhew a gay Calamanco Waſtcoat: His Periwig fell in a very conſiderable Buſh upon each Shoulder: His Arms naturally ſwang at an unreaſonable Diſtance from his Sides; which, with the Advantage of a Cane, that he brandiſhed in a great Variety of irregular Motions, made it unſafe for any one to walk within ſeveral Yards of him. In this Manner he took up the whole *Mall*, his Spectators moving on each Side of it, whilſt he cocked up his Hat, and marched directly for *Weſtminſter*. I cannot tell who this Gentleman is, but for my Comfort may ſay, with the Lover in *Terence*, who loſt Sight of a fine Young Lady; *Wherever Thou art, Thou canſt not be long concealed.*

St. *James*'s *Coffee-houſe*, *November* 19.

By Letters from *Paris* of the 16th we are informed, that the *French* King, the Princes of the Blood, and the Elector of *Bavaria* had lately killed Fifty five Pheaſants.

Whereas

Whereas ſeveral have induſtriouſly ſpread abroad, That I am in Partnerſhip with Charles Lillie, *the Perfumer at the Corner of* Beauford Buildings; *I muſt ſay with my Friend* Partridge, *that they are Knaves who reported it. Howeuer, ſince the ſaid* Charles *has promiſed that all his Cuſtomers ſhall be mine, I muſt deſire all mine to be his; and dare anſwer for him, That if you ask in my Name for Snuff, Hungary or Orange-Water, you ſhall have the beſt the Town affords at the cheapeſt Rate.*

The TATLER. [N°97.

Illud maxime rarum genus eſt eorum, qui aut excellente ingenii magnitudine, aut præclara eruditione atque doctrina, aut utraque re ornati, Spatium deliberandi habuerunt, quem potiſſimum vitæ curſum ſequi vellent. Tull. Offic.

From *Saturday, Nov.* 19. to *Tueſday, Nov.* 22. 1709.

From my own Apartment, November 21.

HAving ſwept away prodigious Multitudes in my laſt Paper, and brought a great Deſtruction upon my own Species, I muſt endeavour in this to raiſe freſh Recruits, and, if poſſible, to ſupply the Places of the Unborn and the Deceaſed. It is ſaid of *Xerxes*, That when he ſtood upon a Hill, and ſaw the whole Country round him covered with his Army, he burſt out in Tears, to think that not one of that Multitude would

would be alive a Hundred Years after. For my Part, when I take a Survey of this populous City, I can ſcarce forbear weeping, to ſee how few of its Inhabitants are now living. It was with this Thought that I drew up my laſt Bill of Mortality, and endeavoured to ſet out in it the great Number of Perſons who have periſhed by a Diſtemper (commonly known by the Name of Idleneſs) which has long raged in the World, and deſtroys more in every great Town than the Plague has done at *Dantzick*. To repair the Miſchief it has done, and ſtock the World with a better Race of Mortals, I have more Hopes of bringing to Life thoſe that are young, than of reviving thoſe that are old. For which Reaſon, I ſhall here ſet down that noble Allegory which was written by an old Author called *Prodicus*, but recommended and embelliſhed by *Socrates*. It is the Deſcription of *Virtue* and *Pleaſure*, making their Court to *Hercules* under the Appearances of Two beautiful Women.

When *Hercules*, ſays the divine Moraliſt, was in that Part of his Youth in which it was natural for him to conſider what Courſe of Life he ought to purſue, he one Day retired into a Deſart, where the Silence and Solitude of the Place very much favoured his Meditations. As he was muſing on his preſent Condition, and very much perplexed in himſelf on the State of Life he ſhould chuſe, he ſaw Two Women of a larger Stature than ordinary approaching towards him. One of them had a very noble Air, and graceful Deportment; her Beauty was natural

tural and eaſy, her Perſon clean and unſpotted, her Eyes caſt towards the Ground with an agreeable Reſerve, her Motion and Behaviour full of Modeſty, and her Raiment as white as Snow. The other had a great deal of Health and Floridneſs in her Countenance, which ſhe had helped with an artificial White and Red, and endeavoured to appear more graceful than ordinary in her Mien, by a Mixture of Affectation in all her Geſtures. She had a wonderful Confidence and Aſſurance in her Looks, and all the Variety of Colours in her Dreſs that ſhe thought were the moſt proper to ſhow her Complexion to an Advantage. She caſt her Eyes upon her ſelf, then turned them on thoſe that were preſent, to ſee how they liked her, and often looked on the Figure ſhe made in her own Shadow. Upon her nearer Approach to *Hercules*, ſhe ſtepped before the other Lady, (who came forward with a regular compoſed Carriage) and running up to him, accoſted him after the following Manner.

My dear *Hercules*, (ſays he) I find you are very much divided in your own Thoughts upon the Way of Life that you ought to chuſe: Be my Friend, and follow me; I'll lead you into the Poſſeſſion of Pleaſure, and out of the Reach of Pain, and remove you from all the Noiſe and Diſquietude of Buſineſs. The Affairs of either War or Peace ſhall have no Power to diſturb you. Your whole Employment ſhall be to make your Life eaſy, and to entertain every Senſe with its proper Gratification. Sumptuous Tables, Beds of Roſes, Clouds of Perfumes,

Conſorts of Muſick, Crowds of Beauties, are all in a Readineſs to receive you. Come along with me into this Region of Delights, this World of Pleaſure, and bid Farewell for ever to Care, to Pain, to Buſineſs ——

Hercules hearing the Lady talk after this Manner, deſired to know her Name; to which ſhe anſwered, My Friends, and thoſe who are well acquainted with me, call me *Happineſs*; but my Enemies, and thoſe who would injure my Reputation, have given me the Name of *Pleaſure.*

By this Time the other Lady was come up, who addreſſed her ſelf to the young Hero in a very different Manner.

Hercules (ſays ſhe) I offer my ſelf to you, becauſe I know you are deſcended from the Gods, and give Proofs of that Deſcent by your Love to Virtue, and Application to the Studies proper for your Age. This makes me hope you will gain both for your ſelf and me an immortal Reputation. But before I invite you into my Society and Friendſhip, I will be open and ſincere with you, and muſt lay down this as an eſtabliſh'd Truth, That there is nothing truly valuable which can be purchaſed without Pains and Labour. The Gods have ſet a Price upon every real and noble Pleaſure. If you would gain the Favour of the Deity, you muſt be at the Pains of worſhipping him; if the Friendſhip of good Men, you muſt ſtudy to oblige them; if you would be honour'd by your Country, you muſt take Care to ſerve it. In ſhort, if you would be eminent in War or Peace,

Peace, you muſt become Maſter of all the Qualifications that can make you ſo. Theſe are the only Terms and Conditions upon which I can propoſe Happineſs. The Goddeſs of *Pleaſure* here broke in upon her Diſcourſe: You ſee (ſaid ſhe) *Hercules*, by her own Confeſſion, the Way to her Pleaſure is long and difficult, whereas that which I propoſe is ſhort and eaſy. Alas! (ſaid the other Lady) whoſe Viſage glowed with a Paſſion, made up of Scorn and Pity, What are the Pleaſures you propoſe? To eat before you are hungry, drink before you are athirſt, ſleep before you are tired, to gratify Appetites before they are raiſed, and raiſe ſuch Appetites as Nature never planted. You never heard the moſt delicious Muſick, which is the Praiſe of one's ſelf; nor ſaw the moſt beautiful Object, which is the Work of one's own Hands. Your Votaries paſs away their Youth in a Dream of miſtaken Pleaſures, while they are hoarding up Anguiſh, Torment, and Remorſe for old Age.

As for me, I am the Friend of Gods and of good Men, an agreeable Companion to the Artizan, an Houſhold Guardian to the Fathers of Families, a Patron and Protector of Servants, an Aſſociate in all true and generous Friendſhips. The Banquets of my Votaries are never coſtly, but always delicious; for none eat or drink at them who are not invited by Hunger and Thirſt. Their Slumbers are ſound, and their Wakings chearful. My young Men have the Pleaſure of hearing themſelves praiſed by thoſe who are in Years; and thoſe who are in Years, of being ho-

nour'd by thoſe who are young. In a Word, my Followers are favour'd by the Gods, beloved by their Acquaintance, eſteemed by their Country, and (after the Cloſe of their Labours) honoured by Poſterity.

We know by the Life of this memorable Hero, to which of theſe Two Ladies he gave up his Heart; and I believe, every one who reads this, will do him the Juſtice to approve his Choice.

I very much admire the Speeches of theſe Ladies, as containing in them the chief Arguments for a Life of Virtue, or a Life of Pleaſure, that could enter into the Thoughts of an Heathen; but am particularly pleaſed with the different Figures he gives the Two Goddeſſes. Our modern Authors have repreſented Pleaſure or Vice with an alluring Face, but ending in Snakes and Monſters: Here ſhe appears in all the Charms of Beauty, though they are all falſe and borrowed; and by that Means, compoſes a Viſion entirely natural and pleaſing.

I have tranſlated this Allegory for the Benefit of the Youth of *Great Britain*; and particularly of thoſe who are ſtill in the deplorable State of Non-Exiſtence, and whom I moſt earneſtly entreat to come into the World. Let my Embrio's ſhow the leaſt Inclination to any ſingle Virtue, and I ſhall allow it to be a Struggling towards Birth. I don't expect of them, that, like the Hero in the foregoing Story, they ſhould go about as ſoon as they are born, with a Club in their Hands, and a Lion's Skin on their Shoulders, to root out Monſters, and deſtroy Tyrants;

rants; but as the fineſt Author of all Antiquity has ſaid upon this very Occaſion, Though a Man has not the Abilities to diſtinguiſh himſelf in the moſt ſhining Parts of a great Character, he has certainly the Capacity of being juſt, faithful, modeſt, and temperate.

The TATLER. [N° 98.

From *Tueſday*, *Nov.* 22. to *Thurſday*, *Nov.* 24. 1709.

From my own Apartment, November 23.

I Read the following Letter, which was left for me this Evening, with very much Concern for the Lady's Condition who ſent it, who expreſſes the State of her Mind with great Frankneſs, as all People ought who talk to their Phyſicians.

Mr. Bickerſtaff,

THough you are ſtricken in Years, and have had good Experience in the World, I believe you will ſay, there are not frequently ſuch difficult Occaſions to act in with Decency as thoſe wherein I am entangled. I am a Woman in Love, and that you will allow to be the moſt unhappy of all Circumſtances in Humane Life: Nature has formed us with a ſtrong Reluctance againſt owning ſuch a Paſſion, and Cuſtom has made it Criminal in us to make Advances. A Gentleman, whom I will call Fabio, *has the entire Poſſeſſion of my Heart. I am ſo intimately acquainted with him, that he makes no Scru-*

ple of communicating to me an ardent Affection he has for Cleora, *a Friend of mine, who alſo makes me her Confident. Moſt Part of my Life I am in Company with the one or the other, and am always entertained with his Paſſion, or her Triumph.* Cleora *is one of thoſe Ladies, who think they are virtuous, if they are not guilty; and without any Delicacy of Choice, reſolves to take the beſt Offer which ſhall be made to her. With this Proſpect ſhe puts off declaring her ſelf in Favour of* Fabio, *till ſhe ſees what Lovers will fall into her Snares, which ſhe lays in all Publick Places with all the Art of Geſture and Glances: This Reſolution ſhe has her ſelf told me. Though I love him better than Life, I would not gain him by betraying* Cleora, *or committing ſuch a Treſpaſs againſt Modeſty, as letting him know my ſelf, that I love him. You are an Aſtrologer, What ſhall I do?*

Diana Doubtful.

This Lady has ſaid very juſtly, that the Condition of a Woman in Love is of all others the moſt miſerable. Poor *Diana*! How muſt ſhe be racked with Jealouſy when *Fabio* talks of *Cleora*? How with Indignation when *Cleora* makes a Property of *Fabio*? A Female Lover is in the Condition of a Ghoſt, that wanders about its beloved Treaſure, without Power to ſpeak 'till it is ſpoken to. I deſire *Diana* to continue in this Circumſtance; for I ſee an Eye of Comfort in her Caſe, and will take all proper Meaſures to extricate her out of this unhappy Game of Croſs Purpoſes. Since *Cleora* is upon the Catch with her Charms, and has no particular Regard for *Fabio*, I ſhall place a couple of ſpecial Fellows

lows in her Way, who ſhall both addreſs to her, and have each a better Eſtate than *Fabio*. They are both already taken with her, and are preparing for being of her Retinue the enſuing Winter.

To Women of this worldly Turn, as I apprehend *Cleora* to be, we muſt reckon backward in our Computation of Merit; and when a fair Lady thinks only of making her Spouſe a convenient Domeſtick, the Notion of Worth and Value is altered, and the Lover is the more acceptable, the leſs he is conſiderable. The Two I ſhall throw in the Way of *Cleora*, are, *Orſon Thickett* and Mr. *Walter Wiſdom*. *Orſon* is an Huntſman, whoſe Father's Death, and ſome Difficulties about Legacies, brought out of the Woods to Town laſt *Nomember*. He was at that Time one of thoſe Country Salvages who deſpiſe the Softneſs they meet in Town and Court, and profeſſedly ſhow their Strength and Roughneſs in every Motion and Geſture, in Scorn of our Bowing and Cringing. He was at his firſt Appearance very remarkable for that Piece of good Breeding peculiar to natural *Britons*, to wit, Defiance, and ſhowed every one he met he was as good a Man as he. But in the Midſt of all this Fierceneſs, he would ſometimes attend the Diſcourſe of a Man of Senſe, and look at the Charms of a Beauty with his Eyes and Mouth open. He was in this Poſture when, in the Beginning of laſt *December*, he was ſhot by *Cleora* from a Side-Box— From that Moment he ſoftened into Humanity, forgot his Dogs and Horſes, and now moves and ſpeaks with Civility and Addreſs.

Wat. Wiſdom, by the Death of an elder Brother, came to a great Eſtate, when he had proceeded juſt far enough into his Studies to be very impertinent, and at the Years when the Law gives him Poſſeſſion of his Fortune, and his own Conſtitution is too warm for the Management of it. *Orſon* is learning to fence and dance, to pleaſe and fight for his Miſtreſs; and *Walter* preparing fine Horſes, and a gingling Chariot, to enchant her. All Perſons concerned will appear at the next Opera, where will begin the Wild-Gooſe Chaſe; and I doubt, *Fabio* will ſee himſelf ſo overlooked for *Orſon* or *Walter*, as to turn his Eyes on the modeſt Paſſion and becoming Languor in the Countenance of *Diana*; it being my Deſign to ſupply with the Art of Love, all thoſe who preſerve the ſincere Paſſion of it.

Will's Coffee-houſe, November 23.

An ingenious and worthy Gentleman, my ancient Friend, fell into Diſcourſe with me this Evening, upon the Force and Efficacy which the Writings of good Poets have on the Minds of their intelligent Readers, and recommended to me his Senſe of the matter, thrown together in the following Manner, which he deſired me to communicate to the Youth of *Great Britain* in my Eſſays; which I chuſe to do in his own Words.

I have always been of Opinion (ſays he) that Virtue ſinks deepeſt into the Heart of Man, when it comes recommended by the powerful Charms of Poetry. The moſt active Principle in our Mind is the Imagination: To it a good Poet

Poet makes his Court perpetually, and by this Faculty takes Care to gain it firſt. Our Paſſions and Inclinations come over next; and our Reaſon ſurrenders it ſelf with Pleaſure in the End. Thus the whole Soul is inſenſibly betrayed into Morality, by bribing the Fancy with beautiful and agreeable Images of thoſe very Things, that in the Books of the Philoſophers appear auſtere, and have at the beſt but a kind of forbidden Aſpect. In a Word, the Poets do, as it were, ſtrew the rough Paths of Vertue ſo full of Flowers, that we are not ſenſible of the Uneaſineſs of them, and imagine our ſelves in the Midſt of Pleaſures, and the moſt bewitching Allurements, at the Time we are making a Progreſs in the ſevereſt Duties of Life.

All then agree, that licentious Poems do of all Writings ſooneſt corrupt the Heart: And why ſhould we not be as univerſally perſwaded, that the grave and ſerious Performances of ſuch as write in the moſt engaging manner, by a kind of divine Impulſe, muſt be the moſt effectual Perſwaſives to Goodneſs? If therefore I were bleſſed with a Son, in order to the forming of his Manners (which is making him truly my Son), I ſhould be continually putting into his Hand ſome fine Poet. The graceful Sentences, and the manly Sentiments ſo frequently to be met with in every great and ſublime Writer, are, in my Judgment, the moſt ornamental and valuable Furniture that can be for a young Gentleman's Head; methinks they ſhew like ſo much rich Embroidery upon the Brain. Let me add to this, That Humanity and Tenderneſs (without

out which there can be no true Greatneſs in the Mind) are inſpired by the Muſes in ſuch pathetical Language, that all we find in Proſe Authors towards the raiſing and improving of theſe Paſſions, is in Compariſon but cold, or luke-warm at the beſt. There is beſides a certain Elevation of Soul, a ſedate Magnanimity, and a noble Turn of Virtue, that diſtinguiſhes the Hero from the plain, honeſt Man, to which Verſe can only raiſe us. The bold Metaphors and ſounding Numbers, peculiar to the Poets, rouze up all our ſleeping Faculties, and alarm the whole Powers of the Soul, much like that excellent Trumpeter mentioned by *Virgil:*

——*Quo non præſtantior alter*
Ære ciere Viros, Martemque accendere Cantu,

I fell into this Train of Thinking this Evening upon reading a Paſſage in a Mask writ by *Milton*, where two Brothers are introduced ſeeking after their Siſter, whom they had loſt in a dark Night and thick Wood. One of the Brothers is apprehenſive, leſt the wandering Virgin ſhould be overpowered with Fears thro' the Darkneſs and Lonelineſs of the Time and Place. This gives the other Occaſion to make the following Reflections, which, as I read them, made me forget my Age, and renewed in me the warm Deſires after Virtue, ſo natural to uncorrupted Youth.

I do not think my Siſter ſo to ſeek,
Or ſo unprincipled in Virtue's Book,
And the ſweet Peace that Goodneſs boſoms ever,
As that the ſingle Want of Light and Noiſe

(*Not*

(Not being in Danger, as I truſt ſhe is not)
Could ſtir the conſtant Mood of her calm Thoughts,
And put them into misbecoming Plight.
Virtue could ſee to do what Virtue would,
By her own radiant Light, though Sun and Moon
Were in the flat Sea ſunk. And Wiſdom's ſelf
Oft ſeeks to ſweet retired Solitude:
Where, with her beſt Nurſe, Contemplation,
She plumes her Feathers, and lets grow her Wings,
That in the various Buſtle of Reſort
Were all too ruffled, and ſometimes impaired.
He that has Light within his own clear Breaſt,
May ſit i'th' Center, and enjoy bright Day:
But he that hides a dark Soul, and foul Thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day Sun;
Himſelf is his own Dungeon.

The TATLER. [N° 99.

——*Spirat Tragicum ſatis & feliciter audet.*

From *Thurſday, Nov.* 24. to *Saturday, Nov.* 26. 1709.

Will's Coffee-houſe November 25.

I Have been this Evening recollecting what Paſſages (ſince I could firſt think) have left the ſtrongeſt Impreſſions upon my Mind; and after ſtrict Enquiry, I am convinced, that the Impulſes I have received from Theatrical Repreſentations, have had a greater Effect, than otherwiſe would have been wrought in me by the little Occurrences of my private Life. My old Friends,

Friends, *Hart* and *Mohun*; the one by his natural and proper Force, the other by his great Skill and Art; never failed to ſend me Home full of ſuch Idea's as affected my Behaviour, and made me inſenſibly more courteous and humane to my Friends and Acquaintance. It is not the Buſineſs of a good Play to make every Man an Hero; but it certainly gives him a livelier Senſe of Virtue and Merit than he had when he entered the Theatre.

This rational Pleaſure (as I always call it) has for many Years been very little taſted: But I am glad to find, that the true Spirit of it is reviving again amongſt us, by a due Regard to what is preſented, and by ſupporting only one Playhouſe. It has been within the Obſervation of the youngeſt amongſt us, That while there were Two Houſes, they did not outvie each other by ſuch Repreſentations as tended to the Inſtruction and Ornament of Life, but by introducing Mimical Dances, and fulſom Buffoonries. For when an excellent Tragedy was to be acted in one Houſe, the Ladder-Dancer carried the whole Town to the other: And indeed ſuch an Evil as this, muſt be the natural Conſequence of Two Theatres, as certainly as that there are more who can ſee than can think. Every one is ſenſible of the Danger of the Fellow on the Ladder, and can ſee his Activity in coming down ſafe; but very few are Judges of the Diſtreſs of an Hero in a Play, or of his Manner of Behaviour in thoſe Circumſtances. Thus, to pleaſe the People, Two Houſes muſt entertain them with what they can underſtand,

and

and not with Things which are deſigned to improve their Underſtanding: And the readieſt Way to gain good Audiences, muſt be to offer ſuch Things as are moſt reliſhed by the Crowd; that is to ſay, immodeſt Action, empty Show, or impertinent Activity. In ſhort, Two Houſes cannot hope to ſubſiſt, but by Means which are contradictory to the very Inſtitution of a Theatre in a well-governed Kingdom.

I have ever had the Senſe of the Thing, and for that Reaſon have rejoiced that my ancient coeval Friend of *Drury-Lane*, tho' he had ſold off moſt of his Moveables, ſtill kept Poſſeſſion of his Palace, and trembled for him when he had lately like to have been taken by a Stratagem. There have for many Ages been a certain Learned ſort of Unlearned Men in this Nation called Attornies, who have taken upon them to ſolve all Difficulties by increaſing them, and are called upon to the Aſſiſtance of all who are lazy, or weak of Underſtanding. The Inſolence of a Ruler of this Place made him reſign the Poſſeſſion of it to the Management of my above-mentioned Friend *Divito*. *Divito* was too Modeſt to know when to reſign it, till he had the Opinion and Sentence of the Law for his Removal. Both theſe in Length of Time were obtained againſt him: But as the great *Archimedes* defended *Syracuſe* with ſo powerful Engines, that if he threw a Rope or Piece of Wood over the Wall, the Enemy fled; ſo *Divito* had wounded all Adverſaries with ſo much Skill, that Men feared even to be in the Right againſt him. For this Reaſon, the lawful Ruler

ſets

ſets up an Attorney to expel an Attorney, and choſe a Name dreadful to the Stage, who only ſeemed able to beat *Divito* out of his Intrenchments.

On the 22d Inſtant, a Night of publick Rejoycing, the Enemies of *Divito* made a Largeſs to the People of Faggots, Tubs, and other Combuſtible Matter, which was erected into a Bonfire before the Palace. Plentiful Cans were at the ſame Time diſtributed among the Dependences of that Principality; and the artful Rival of *Divito* obſerving them prepared for Enterprize, preſented the lawful Owner of the neighbouring Edifice, and ſhowed his Deputation under him. War immediately enſued upon the peaceful Empire of Wit and the Muſes; the *Goths* and *Vandals* ſacking *Rome*, did not threaten a more barbarous Devaſtation of Arts and Sciences. But when they had forced their Entrance, the experienced *Divito* had detached all his Subjects, and evacuated all his Stores. The neighbouring Inhabitants report, That the Refuſe of *Divito*'s Followers marched off the Night before diſguiſed in Magnificence; Door-Keepers came out clad like Cardinals, and Scene-Drawers like Heathen Gods. *Divito* himſelf was wrapped up in one of his black Clouds, and left to the Enemy nothing but an empty Stage, full of Trap-Doors, known only to himſelf and his Adherents.

From my own Apartment, November 25.

I have already taken great Pains to inſpire Notions of Honour and Virtue into the People of this Kingdom, and uſed all gentle Methods ima-

imaginable, to bring thoſe who are dead in Idleneſs, Folly, and Pleaſure, into Life, by applying themſelves to Learning, Wiſdom, and Induſtry. But ſince fair Means are ineffectual, I muſt proceed to Extremities, and ſhall give my good Friends the Company of Upholders, full Power to bury all ſuch Dead as they meet with, who are within my former Deſcriptions of deceaſed Perſons. In the mean Time, the following Remonſtrance of that Corporation I take to be very juſt.

From our Office near the *Hay-Market*, *Nov.* 23.

Worthy *SIR*,

UPon Reading your Tatler *of* Saturday *laſt, by which we received the agreeable News of ſo many Deaths, we immediately ordered in a conſiderable Quantity of Blacks; and our Servants have wrought Night and Day ever ſince, to furniſh out the Neceſſaries for theſe Deceaſed. But ſo it is, Sir, that of this vaſt Number of dead Bodies, that go putrifying up and down the Streets, not one of them has come to us to be buried. Tho' we ſhould be loth to be any Hinderance to our good Friends the Phyſicians, yet we cannot but take Notice, what Infection her Majeſty's Subjects are liable to from the horrible Stench of ſo many Corpſes. Sir, we will not detain you; our Caſe in ſhort is this: Here are we embarked, in this Undertaking for the Publick Good: Now if People ſhall be ſuffered to go on unburied at this Rate, there's an End of the uſefulleſt Manufactures and Handicrafts of the Kingdom: For where will be your Sextons, Coffin-Makers, and Plummers? What will become of your Em-*

Embalmers, Epitaph-Mongers, and Chief Mourners? We are loth to drive this Matter any further, tho' we tremble at the Conſequences of it: For if it ſhall be left to every dead Man's Diſcretion not to be buried till he ſees his Time, no Man can ſay where that will end; but thus much we may take upon us to affirm, That ſuch a Toleration will be intollerable.

What would make us eaſy in this Matter, is no more but that your Worſhip would be pleaſed to iſſue out your Orders to ditto *Dead to repair forthwith to our Office, in order to their Interrment, where conſtant Attendance ſhall be given to treat with all Perſons according to their Quality, and the Poor to be buried for nothing: And for the Convenience of ſuch Perſons as are willing enough to be dead, but that they are afraid their Friends and Relations ſhould know it, we have a Back-Door into* Warwick-ſtreet, *from whence they may be interred with all Secrecy imaginable, and without Loſs of Time, or Hinderance of Buſineſs. But in caſe of Obſtinacy, (for we would gladly make a thorough Riddance) we deſire a further Power from your Worſhip, to take up ſuch Deceaſed as ſhall not have complied with your firſt Orders, wherever we meet them: And if after that there ſhall be Complaints of any Perſons ſo offending, let them lie at our Doors. We are,*

Your Worſhip's till Death,

The Maſter and Company of Upholders.

'*P. S.* We are ready to give in our print-
'ed Propoſals at large; and if your Worſhip
'ap-

‘ approves of our Undertaking, we desire the ‘ following Advertisement may be inserted in ‘ your next Paper.

Whereas a Commission of Interrment has been awarded against Dr. John Partridge, *Philomath, Professor of Physick and Astrology; and whereas the said* Partridge *hath not surrendred himself, nor shown Cause to the contrary, These are to certify, That the Company of Upholders will proceed to bury him from* Cordwainers-Hall *on* Tuesday *the 29th Instant, where any Six of his surviving Friends, who still believe him to be alive, are desired to come prepared to hold up the Pall.*

Note, *We shall light away at Six in the Evening, there being to be a Sermon.*

The TATLER. [N° 100.

Jam redit & Virgo, redeunt Saturnia Regna. Virg.

From *Saturday, Nov.* 26. to *Tuesday, Nov.* 29. 1709.

Sheer-Lane, November 28.

I Was last Week taking a solitary Walk in the Garden of *Lincolns-Inn*, (a Favour that is indulged me by several of the Benchers who are my intimate Friends, and grown old with me in this Neighbourhood) when, according to the Nature of Men in Years, who have made but little Progress in the Advancement of their Fortune or their Fame. I was repining at the

ſudden Riſe of many Perſons who are my Juniors, and indeed at the unequal Diſtribution of Wealth, Honour, and all other Bleſſings of Life. I was loſt in this Thought when the Night came upon me, and drew my Mind into a far more agreeable Contemplation. The Heaven above me appeared in all its Glories, and preſented me with ſuch an Hemiſphere of Stars, as made the moſt agreeable Proſpect imaginable to one who delights in the Study of Nature. It happened to be a freezing Night, which had purified the whole Body of Air into ſuch a bright tranſparent Æther, as made every Conſtellation viſible; and at the ſame Time gave ſuch a particular Glowing to the Stars, that I thought it the richeſt Sky I had ever ſeen. I could not behold a Scene ſo wonderfully adorned and lighted up, (if I may be allowed that Expreſſion) without ſuitable Meditations on the Author of ſuch illuſtrious and amazing Objects. For on theſe Occaſions, Philoſophy ſuggeſts Motives to Religion, and Religion adds Pleaſures to Philoſophy.

As ſoon as I had recovered my uſual Temper and Serenity of Soul, I retired to my Lodgings with the Satisfaction of having paſſed away a few Hours in the proper Employments of a reaſonable Creature, and promiſing my ſelf that my Slumbers would be ſweet. I no ſooner fell into them, but I dreamed a Dream, or ſaw a Viſion (for I know not which to call it) that ſeemed to riſe out of my Evening-Meditation, and had ſomething in it ſo ſolemn and ſerious, that I cannot forbear communicating

ting it; though I muſt confeſs, the Wildneſs of Imagination (which in a Dream is always looſe and irregular) diſcovers it ſelf too much in ſeveral Parts of it.

Methoughts I ſaw the ſame Azure Sky diverſified with the ſame glorious Luminaries which had entertained me a little before I fell aſleep. I was looking very attentively on that Sign in the Heavens which is called by the Name of the *Ballance*, when on a ſudden there appeared in it an extraordinary Light, as if the Sun ſhould riſe at Midnight. By its increaſing in Breadth and Luſtre, I ſoon found that it approached towards the Earth; and at length could diſcern ſomething like a Shadow hovering in the Midſt of a great Glory, which in a little Time after I diſtinctly perceived to be the Figure of a Woman. I fancied at firſt it might have been the Angel, or Intelligence that guided the Conſtellation from which it deſcended; but upon a nearer View, I ſaw about her all the Emblems with which the Goddeſs of Juſtice is uſually deſcribed. Her Countenance was unſpeakably awful and majeſtick, but exquiſitely beautiful to thoſe whoſe Eyes were ſtrong enough to behold it; her Smiles tranſported with Rapture, her Frowns terrified to Deſpair. She held in her Hand a Mirror, endowed with the ſame Qualities as that which the Painters put into the Hand of *Truth*.

There ſtreamed from it a Light, which diſtinguiſhed it ſelf from all the Splendors that ſurrounded her, more than a Flaſh of Lightning ſhines in the Midſt of Day-light. As ſhe moved

ved it in her Hand, it brightened the Heavens, the Air, or the Earth. When ſhe had deſcended ſo low as to be ſeen and heard by Mortals, to make the Pomp of her Appearance more ſupportable, ſhe threw Darkneſs and Clouds about her, that tempered the Light into a Thouſand beautiful Shades and Colours, and multiplied that Luſtre, which was before too ſtrong and dazling, into a Variety of milder Glories.

In the mean Time the World was in an Alarm, and all the Inhabitants of it gathered together upon a ſpacious Plain; ſo that I ſeemed to have the whole Species before my Eyes. A Voice was heard from the Clouds, declaring the Intention of this Viſit, which was, to reſtore and appropriate to every one living what was his Due. The Fear and Hope, Joy and Sorrow, which appeared in that great Aſſembly after this ſolemn Declaration, are not to be expreſs'd. The firſt Edict was then pronounced, *That all Titles and Claims to Riches and Eſtates, or to any Part of 'em, ſhould be immediately veſted in the rightful Owner.* Upon this, the Inhabitants of the Earth held up the Inſtruments of their Tenure, whether in Parchment, Paper, Wax, or any other Form of Conveyance; and as the Goddeſs moved the Mirror of Truth which ſhe held in her Hand, ſo that the Light which flowed from it fell upon the Multitude, they examined the ſeveral Inſtruments by the Beams of it. The Rays of this Mirror had a particular Quality of ſetting Fire to all Forgery and Falſhood. The Blaze of Papers,

pers, the Melting of Seals, and Crackling of Parchments, made a very odd Scene. The Fire very often ran through Two or Three Lines only, and then ſtopped. Tho' I could not but obſerve, that the Flame chiefly broke out among the Interlineations and Codicils; the Light of the Mirror, as it was turned up and down, pierced into all the dark Corners and Receſſes of the Univerſe, and by that Means detected many Writings and Records which had been hidden or buried by Time, Chance or Deſign. This occaſioned a wonderful Revolution among the People. At the ſame Time, the Spoils of Extortion, Fraud and Robbery, with all the Fruits of Bribery and Corruption, were thrown together into a Prodigious Pile, that almoſt reached to the Clouds, and was called, *The Mount of Reſtitution*; to which all injured Perſons were invited, to receive what belonged to them.

One might ſee Crowds of People in tattered Garments come up, and changed Clothes with others that were dreſſed with Lace and Embroidery. Several who were Plumbs, or very near it, became Men of Moderate Fortunes; and many others, who were overgrown in Wealth and Poſſeſſions, had no more left than what they uſually ſpent. What moved my Concern moſt, was, to ſee a certain Street of the greateſt Credit in *Europe* from one End to the other become Bankrupt.

The next Command was, for the whole Body of Mankind to ſeparate themſelves into their proper Families; which was no ſooner

done, but an Edict was iſſued out, requiring all Children *to repair to their True and Natural Fathers.* This put a great Part of the Aſſembly in Motion; for as the Mirror was moved over them, it inſpired every one with ſuch a natural Inſtinct, as directed them to their real Parents. It was a very melancholy Spectacle to ſee the Fathers of very large Families become Childleſs, and Batchelors undone by a Charge of Sons and Daughters. You might ſee a Preſumptive Heir of a great Eſtate ask Bleſſing of his Coachman, and a celebrated Toaſt paying her Duty to a *Valet de Chambre.* Many under Vows of Celibacy appeared ſurrounded with a numerous Iſſue. This Change of Parentage would have cauſed great Lamentation, but that the Calamity was pretty common; and that generally thoſe who loſt their Children, had the Satisfaction of ſeeing them put into the Hands of their deareſt Friends. Men were no ſooner ſettled in their Right to their Poſſeſſions and their Progeny, but there was a Third Order proclaimed, *That all the Poſts of Dignity and Honour in the Univerſe ſhould be conferred on Perſons of the greateſt Merit, Abilities and Perfection.* The Handſome, the Strong, and the Wealthy, immediately preſſed forward; but not being able to bear the Splendor of the Mirror which played upon their Faces, they immediately fell back among the Crowd: But as the Goddeſs tried the Multitude by her Glaſs, as the Eagle does its young Ones by the Luſtre of the Sun, it was remarkable, that every one turned away his Face from it who had not diſtinguiſhed

ſtinguiſhed himſelf either by Virtue, Knowledge or Capacity in Buſineſs, either Military or Civil. This Select Aſſembly was drawn up in the Centre of a prodigious Multitude, which was diffuſed on all Sides, and ſtood obſerving them, as idle People uſe to gather about a Regiment that are exerciſing their Arms. They were drawn up in Three Bodies: In the Firſt, were the Men of Virtue; in the Second, Men of Knowledge; and in the Third, the Men of Buſineſs. It was impoſſible to look at the firſt Column without a ſecret Veneration, their Aſpects were ſo ſweetned with Humanity, raiſed with Contemplation, embolden'd with Reſolution, and adorned with the moſt agreeable Airs, which are thoſe that proceed from ſecret Habits of Virtue. I could not but take Notice, That there were many Faces among them which were unknown, not only to the Multitude, but even to ſeveral of their own Body.

In the Second Column, conſiſting of the Men of Knowledge, there had been great Diſputes before they fell into the Ranks, which they did not do at laſt, without the poſitive Command of the Goddeſs who preſided over the Aſſembly. She had ſo ordered it, that Men of the greateſt Genius and ſtrongeſt Senſe were placed at the Head of the Column: Behind theſe, were ſuch as had formed their Minds very much on the Thoughts and Writings of others. In the Rear of the Column, were Men who had more Wit than Senſe, or more Learning than Underſtanding. All living Authors of any Value were ranged in one

of theſe Claſſes; but I muſt confeſs, I was very much ſurpriſed to ſee a great Body of Editors, Criticks, Commentators and Grammarians, meet with ſo very ill a Reception. They had formed themſelves into a Body, and with a great deal of Arrogance demanded the firſt Station in the Column of Knowledge; but the Goddeſs, inſtead of Complying with their Requeſt, clapped them all into Liveries, and bid them know themſelves for no other but Lacqueys of the Learned.

The Third Column were Men of Buſineſs, and conſiſting of Perſons in Military and Civil Capacities. The former marched out from the reſt, and placed themſelves in the Front, at which the other ſhook their Heads at them, but did not think fit to diſpute the Poſt with them. I could not but make ſeveral Obſervations upon this laſt Column of People; but I have certain private Reaſons why I do not think fit to communicate them to the Publick. In order to fill up all the Poſts of Honour, Dignity, and Profit, there was a Draught made out of each Column of Men, who were Maſters of all Three Qualifications in ſome Degree, and were preferred to Stations of the firſt Rank. The Second Draught was made out of ſuch as were poſſeſſed of any Two of the Qualifications, who were diſpoſed of in Stations of a ſecond Dignity. Thoſe who were left, and were endowed only with one of them, had their ſuitable Poſts. When this was over, there remained many Places of Truſt and Profit unfilled, for which there were freſh Draughts made out

out of the ſurrounding Multitude, who had any Appearance of theſe Excellencies, or were recommended by thoſe who poſſeſſed them in Reality.

All were ſurpriſed to ſee ſo many new Faces in the moſt eminent Dignities; and for my own Part, I was very well pleaſed to ſee that all my Friends either kept their preſent Poſts, or were advanced to higher.

Having filled my Paper with thoſe Particulars of Mankind, I muſt reſerve for another Occaſion the Sequel of it, which relates to the Fair Sex.

The TATLER. [N° 101.

——Poſtquam fregit ſubſellia verſu
Eſurit intactam Paridi niſi vendit Agaven. Juv.

From *Tueſday, Nov.* 29. to *Thurſday, Dec.* 1. 1709.

From my own Apartment, November 30.

THE Progreſs of my intended Account of what happended when *Juſtice* viſited Mortals, is at preſent interrupted by the Obſervation and Senſe of an Injuſtice againſt which there is no Remedy, even in a Kingdom more happy in the Care taken of the Liberty and Property of the Subject, than any other Nation upon Earth. This Iniquity is commited by a moſt impregnable Set of Mortals, Men who are Rogues

Rogues within the Law; and in the very Commiſſion of what they are guilty of, profeſſedly own, that they forbear no Injury but from the Terror of being puniſhed for it. Theſe Miſcreants are a Set of Wretches we Authors call Pirates, who print any Book, Poem, or Sermon, as ſoon as it appears in the World, in a ſmaller Volume, and ſell it (as all other Thieves do ſtolen Goods) at a cheaper Rate. I was in my Rage calling them Raſcals, Plunderers, Robbers, Highway-men —— But they acknowledge all that, and are pleaſed with thoſe, as well as any other Titles; nay, will print them themſelves to turn the Penny.

I am extremely at a Loſs how to act againſt ſuch open Enemies, who have not Shame enough to be touched with our Reproaches, and are as well defended againſt what we can ſay, as what we can do. Railing therefore we muſt turn into Complaint, which I cannot forbear making, when I conſider that all the Labours of my long Life may be diſappointed by the firſt Man that pleaſes to rob me. I had flattered my ſelf, that my Stock of Learning was worth 150 *l. per Annum*, which would very handſomely maintain me and my little Family, who are ſo happy or ſo wiſe as to want only Neceſſaries. Before Men had come up to this bare-faced Impudence, it was an Eſtate to have a Competency of Underſtanding.

An ingenious Drole, who is ſince dead, (and indeed it is well for him he is ſo, for he muſt have ſtarved had he lived to this Day) uſed to give me an Account of his good Husbandry in the Manage-

Management of his Learning. He was a general Dealer, and had his Amuſements as well comical as ſerious. The merry Rogue ſaid, when he wanted a Dinner, he writ a Paragraph of *Table-Talk*, and his Bookſeller upon Sight paid the Reckoning. He was a very good Judge of what would pleaſe the People, and could aptly hit both the Genius of his Readers, and the Seaſon of the Year in his Writings. His Brain, which was his Eſtate, had as regular and different Produce as other Men's Land. From the Beginning of *November* till the Opening of the Campagne, he writ Pamphlets and Letters to Members of Parliament, or Friends in the Country: But ſometimes he would relieve his ordinary Readers with a Murder, and lived comfortably a Week or Two upon *ſtrange and lamentable Accidents*. A little before the Armies took the Field, his Way was to open your Attention with a Prodigy; and a Monſter well writ, was two Guinea's the loweſt Price. This prepared his Readers for *his Great and Bloody News* from *Flanders* in *June* and *July*. Poor *Tom!* He is gone— But I obſerved, he always looked well after a Battle, and was apparently fatter in a fighting Year. Had this honeſt careleſs Fellow lived till now, Famine had ſtared him in the Face, and interrupted his Merriment; as it muſt be a ſolid Affliction to all thoſe whoſe Pen is their Portion.

As for my Part, I do not ſpeak wholly for my own Sake in this Point; for Palmiſtry and Aſtrology will bring me in greater Gains than theſe my Papers; ſo that I am only in the Condition

Condition of a Lawyer, who leaves the Bar for Chamber-Practice. However, I may be allowed to ſpeak in the Cauſe of Learning it ſelf, and lament, that a liberal Education is the only one which a polite Nation makes unprofitable. All Mechanick Artizans are allowed to reap the Fruit of their Invention and Ingenuity without Invaſion; but he that has ſeparated himſelf from the reſt of Mankind, and ſtudied the Wonders of the Creation, the Government of his Paſſions, and the Revolutions of the World, and has an Ambition to communicate the Effect of half his Life ſpent in ſuch noble Enquiries, has no Property in what he is willing to produce, but is expoſed to Robbery and Want, with this melancholy and juſt Reflection, That he is the only Man who is not protected by his Country, at the ſame Time that he beſt deſerves it.

According to the ordinary Rules of Computation, the greater the Adventure is, the greater ought to be the Profit of thoſe who ſucceed in it; and by this Meaſure, none have Pretence of turning their Labours to greater Advantage than Perſons brought up to Letters. A learned Education, paſſing through great Schools and Univerſities, is very expenſive, and conſumes a moderate Fortune, before it is gone through in its proper Forms. The Purchaſe of an handſome Commiſſion or Employment, which would give a Man a good Figure in another Kind of Life, is to be made at a much cheaper Rate. Now, if we conſider this expenſive Voyage which is undertaken in the Search of Knowledge, and how few

few there are who take in any conſiderable Merchandiſe, how leſs frequent it is to be able to turn what Men have gained into Profit? How hard is it, that the very ſmall Number who are diſtinguiſhed with Abilities to know how to vend their Wares, and have the good Fortune to bring them into Port, ſhould ſuffer being plundered by Privateers under the very Cannon that ſhould protect them? The moſt eminent and uſeful Author of the Age we live in, after having laid out a Princely Revenue in Works of Charity and Beneficence, as became the Greatneſs of his Mind, and the Sanctity of his Character, would have left the Perſon in the World who was the deareſt to him in a narrow Condition, had not the Sale of his immortal Writings brought her in a very conſiderable Dowry? tho' it was impoſſible for it to be equal to their Value. Every one will know, that I here mean the Works of the late Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*, the Copy of which was ſold for 2500 *l.*

I do not ſpeak with Relation to any Party; but it has happened, and may often ſo happen, that Men of great Learning and Virtue cannot qualify themſelves for being employed in Buſineſs, or receiving Preferments. In this Caſe, you cut them off from all Support, if you take from them the Benefit that may ariſe from their Writings. For my own Part, I have brought my ſelf to conſider Things in ſo unprejudiced a manner, that I eſteem more a Man who can live by the Products of his Underſtanding, than One who does it by the Favour of Great Men.

The

The Zeal of an Author has tranſported me thus far, tho' I think my ſelf as much concerned in the Capacity of a Reader. If this Practice goes on, we muſt never expect to ſee again a beautiful Edition of a Book in *Great Britain.*

We have already ſeen the Memoirs of Sir *William Temple* publiſhed in the ſame Character and Volume with the Hiſtory of *Tom Thumb*, and the Works of our greateſt Poets ſhrunk into Penny Books and Garlands. For my own Part, I expect to ſee my Lucubrations printed on Browner Paper than they are at preſent; and, if the Humour continues, muſt be forced to retrench my expenſive Way of Living, and not ſmoke above Two Pipes a Day.

Mr. Charles Lillie, *Perfumer at the Corner of* Beauford-Buildings, *has informed me, That I am obliged to ſeveral of my Cuſtomers for coming to his Shop upon my Recommendation; and has alſo given me further Aſſurances of his upright Dealing with all who ſhall be ſo kind as to make Uſe of my Name to him. I acknowledge this Favour, and have, for the Service of my Friends who frequent his Shop, uſed the Force of Magical Powers to add Value to his Wares. By my Knowledge in the ſecret Operations of Nature, I have made his* Powders, Perfumed *and Plain, have the ſame Effect as Love-Powder, to all who are too much enamoured to do more than dreſs at their Miſtreſſes. His* Amber Orange-Flower, Musk, *and* Civet-Violet, *put only into an Handkerchief, ſhall have the ſame Effect towards an honourable Lover's Wiſhes, as if he had been wrapped in his Mother's Smock.* Waſh-Balls Perfumed, Camphired,

phired, *and* Plain, *ſhall reſtore Complexions to that Degree, that a Country Fox-hunter who uſes them, ſhall in a Week's Time look with a courtly and affable Paleneſs, without uſing the Bagnio or Cupping.* N. B. *Mr.* Lillie *has Snuffs,* Barcelona, Sevil, Muſty, Plain, *and* Spaniſh, which may be taken by a young Beginner *without Danger of Sneezing.*

Sheer-Lane, Nov. 30.

Whereas ſeveral Walking-dead Perſons arrived within the Bills of Mortality, before and ſince the 15th Inſtant, having been informed of my Warrant given to the Company of Upholders, and being terrified thereat, (it not having been advertized that Privilege or Protection would be allow'd) have reſolv'd forthwith to retire to their ſeveral and reſpective Abodes in the Country, hoping thereby to elude any Commiſſion of Interrment that may iſſue out againſt them; and being informed of ſuch their fallacious Deſigns, I do hereby give Notice, as well for the Good of the Publick, as for the great Veneration I have for the before-mentioned uſeful Society, that a Proceſs is gone out againſt them; and that, in Caſe of Contempt, they may be found or heard of at moſt Coffee-houſes in and about Weſtminſter.

I muſt deſire my Readers to help me out from Time to Time in the Correction of theſe my Eſſays; for as a ſhaking Hand does not always write legibly, the Preſs ſometimes prints one Word for another; and when my Paper is to be reviſed, I am perhaps ſo buſy in obſerving the Spots of the Moon, that I have not Time to find out the Errata *that are crept into my Lucubrations.*

The

The TATLER. [N° 102.

From *Thurſday*, *Dec.* 1. to *Saturday*, *Dec.* 3. 1709.

From my own Apartment, Dec. 3.

A Continuation of the Viſion.

THE Male World were diſmiſſed by the Goddeſs of Juſtice, and diſappeared, when on a ſudden the whole Plain was covered with Women. So charming a Multitude filled my Heart with unſpeakable Pleaſure; and as the Celeſtial Light of the Mirror ſhone upon their Faces, ſeveral of them ſeemed rather Perſons that deſcended in the Train of the Goddeſs, than ſuch who were brought before her to their Tryal. The Clack of Tongues, and Confuſion of Voices, in this new Aſſembly, was ſo very great, that the Goddeſs was forced to command Silence ſeveral Times, and with ſome Severity, before ſhe could make them attentive to her Edicts. They were all ſenſible, that the moſt important Affair among Womankind was then to be ſettled, which every one knows to be the Point of Place. This had raiſed innumerable Diſputes among them, and put the whole Sex into a Tumult. Every one produced her Claim, and pleaded her Pretenſions. Birth, Beauty, Wit, or Wealth, were Words that rung in my Ears from all parts of the Plain. Some boaſted of the Merit of their Husbands; others of their own Power in governing

verning them. Some pleaded their unſpotted Virginity; others their numerous Iſſue. Some valued themſelves as they were the Mothers, and others as they were the Daughters, of conſiderable Perſons. There was not a ſingle Accompliſhment unmentioned, or unpractiſed. The whole Congregation was full of Singing, Dancing, Toſſing, Ogling, Squeaking, Smiling, Sighing, Fanning, Frowing, and all thoſe irreſiſtible Arts which Women put in Practice, to captivate the Hearts of reaſonable Creatures. The Goddeſs, to end this Diſpute, cauſed it to be proclaim'd, That every one ſhould take Place according as ſhe was more or leſs beautiful. This Declaration gave great Satisfaction to the whole Aſſembly, which immediately bridled up, and appeared in all its Beauties. Such as believed themſelves graceful in their Motion, found an Occaſion of falling back, advancing forward, or making a falſe Step, that they might ſhow their Perſons in the moſt becoming Air. Such as had fine Necks and Boſoms, were wonderfully curious to look over the Heads of the Multitude, and obſerve the moſt diſtant Parts of the Aſſembly. Several clapped their Hands on their Foreheads, as helping their Sight to look upon the Glories that ſurrounded the Goddeſs, but in Reality to ſhow fine Hands and Arms. The Ladies were yet better pleaſed when they heard, that in the Deciſion of this great Controverſy, each of them ſhould be her own Judge, and take her Place according to her own Opinion of her ſelf, when ſhe conſulted her Looking-glaſs.

The Goddeſs then let down the Mirror of Truth in a Golden Chain, which appeared larger in Proportion as it deſcended and approached nearer to the Eyes of the Beholders. It was the particular Property of this Looking-glaſs to baniſh all falſe Appearances, and ſhow People what they are. The whole Woman was repreſented, without Regard to the uſual external Features, which were made entirely conformable to their real Characters. In ſhort, the moſt accompliſhed (taking in the whole Circle of Female Perfections) were the moſt beautiful; and the moſt defective, the moſt deformed. The Goddeſs ſo varied the Motion of the Glaſs, and placed it in ſo many different Lights, that each had an Opportunity of ſeeing her ſelf in it.

It is impoſſible to deſcribe the Rage, the Pleaſure, or Aſtoniſhment, that appeared in each Face upon its Repreſentation in the Mirror: Multitudes ſtarted at their own Form, and would have broke the Glaſs if they could have reached it. Many ſaw their Blooming Features wither as they looked upon them, and their Self-Admiration turned into a Loathing and Abhorrence. The Lady who was thought ſo agreeable in her Anger, and was ſo often celebrated for a Woman of Fire and Spirit, was frighted at her own Image, and fancied ſhe ſaw a Fury in the Glaſs. The intereſted Miſtreſs beheld a Harpy, and the ſubtle Jilt a Sphinx. I was very much troubled in my own Heart, to ſee ſuch a Deſtruction of fine Faces; but at the ſame Time had the Pleaſure of ſeeing ſeveral improved, which I had before looked upon as the greateſt Maſter-pieces

of

of Nature. I obſerved, that ſome few were ſo humble as to be ſurpriſed at their own Charms; and that many a one, who had lived in the Retirement and Severity of a Veſtal, ſhined forth in all the Graces and Attractions of a Syren. I was raviſhed at the Sight of a particular Image in the Mirror, which I think the moſt beautiful Object that my Eyes ever beheld. There was ſomething more than Humane in her Countenance: Her Eyes were ſo full of Light, that they ſeemed to beautify every Thing they looked upon. Her Face was enlivened with ſuch a florid Bloom, as did not ſo properly ſeem the Mark of Health, as of Immortality. Her Shape, her Stature, and her Mein, were ſuch as diſtinguiſhed her even there where the whole Fair Sex was aſſembled.

I was impatient to ſee the Lady repreſented by ſo divine an Image, whom I found to be the Perſon that ſtood at my Right Hand, and in the ſame Point of View with my ſelf. This was a little old Woman, who in her Prime had been about Five Foot high, though at preſent ſhrunk to about Three Quarters of that Meaſure: Her natural Aſpect was puckered up with Wrinkles, and her Head covered with grey Hairs. I had obſerved all along an innocent Chearfulneſs in her Face, which was now heightened into Rapture as ſhe beheld her ſelf in the Glaſs. It was an odd Circumſtance in my Dream (but I cannot forbear relating it); I conceived ſo great an Inclination towards her, that I had Thoughts of diſcourſing her upon the Point of Marriage, when on a ſudden ſhe was carried from me;

for the Word was now given, that all who were pleaſed with their own Images, ſhould ſeparate, and place themſelves at the Head of their Sex.

This Detachment was afterwards divided into three Bodies, conſiſting of Maids, Wives, and Widows; the Wives being placed in the Middle, with the Maids on the Right, and Widows on the Left; though it was with Difficulty that theſe two laſt Bodies were hindered from falling into the Centre. This Separation of thoſe, who liked their real ſelves, not having leſſened the Number of the main Body ſo conſiderably as it might have been wiſhed, the Goddeſs, after having drawn up her Mirror, thought fit to make new Diſtinctions among thoſe who did not like the Figure which they ſaw in it. She made ſeveral wholeſome Edicts, which are ſlipt out of my Mind; but there were Two which dwelt upon me, as being very extraordinary in their Kind, and executed with great Severity. Their Deſign was, to make an Example of two Extremes in the Female World; of thoſe who are very ſevere on the Conduct of others, and of thoſe who are very regardleſs of their own. The firſt Sentence therefore the Goddeſs pronounced, was, That all Females addicted to Cenſoriouſneſs and Detraction, ſhould loſe the Uſe of Speech; a Puniſhment which would be the moſt grievous to the Offender, and (what ſhould be the End of all Puniſhments) effectual for rooting out the Crime. Upon this Edict, which was as ſoon executed as publiſhed, the Noiſe of the Aſſembly very conſiderably abated. It was

a melancholy Spectacle, to ſee ſo many who had the Reputation of rigid Virtue ſtruck dumb. A Lady who ſtood by me, and ſaw my Concern, told me, She wondered how I could be concerned for ſuch a Pack of —— I found, by the ſhaking of her Head, ſhe was going to give me their Characters; but by her ſaying no more, I perceived ſhe had loſt the Command of her Tongue. This Calamity fell very heavy upon that Part of Women who are diſtinguiſhed by the Name of *Prudes*, a Courtly Word for Female Hypocrites, who have a ſhort Way to being virtuous, by ſhowing that others are vitious. The Second Sentence was then pronounced againſt the looſe Part of the Sex, That all ſhould immediately be pregnant, who in any Part of their Lives had ran the Hazard of it. This produced a very goodly Appearance, and revealed ſo many Miſconducts, that made thoſe who were lately ſtruck dumb, repine more than ever at their Want of Utterance, though at the ſame Time (as Afflictions ſeldom come ſingle) many of the Mutes were alſo ſeized with this new Calamity. The Ladies were now in ſuch a Condition, that they would have wanted Room, had not the Plain been large enough to let them divide their Ground, and extend their Lines on all Sides. It was a ſenſible Affliction to me, to ſee ſuch a Multitude of Fair Ones either dumb or big-bellied: But I was ſomething more at Eaſe, when I found that they agreed upon ſeveral Regulations to cover ſuch Misfortunes. Among others, that it ſhould be an eſtabliſhed Maxim in all Nations, That a Woman's Firſt

Child might come into the World within Six Months after her Acquaintance with her Huſband; and that Grief might retard the Birth of her laſt till Fourteen Months after his Deceaſe.

This Viſion laſted till my uſual Hour of Waking, which I did with ſome Surpriſe, to find my ſelf alone, after having been engaged almoſt a whole Night in ſo prodigious a Multitude. I could not but reflect with Wonder, at the Partiality and Extravagance of my Viſion; which, according to my Thoughts, has not done Juſtice to the Sex. If Virtue in Men is more Venerable, it is in Women more Lovely; which *Milton* has very finely expreſſed in his *Paradiſe Loſt*, where *Adam*, ſpeaking of *Eve*, after having aſſerted his own Pre-eminence, as being Firſt in Creation and internal Faculties, breaks out into the following Rapture:

—— Yet when I approach
Her Lovelineſs, ſo Abſolute ſhe ſeems,
And in her ſelf Compleat, ſo well to know
Her Own, that what ſhe wills, or do, or ſay,
Seems wiſeſt, virtuouſeſt, diſcreeteſt, beſt.
All higher Knowledge in her Preſence falls
Degraded. Wiſdom, in Diſcourſe with her,
Loſes, diſcountenanced, and like Folly ſhows.
Authority and Reaſon on her wait,
As one intended firſt, not after made
Occaſionally: And to conſummate all
Greatneſs of Mind and Nobleneſs, their Seat
Build in her loveliеſt, and create an Awe
About her, as a Guard Angelick placed.

The

The TATLER. [N° 103.

——Hæ nugæ ſeria ducunt
In mala, deriſum ſemel exceptumque Siniſtré. Hor.

From *Saturday, December* 3. to *Tueſday, December* 6. 1709.

From my own Apartment, December 5.

THere is nothing gives a Man greater Satisfaction, than the Senſe of having diſpatched a great deal of Buſineſs, eſpecially when it turns to the Publick Emolument. I have much Pleaſure of this Kind upon my Spirits at preſent, occaſioned by the Fatigue of Affairs which I went through laſt *Saturday*. It is ſome Time ſince I ſet apart that Day for examining the Pretenſions of ſeveral who had applied to me, for Canes, Perſpective-Glaſſes, Snuff-Boxes, Orange-Flower-Waters, and the like Ornaments of Life. In order to adjuſt this Matter, I had before directed *Charles Lillie* of *Beauford-Buildings* to prepare a great Bundle of Blank Licences in the following Words:

You are hereby required to permit the Bearer of this Cane to paſs and repaſs through the Streets and Suburbs of London, *or any Place within Ten Miles of it, without Lett or Moleſtation; provided that he does not walk with it under his Arm, brandiſh it in the Air, or hang it on a Button: In which Caſe it ſhall be forfeited; and I hereby declare it forfeited to any one who ſhall think it ſafe to take it from him.*

Iſaac Bickerſtaff.

The ſame Form, differing only in the Proviſo's, will ſerve for a Perſpective, Snuff-Box, or Perfumed Handkerchief. I had placed my ſelf in my Elbow-Chair at the upper End of my great Parlour, having ordered *Charles Lillie* to take his Place upon a Joint-Stool with a Writing-Desk before him. *John Morphew* alſo took his Station at the Door; I having, for his good and faithful Services, appointed him my Chamber-Keeper upon Court-Days. He let me know, That there were a great Number attending without. Upon which, I ordered him to give Notice, That I did not intend to ſit upon Snuff-Boxes that Day; but that thoſe who appeared for Canes might enter. The firſt preſented me with the following Petition, which I ordered Mr. *Lillie* to read.

To *Iſaac Bickerſtaff* Eſq; Cenſor of *Great-Britain*.

The Humble Petition of Simon Trippit:

Sheweth,

That your Petitioner having been bred up to a Cane from his Youth, it is now become as neceſſary to him as any other of his Limbs.

That a great Part of his Behaviour depending upon it, he ſhould be reduced to the utmoſt Neceſſities if he ſhould loſe the Uſe of it.

That the Knocking of it upon his Shoe, Leaning one Leg upon it, or Whiſtling with it on his Mouth, are ſuch great Reliefs to him in Converſation, that he does not know how to be good Company without it.

That he is at preſent engaged in an Amour, and muſt deſpair of Succeſs, if it be taken from him.

Your

Your Petioner therefore hopes, that (the Premiſſes tenderly conſidered) your Worſhip will not deprive him of ſo uſeful and ſo neceſſary a Support.

And your Petitioner ſhall ever, *&c.*

Upon the hearing of his Caſe, I was touched with ſome Compaſſion, and the more ſo, when upon obſerving him nearer I found he was a *Prig*. I bid him produce his Cane in Court, which he had left at the Door. He did ſo, and I finding it to be very curiouſly clouded, with a tranſparent Amber Head, and a blue Ribbon to hang upon his Wriſt, I immediately ordered my Clerk *Lillie* to lay it up, and deliver out to him a plain Joint headed with Walnut; and then, in order to wean him from it by Degrees, permitted him to wear it Three Days in the Week, and to abate proportionably till he found himſelf able to go alone.

The Second who appeared, came limping into the Court: And ſetting forth in his Petition many Pretences for the Uſe of a Cane, I cauſed them to be examined one by one; but finding him in different Stories, and confronting him with ſeveral Witneſſes who had ſeen him walk upright, I ordered Mr. *Lillie* to take in his Cane, and rejected his Petition as frivolous.

A third made his Entry with great Difficulty, leaning upon a ſlight Stick, and in Danger of falling every Step he took. I ſaw the Weakneſs of his Hams; and hearing that he had married a young Wife about a Fortnight before, I bid him leave his Cane, and gave him a new Pair of Crutches, with which he went off in great Vi-

gour

gour and Alacrity. This Gentleman was ſucceeded by another, who ſeemed very much pleaſed while his Petition was reading, in which he had repreſented, That he was extremely afflicted with the Gout, and ſet his Foot upon the Ground with the Caution and Dignity which accompany that Diſtemper. I ſuſpected him for an Impoſtor, and having ordered him to be ſearched, I committed him into the Hands of Dr. *Thomas Smith* in *King-ſtreet* (my own Corn-Cutter) who attended in an outward Room; and wrought ſo ſpeedy a Cure upon him, that I thought fit to ſend him alſo away without his Cane.

While I was thus diſpenſing Juſtice, I heard a Noiſe in my outward Room; and enquiring what was the Occaſion of it, my Door-Keeper told me, that they had taken up one in the very Fact as he was paſſing by my Door. They immediately brought in a lively freſh-coloured young Man, who made great Reſiſtance with Hand and Foot, but did not offer to make Uſe of his Cane, which hung upon his Fifth Button. Upon Examination, I found him to be an *Oxford* Scholar, who was juſt entered at the *Temple*. He at firſt diſputed the Juriſdiction of the Court; but being driven out of his little Law and Logick, he told me very pertly, That he looked upon ſuch a perpendicular Creature as Man to make a very imperfect Figure without a Cane in his Hand. It is well known (ſays he) we ought, according to the natural Situation of our Bodies, to walk upon our Hands and Feet; and that the Wiſdom of the Ancients had deſcribed Man to be

be an Animal of Four Legs in the Morning, Two at Noon, and Three at Night; by which they intimated, that a Cane might very properly become Part of us in ſome Period of Life. Upon which I asked him, Whether he wore it at his Breaſt to have it in Readineſs when that Period ſhould arrive? My young Lawyer immediately told me, He had a Property in it, and a Right to hang it where he pleaſed, and to make uſe of it as he thought fit, provided that he did not break the Peace with it: And further ſaid, That he never took it off his Button, unleſs it were to lift it up at a Coachman, hold it over the Head of a Drawer, point out the Circumſtances of a Story, or for other Services of the like Nature, that are all within the Laws of the Land. I did not care for diſcouraging a young Man, who, I ſaw, would come to Good; and becauſe his Heart was ſet upon his new Purchaſe, I only ordered him to wear it about his Neck, inſtead of hanging it upon his Button, and ſo diſmiſſed him.

There were ſeveral appeared in Court, whoſe Pretenſions I found to be very good, and therefore gave many their Licences upon paying their Fees; as many others had their Licences renewed, who required more Time for Recovery of their Lameneſs than I had before allowed them.

Having diſpatched this Set of my Petitioners, there came in a well-dreſſed Man, with a Glaſs-Tube in one Hand, and his Petition in the other. Upon his entring the Room, he threw back the Right Side of his Wig, put forward his Right Leg,

Leg, and advancing the Glaſs to his Right Eye, aimed it directly at me. In the mean while, to make my Obſervations alſo, I put on my Spectacles; in which Poſture we ſurveyed each other for ſome Time. Upon the Removal of our Glaſſes, I deſired him to read his Petition, which he did very promptly and eaſily; though at the ſame Time it ſet forth, that he could ſee nothing diſtinctly, and was within very few Degrees of being utterly blind; concluding with a Prayer, That he might be permitted to ſtrengthen and exend his Sight by a Glaſs. In Anſwer to this, I told him, he might ſometimes extend it to his own Deſtruction. As you are now (ſaid I), you are out of the Reach of Beauty; the Shafts of the fineſt Eyes loſe their Force before they can come at you; you can't diſtinguiſh a Toaſt from an Orange-Wench; you can ſee a whole Circle of Beauty without any Interruption from an impertinent Face to diſcompoſe you. In ſhort, what are Snares for others ——— My Petitioner would hear no more, but told me very ſeriouſly, Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, you quite miſtake your Man; it is the Joy, the Pleaſure, the Employment, of my Life, to frequent publick Aſſemblies, and gaze upon the Fair. In a Word, I found his uſe of a Glaſs was occaſion'd by no other Infirmity but his Vanity, and was not ſo much deſign'd to make him ſee, as to make him be ſeen and diſtinguiſh'd by others. I therefore refuſed him a Licence for a Perſpective, but allowed him a Pair of Spectacles, with full Permiſſion to uſe them in any publick Aſſembly as he ſhould think fit. He was followed by ſo very few

few of this Order of Men, that I have Reaſon to hope this Sort of Cheats are almoſt at an End.

The Orange-Flower-Men appeared next with Petitions, perfumed ſo ſtrongly with Musk, that I was almoſt overcome with the Scent; and for my own Sake, was obliged forthwith to licenſe their Handkerchiefs, eſpecially when I found they had ſweetened them at *Charles Lillie*'s, and that ſome of their Perſons would not be altogether inoffenſive without them. *John Morphew*, whom I have made the General of my Dead Men, acquainted me, That the Petitioners were all of that Order, and could produce Certificates to prove it if I requir'd it. I was ſo well pleaſed with this Way of their Embalming themſelves, that I commanded the aboveſaid *Morphew* to give it in Orders to his whole Army, That every one who did not ſurrender himſelf up to be diſpoſed of by the Upholders, ſhould uſe the ſame Method to keep himſelf ſweet during his preſent State of Putrefaction.

I finiſhed my Seſſion with great Content of Mind, reflecting upon the Good I had done; for however ſlightly Men may regard theſe Particularities and little Follies in Dreſs and Behaviour, they lead to greater Evils. The bearing to be laughed at for ſuch Singularities, teach us inſenſibly an impertinent Fortitude, and enable us to bear publick Cenſure for Things which more ſubſtantially deſerve it. By this Means they open a Gate to Folly, and oftentimes render a Man ſo ridiculous, as diſcredit his Virtues and Capacities, and unqualify them from doing any

Good

Good in the World. Beſides, the giving into uncommon Habits of this Nature, is a Want of that humble Deference which is due to Mankind; and (what is worſt of all) the certain Indication of ſome ſecret Flaw in the Mind of the Perſon that commits them. When I was a young Man, I remember a Gentleman of great Integrity and Worth was very remarkable for wearing a broad Belt, and an Hanger inſtead of a faſhionable Sword, though in all other Points a very well-bred Man. I ſuſpected him at firſt Sight to have ſomething wrong in him, but was not able for a long while to diſcover any collateral Proofs of it. I watched him narrowly for Six and Thirty Years, when at laſt, to the Surprize of every Body but my ſelf, who had long expected to ſee the Folly break out, he married his own Cook-Maid.

The TATLER. [N° 104.

——*Garrit aniles*
Ex re Fabellas —— Hor.

From *Tueſday Dec.* 6. to *Thurſday Dec.* 8 1709.

From my own Apartment, December 7.

MY Brother *Tranquillus* being gone out of Town for ſome Days, my Siſter *Jenny* ſent me Word ſhe would come and dine with me, and therefore deſired me to have no other Company. I took Care accordingly, and was not a little

little pleaſed to ſee her enter the Doom with a decent and Matron-like Behaviour, which I thought very much became her. I ſaw ſhe had a great deal to ſay to me, and eaſily diſcovered in her Eyes, and the Air of her Countenance, that ſhe had abundance of Satisfaction in her Heart, which ſhe longed to communicate. However, I was reſolved to let her break into her Diſcourſe her own Way, and reduced her to a Thouſand little Devices and Intimations to bring me to the Mention of her Husband. But finding I was reſolved not to name him, ſhe began of her own Accord; My Husband (ſaid ſhe) gives his humble Service to you: To which I only anſwer'd, I hope he is well; and without waiting for a Reply, fell into other Subjects. She at laſt was out of all Patience, and ſaid, (with a Smile and Manner that I thought had more Beauty and Spirit than I had ever obſerved before in her) I did not think, Brother, you had been ſo ill-natured. You have ſeen, ever ſince I came in, that I had a Mind to talk of my Husband, and you won't be ſo kind as to give me an Occaſion. I did not know (ſaid I) but it might be a diſagreeable Subject to you. You do not take me for ſo old-faſhioned a Fellow, as to think of entertaining a young Lady with the Diſcourſe of her Husband. I know, nothing is more acceptable than to ſpeak of one who is to be ſo; but to ſpeak of one who is ſo! Indeed, *Jenny*, I am a better bred Man than you think me. She ſhowed a little Diſlike at my Raillery; and by her bridling up, I perceived ſhe expected

to

to be treated hereafter not as *Jenny Diſtaff*, but Mrs. *Tranquillus*. I was very well pleaſed with this Change in her Humour; and upon talking with her on ſeveral Subjects, I could not but fancy, that I ſaw a great deal of her Husband's Way and Manner in her Remarks, her Phraſes, the Tone of her Voice, and the very Air of her Countenance. This gave me an unſpeakable Satisfaction, not only becauſe I had found her an Husband, from whom ſhe could learn many Things that were laudable, but alſo becauſe I looked upon her Imitation of him as an infallible Sign that ſhe intirely loved him. This is an Obſervation that I never knew fail, though I do not remember that any other has made it The natural Shyneſs of her Sex hindered her from telling me the Greatneſs of her own Paſſion; but I eaſily collected it, from the Repreſentation ſhe gave me of his. I have every Thing, ſays ſhe, in *Tranquillus* that I can wiſh for; and enjoy in him (what indeed you have told me were to be met with in a good Husband) the Fondneſs of a Lover, the Tenderneſs of a Parent, and the Intimacy of a Friend. It tranſported me to ſee her Eyes ſwimming in Tears of Affection when ſhe ſpoke: And is there not, Dear Siſter, ſaid I, more Pleaſure in the Poſſeſſion of ſuch a Man, than in all the little Impertinences of Balls, Aſſemblies, and Equipage, which it coſt me ſo much Pains to make you contemn? She anſwered, ſmiling, *Tranquillus* has made me a ſincere Convert in a few Weeks, though I am afraid you could not have done it

in

in your whole Life. To tell you truly, I have only one Fear hanging upon me, which is apt to give me Trouble in the Midſt of all my Satiſfactions: I am afraid, you muſt know, that I ſhall not always make the ſame amiable Appearance in his Eye that I do at preſent. You know, Brother *Bickerſtaff*, that you have the Reputation of a Conjurer; and if you have any one Secret in your Art to make your Siſter always beautiful, I ſhould be happier than if I were Miſtreſs of all the Worlds you have ſhown me in a Starry Night—*Jenny* (ſaid I) without having Recourſe to Magick, I ſhall give you one plain Rule, that will not fail of making you always amiable to a Man who has ſo great a Paſſion for you, and is of ſo equal and reaſonable a Temper as *Tranquillus*. Endeavour to pleaſe, and you muſt pleaſe; be always in the ſame Diſpoſition as you are when you ask for this Secret, and, you may take my Word, you will never want it. An inviolable Fidelity, good Humour, and Complacency of Temper, out-live all the Charms of a fine Face, and make the Decays of it inviſible.

We diſcourſed very long upon this Head, which was equally agreeable to us both; for I muſt confeſs, (as I tenderly love her) I take as much Pleaſure in giving her Inſtructions for her Welfare, as ſhe her ſelf does in receiving them. I proceeded therefore to inculcate theſe Sentiments, by relating a very particular Paſſage that happened within my own Knowledge.

There were ſeveral of us making merry at a Friend's Houſe in a Country Village, when the Sexton of the Pariſh-Church entered the Room in a ſort of Surprize, and told us, That as he was digging a Grave in the Chancel, a little Blow of his Pickax opened a decayed Coffin, in which there were ſeveral written Papers. Our Curioſity was immediately raiſed, ſo that we went to the Place where the Sexton had been at work, and found a great Concourſe of People about the Grave. Among the reſt, there was an old Woman, who told us, the Perſon buried there was a Lady, whoſe Name I do not think fit to mention, though there is nothing in the Story but what tends very much to her Honour. This Lady lived ſeveral Years an Exemplary Pattern of Conjugal Love, and dying ſoon after her Husband, who every Way anſwer'd her Character in Virtue and Affection, made it her Death-Bed Requeſt, That all the Letters which ſhe had received from him, both before and after her Marriage, ſhould be buried in the Coffin with her. Theſe I found upon Examination were the Papers before us. Several of them had ſuffered ſo much by Time, that I could only pick out a few Words; as, My Soul! Lillies! Roſes! Deareſt Angel! and the like. One of them (which was legible throughout) ran thus:

MADAM,

IF you would know the Greatneſs of my Love, conſider that of your own Beauty. That Blooming Countenance, that Snowy Boſom, that Graceful Perſon,

ſon, return every Moment to my Imagination: The Brightneſs of your Eyes hath hindered me from cloſing mine ſince I laſt ſaw you. You may ſtill add to your Beauties by a Smile. A Frown will make me the moſt wretched of Men, as I am the moſt paſſionate of Lovers.

It filled the whole Company with a deep Melancholy, to compare the Deſcription of the Letter with the Perſon that occaſioned it, who was now reduced to a few crumbling Bones, and a little mouldring Heap of Earth. With much ado I deciphered another Letter, which begun with, *My dear, dear Wife.* This gave me a Curioſity to ſee how the Style of one written in Marriage differed from one written in Courtſhip. To my Surprize I found the Fondneſs rather augmented than leſſened, though the Panegyrick turned upon a different Accompliſhment. The Words were as follow:

BEfore this ſhort Abſence from you, I did not know that I loved you ſo much as I really do; though at the ſame Time, I thought I loved you as much as poſſible. I am under great Apprehenſions, leſt you ſhould have any Uneaſineſs whilſt I am defrauded of my Share in it, and can't think of taſting any Pleaſures that you don't partake with me. Pray, my Dear, be careful of your Health, if for no other Reaſon, becauſe you know I could not outlive you. It is natural in Abſence to make Profeſſions of an inviolable Conſtancy; but towards ſo much Merit, it is ſcarce a Virtue, eſpecially when it is but a bare Re-

turn to that of which you have given me ſuch continued Proofs ever ſince our firſt Acquaintance.

I am, *&c.*

It happened that the Daughter of theſe Two excellent Perſons was by when I was reading this Letter. At the Sight of the Coffin, in which was the Body of her Mother, near that of her Father, ſhe melted into a Flood of Tears. As I had heard a great Character of her Virtue, and obſerved in her this Inſtance of Filial Piety, I could not reſiſt my natural Inclination of giving Advice to young People, and therefore addreſſed my ſelf to her: Young Lady (ſaid I), you ſee how ſhort is the Poſſeſſion of that Beauty in which Nature has been ſo liberal to you. You find the melancholy Sight before you, is a Contradiction to the Firſt Letter that you heard on that Subject; whereas you may obſerve, the Second Letter, which celebrates your Mother's Conſtancy, is it ſelf, being found in this Place, an Argument of it. But, Madam, I ought to caution you, not to think the Bodies that lie before you, your Father and your Mother. Know their Conſtancy is rewarded by a nobler Union than by this mingling of their Aſhes, in a State where there is no Danger or Poſſibility of a Second Separation.

The TATLER. [N° 105.

From *Thurſday*, *Dec.* 8. to *Saturday*, *Dec.* 10. 1709.

Sheer-Lane, *December* 9.

AS ſoon as my Midnight Studies are finiſhed, I take but a very ſhort Repoſe, and am again up at an Exerciſe of another Kind; that is to ſay, my Fencing. Thus my Life paſſes away in a reſtleſs Purſuit of Fame, and a Preparation to defend my ſelf againſt ſuch as attack it. This Anxiety in the Point of Reputation is the peculiar Diſtreſs of fine Spirits, and makes them liable to a Thouſand Inquietudes, from which Men of groſſer Underſtandings are exempt; ſo that Nothing is more common, than to ſee one Part of Mankind live at perfect Eaſe under ſuch Circumſtances as would make another Part of them entirely miſerable.

This may ſerve for a Preface to the Hiſtory of poor *Will. Roſin*, the Fidler of *Wapping*, who is a Man as much made for Happineſs, and a quiet Life, as any one breathing; but has been lately intangled in ſo many intricate and unreaſonable Diſtreſſes, as would have made him (had he been a Man of too nice Honour) the moſt wretched of all Mortals. I came to the Knowledge of his Affairs by meer Accident. Several of the narrow End of our Lane having made an Appointment to viſit ſome Friends beyond

St. *Katherine*'s, where there was to be a merry Meeting, they would needs take with them the Old Gentleman, as they are pleaſed to call me. I, who value my Company by their good Will, which naturally has the ſame Effect as good Breeding, was not too ſtately, or too wiſe, to accept of the Invitation. Our Deſign was to be Spectators of a Sea-Ball; to which I readily conſented, provided I might be *incognito*, being naturally pleaſed with the Survey of humane Life in all its Degrees and Circumſtances. In order to this Merriment, *Will. Roſin* (who is the *Corelli* of the *Wapping*-Side, as *Tom. Scrape* is the *Bononcini* of *Redriffe*) was immediately ſent for; but to our utter Diſappointment, poor *Will.* was under an Arreſt, and deſired the Aſſiſtance of all his kind Maſters and Miſtreſſes, or he muſt go to Goal. The whole Company received his Meſſage with great Humanity, and very generouſly threw in their Halfpence a-piece in a great Diſh, which purchaſed his Redemption out of the Hands of the Bailiffs. During the Negotiation for his Enlargement, I had an Opportunity of acquainting my ſelf with his Hiſtory.

Mr. *William Roſin*, of the Pariſh of St. *Katherine*, is ſomewhat ſtricken in Years, and married to a young Widow, who has very much the Aſcendant over him: This degenerate Age being ſo perverted in all Things, that even in the State of Matrimony, the Young pretend to govern their Elders. The Muſician is extremely fond of her; but is often obliged to lay by his Fiddle to hear louder Notes of hers, when ſhe is pleaſed

pleaſed to be angry with him: For you are to know, *Will.* is not of Conſequence enough to enjoy her Converſation but when ſhe chides him, or makes uſe of him to carry on her Amours. For ſhe is a Woman of Stratagem; and even in that Part of the World where one would expect but very little Gallantry, by the Force of natural Genius, ſhe can be ſullen, ſick, out of Humour, ſplenatick, want new Clothes, and more Money, as well as if ſhe had been bred in *Cheapſide* or *Cornhill.* She was lately under a ſecret Diſcontent, upon Account of a Lover ſhe was like to loſe by his Marriage: For her Gallant, Mr. *Ezekiel Boniface*, had been twice asked in Church, in order to be joined in Matrimony with Mrs. *Winifred Dimple*, Spinſter, of the ſame Pariſh. Hereupon Mrs. *Roſin* was far gone in that Diſtemper which well-govern'd Husbands know by the Deſcription of, *I am I know not how*; and *Will.* ſoon underſtood, that it was his Part to enquire into the Occaſion of her Melancholy, or ſuffer as the Cauſe of it himſelf. After much Importunity, all he could get out of her was, That ſhe was the moſt unhappy and the moſt wicked of all Women, and had no Friend in the World to tell her Grief to. Upon this, *Will.* doubled his Importunities; but ſhe ſaid, That ſhe ſhould break her poor Heart, if he did not take a ſolemn Oath upon a Book, that he would not be angry; and that he would expoſe the Perſon who had wronged her to all the World, for the Eaſe of her Mind, which was no way elſe to be quieted. The Fidler was ſo melted, that he immediately kiſſed her, and af-

terwards the Book. When his Oath was taken, ſhe began to lament her ſelf, and revealed to him, that (miſerable Woman as ſhe was) ſhe had been falſe to his Bed. *Will.* was glad to hear it was no worſe; but before he could reply, Nay (ſaid ſhe) I will make you all the Atonement I can, and take Shame upon me by proclaiming it to all the World, which is the only Thing that can remove my preſent Terrors of Mind. This was indeed too true; for her Deſign was to prevent Mr. *Boniface*'s Marriage, which was all ſhe apprehended. *Will.* was throughly angry, and began to curſe and ſwear, the ordinary Expreſſions of Paſſion in Perſons of his Condition. Upon which his Wife— Ah *William*! How well you Mind the Oath you have taken, and the Diſtreſs of your poor Wife, who can keep nothing from you; I hope you won't be ſuch a perjured Wretch as to forſwear your ſelf. The Fiddler anſwered, That his Oath obliged him only not to be angry at what was paſſed; but I find you intend to make me laughed at all over *Wapping*. No, no, (replied Mrs. *Roſin*) I ſee well enough what you would be at, you poor-ſpirited Cuckold— You are afraid to expoſe *Boniface*, who has abuſed your poor Wife, and would fain perſwade me ſtill to ſuffer the Stings of Conſcience; but I aſſure you Sirrah, I won't go to the Devil for you. Poor *Will.* was not made for Contention, and beſeeching her to be pacified, deſired ſhe would conſult the Good of her Soul her own Way, for he would not ſay her nay in any Thing.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Roſin* was ſo very loud and publick in her Invectives againſt *Boniface*, that the Parents of his Miſtreſs forbad the Banes, and his Match was prevented, which was the whole Deſign of this deep Stratagem. The Father of *Boniface* brought his Action of Defamation, arreſted the Fidler, and recovered Dammages. This was the Diſtreſs from which he was relieved by the Company; and the good Husband's Air, Hiſtory, and Jollity, upon his Enlargement, gave Occaſion to very much Mirth; eſpecially when *Will.* finding he had Friends to ſtand by him, proclaimed himſelf a Cuckold by Way of Inſult over the Family of the *Bonifaces.* Here is a Man of Tranquility without reading *Seneca!* What Work had ſuch an Incident made among Perſons of Diſtinction? The Brothers and Kindred of each Side muſt have been drawn out, and Hereditary Hatred entailed on the Families as long as their very Names remained in the World. Who would believe that *Herod*, *Othello*, and *Will. Roſin*, were of the ſame Species?

There are quite different Sentiments which reign in the Parlour and the Kitchin; and it is by the Point of Honour, when juſtly regulated, and inviolably obſerved, that ſome Men are ſuperior to others, as much as Mankind in general are to Brutes. This puts me in Mind of a Paſſage in the admirable Poem called the *Diſpenſary*, where the Nature of true Honour is artfully deſcribed in an Ironical Diſpraiſe of it.

But e'er we once engage in Honour's Cauſe,
Firſt know what Honour is, and whence it was:
Scorn'd

Scorn'd by the Baſe, 'tis courted by the Brave,
The Hero's Tyrant, and the Coward's Slave.
Born in the noiſy Camp, it lives on Air;
And both exiſts by Hope, and by Deſpair.
Angry when e'er a Moment's Eaſe we gain,
And reconciled at our Returns of Pain.
It lives, when in Death's Arms the Hero lies,
But when his Safety he conſults, it dies.
Bigotted to this Idol, we diſclaim
Reſt, Health, and Eaſe, for nothing but a Name.

A very odd Fellow viſited me to Day at my Lodgings, and deſired Encouragement and Recommendation from me for a new Invention of Knockers to Doors, which he told me he had made, and profeſſed to teach Ruſtick Servants the Uſe of them. I deſired him to ſhow me an Experiment of this Invention; upon which he fixed one of his Knockers to my Parlour Door. He then gave me a compleat Set of Knocks, from the Solitary Rap of the Dun and Beggar, to the Thunderings of the Sawcy Footman of Quality, with ſeveral Flouriſhes and Ratlings never yet performed. He likewiſe played over ſome private Notes, diſtinguiſhing the familiar Friend or Relation from the moſt modiſh Viſitor, and directing when the Reſerve Candles are to be lighted. He has ſeveral other Curioſities in this Art. He waits only to receive my Approbation of the main Deſign. He is now ready to practiſe to ſuch as ſhall apply themſelves to him; but I have put off his publick Licence till next Court-Day.

N. B. *He teaches under Ground.*

The

The TATLER. [N° 106.

——Invenies diſſecti Membra Poetæ. Hor.

From *Saturday*, *Dec.* 10. to *Tueſday*, *Dec.* 13. 1709.

Will's Coffee-houſe, *December* 12.

I Was this Evening ſitting at the Side-Table, and reading one of my own Papers with great Satisfaction, not knowing that I was obſerved by any in the Room. I had not long enjoyed this ſecret Pleaſure of an Author, when a Gentleman, ſome of whoſe Works I have been highly entertained with, accoſted me after the following Manner:

Mr. Bickerſtaff, *you know I have for ſome Years devoted my ſelf wholly to the Muſes, and perhaps you will be ſurpriſed when I tell you I am reſolved to take up and apply my ſelf to Buſineſs: I ſhall therefore beg you will ſtand my Friend, and recommend a Cuſtomer to me for ſeveral Goods that I have now upon my Hands. I deſir'd him to let me have a Particular, and I would do my utmoſt to ſerve him. I have firſt of all (ſays he) the Progreſs of an Amour digeſted into Sonnets, beginning with a Poem to the unknown Fair, and ending with an Epithalamium. I have celebrated in it, her Cruelty, her Pity, her Face, her Shape, her Wit, her good Humour, her Dancing, her Singing*—— I could not forbear interrupting him; *This* is a moſt accompliſhed Lady, ſaid I; but *has ſhe* really, with all theſe Perfections, *a fine Voice*. *Pugh*, *ſays he*, *you do not*

not believe there is ſuch a Perſon in Nature. This was only my Employment in Solitude laſt Summer, when I had neither Friends or Books to divert me. I was going, ſays I, to ask her Name, but I find it is only an imaginary Miſtreſs. That's true, replied my Friend, but her Name is Flavia. *I have, continued he, in the Second Place, a Collection of Lampoons, calculated either for the* Bath, Tunbridge, *or any Place where they drink Waters, with blank Spaces for the Names of ſuch Perſon or Perſons as may be inſerted in them on Occaſion. Thus much I have told only of what I have by me proceeding from Love and Malice. I have alſo at this Time the Sketch of an Heroick Poem upon the next Peace: Several indeed of the Verſes are either too long or too ſhort, it being a rough Draught of my Thoughts upon that Subject. I thereupon told him, that as it was it might probably paſs for a very good Pindarick, and I believed I knew one who would be willing to deal with him for it upon that Foot. I muſt tell you alſo, I have made a Dedication to it, which is about four Sides cloſe written, that may ſerve any one that is tall, and underſtands* Latin. *I have further, about Fifty Similies, that were never yet applied, beſides Three and Twenty Deſcriptions of the Sun-riſing, that might be of great Uſe to an Epick Poet. Theſe are my more bulky Commodities: Beſides which, I have ſeveral ſmall Wares that I would part with at eaſy Rates; as, Obſervations upon Life, and Moral Sentences, reduced into ſeveral Couplets, very proper to cloſe up Acts of Plays, and may be eaſily introduced by two or three Lines of Proſe, either in Tragedy or Comedy. If I could find a Purchaſer curious in* Latin *Poetry, I could accommo-*

date

date him with Two Dozen of Epigrams, which, by Reaſon of a few falſe Quantities, ſhould come for little or nothing.

I heard the Gentleman with much Attention, and asked him, Whether he would Bread Bulk, and ſell his Goods by Retail, or deſigned they ſhould all go in a Lump? He told me, That he ſhould be very loth to part them, unleſs it was to oblige a Man of Quality, or any Perſon for whom I had a particular Friendſhip. My Reaſon for asking (ſaid I) is, only becauſe I know a young Gentleman who intends to appear next Spring in a new jingling Chariot, with the Figures of the Nine Muſes on each Side of it; and I believe, would be glad to come into the World in Verſe.

We could not go on in our Treaty, by Reaſon of Two or Three Criticks that joined us. They had been talking, it ſeems, of the Two Letters which were found in the Coffin, and mentioned in one of my late Lucubrations, and came with a Requeſt to me, that I would communicate any others of them that were legible. One of the Gentlemen was pleaſed to ſay, That it was a very proper Inſtance of a Widow's Conſtancy; and ſaid, he wiſhed I had ſubjoined, as a Foil to it, the following Paſſage in *Hamlet*. The young Prince was not yet acquainted with all the Guilt of his Mother, but turns his Thoughts on her ſudden Forgetfulneſs of his Father, and the Indecency of her haſty Marriage.

——That it ſhould come to this!
But Two Months dead! Nay, not ſo much, not Two!

So

So excellent a King! That was to this
Hyperion *to a Satyr! So loving to my Mother!*
That he permitted not the Winds of Heav'n
To viſit her Face too roughly! Heav'n and Earth!
Muſt I remember? Why ſhe would hang on him!
As if Increaſe of Appetite had grown
By what it fed on? And yet, within a Month!
Let me not think on't —— Frailty, thy Name is (Woman!
A little Month! Or e'er thoſe Shoes were old,
With which ſhe followed my poor Father's Body,
Like Niobe *all Tears; Why ſhe! even ſhe!*
Oh Heav'n! a Brute, that wants Diſcourſe of (Reaſon,
Would have mourn'd longer! —Married with mine (Uncle!
My Father's Brother! But no more like my Father,
Than I to Hercules! *Within a Month!*
E're yet the Salt of moſt unrighteous Tears,
Had left the Fluſhing of her gauled Eyes,
She marry'd —O moſt wicked Speed! To poſt
With ſuch Dexterity to inceſtuous Sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to Good!
But break my Heart; for I muſt hold my Tongue!

The ſeveral Emotions of Mind, and Breaks of Paſſion, in this Speech, are admirable. He has touched every Circumſtance that aggravated the Fact, and ſeemed capable of hurrying the Thoughts of a Son into Diſtraction. His Father's Tenderneſs for his Mother, expreſſed in ſo delicate a Particular; his Mother's Fondneſs for his Father no leſs exquiſitely deſcribed; the great and amiable Figure of his dead Parent drawn

drawn by a true Filial Piety; his Diſdain of ſo unworthy a Succeſſor to his Bed: But above all, the Shortneſs of the Time between his Father's Death and his Mother's Second Marriage, brought together with ſo much Diſorder, make up as noble a Part as any in that celebrated Tragedy. The Circumſtance of Time I never could enough admire. The Widowhood had laſted Two Months. This is his Firſt Reflection: But as his Indignation riſes, he ſinks to ſcarce Two Months: Afterwards into a Month; and at laſt, into a Little Month. But all this ſo naturally, that the Reader accompanies him in the Violence of his Paſſion, and finds the Time leſſen inſenſibly, according to the different Workings of his Diſdain. I have not mentioned the Inceſt of her Marriage, which is ſo obvious a Provocation; but can't forbear taking Notice, that when his Fury is at its Height, he cries, *Frailty, thy Name is Woman*! As railing at the Sex in general, rather than giving himſelf Leave to think his Mother worſe than others.——*Deſiderantur multa.*

Whereas Mr. Jeffery Groggram *has ſurrendered himſelf by his Letter bearing Date* December 7. *and has ſent an Acknowledgment that he is dead, praying an Order to the Company of Upholders for Interrment at ſuch a reaſonable Rate as may not impoveriſh his Heirs: The ſaid* Groggram *having been dead ever ſince he was born, and added nothing to his ſmall Patrimony, Mr.* Bickerſtaff *has taken the Premiſſes into Conſideration; and being ſenſible of the ingenuous and ſingular Behaviour of this Petitioner, pronounces the ſaid* Jeffery Groggram *a live Man,*

Man, and will not ſuffer that he ſhould bury himſelf out of Modeſty; but requires him to remain among the Living, as an Example to thoſe obſtinate dead Men, who will neither labour for Life, nor go to their Grave.

N. B. Mr. Groggram *is the Firſt Perſon that has come in upon Mr.* Bickerſtaff's *Dead Warrant.*

Florinda *demands by her Letter of this Day to be allowed to paſs for a living Woman, have danced the* Derbyſhire Hornpipe *in the Preſence of ſeveral Friends on* Saturday *laſt.*

Granted; *Provided ſhe can bring Proof, that ſhe can make a Pudding on the 24th Inſtant.*

The TATLER. [N° 107.

——Ah Miſer!
Quanta laboras in Charybdi
Digne Puer meliore Flammâ? Hor.

From *Tueſday, Dec.* 13. to *Thurſday, Dec.* 15. 1709.

Sheer-Lane, December 14.

ABout Four this Afternoon, which is the Hour I uſually put my ſelf in a Readineſs to receive Company, there enter'd a Gentleman who I believed at firſt came upon ſome ordinary Queſtion; but as he approached nearer to me, I ſaw in his Countenance a deep Sorrow, mixed with a certain ingenuous Complacency that gave me a ſudden Good-will towards him. He ſtar'd, and betrayed an Abſence of Thought as he

he was going to communicate his Buſineſs to me. But at laſt, recovering himſelf, he ſaid, with an Air of great Reſpect, Sir, It would be an Injury to your Knowledge in the Occult Sciences, to tell you what is my Diſtreſs; I dare ſay, you read it in my Countenance: I therefore beg your Advice to the moſt unhappy of all Men.

Much Experience has made me particularly ſagacious in the Diſcovery of Diſtempers, and I ſoon ſaw that his was Love. I then turned to my Common-place Book, and found his Caſe under the Word *Coquette*; and reading over the Catalogue which I have collected out of this great City of all under that Character, I ſaw at the Name of *Cynthia* his Fit came upon him. I repeated the Name thrice after a muſing Manner, and immediately perceived his Pulſe quicken two Thirds; when his Eyes, inſtead of the Wildneſs with which they appeared at his Entrance, looked with all the Gentleneſs imaginable upon me, not without Tears.

Oh, Sir! (ſaid he) *you know not the unworthy Uſage I have met with from the Woman my Soul doats on. I could gaze at her to the End of my Being; yet when I have done ſo, for ſome Time paſt I have found her Eyes fix'd on another. She is now Two and Twenty, in the full Tyranny of her Charms, which ſhe once acknowledg'd ſhe rejoiced in, only as they made her Choice of me, out of a Croud of Admirers, the more obliging. But in the Midſt of this Happineſs, ſo it is Mr.* Bickerſtaff, *that young* Quickſett, *who is juſt come to Town, without any other Recommendation than that of being tolerably handſome, and*

exceſſively rich, has won her Heart in ſo ſhameleſs a Manner, that ſhe dies for him. In a Word, I would conſult you, how to cure my ſelf of this Paſſion for an ungrateful Woman, who triumphs in her Falſhood, and can make no Man happy, becauſe her own Satisfaction conſiſts chiefly in being capable of giving Diſtreſs. I know Quickſett *is at preſent conſiderable with her, for no other Reaſon but that he can be without her, and feel no Pain in the Loſs. Let me therefore deſire you, Sir, to fortify my Reaſon againſt the Levity of an Inconſtant, who ought only to be treated with Neglect.*

All this Time I was looking over my Receipts, and aſked him, If he had any good Winter Boots — *Boots, Sir!* ſaid my Patient — I went on; You may eaſily reach *Harwich* in a Day, ſo as to be there when the Packet goes off.

Sir, (ſaid the Lover) *I find you deſign me for Travelling; but alas! I have no Language, it will be the ſame Thing to me as Solitude, to be in a ſtrange Country. I have* (continued he ſighing) *been many Years in Love with this Creature, and have almoſt loſt even my* Engliſh, *at leaſt to ſpeak ſuch as any body elſe does. I aſked a Tenant of ours, who came up to Town the other Day with Rent, whether the Flowry Meads near my Father's Houſe in the Country had any Shepherd in it. I have called a Cave a Grotto theſe Three Years, and muſt keep ordinary Company, and frequent buſie People for ſome Time, before I can recover my common Words.* I ſmiled at his Raillery upon himſelf, though I well ſaw it came from an heavy Heart. *You are* (ſaid I) *acquainted to be ſure with ſome of the General Officers; Suppoſe you made a Campaigne? If I did,* (ſaid he) *I ſhould*

ſhould venture more than any Man there, for I ſhould be in Danger of Starving; my Father is ſuch an untoward old Gentleman, that he would tell me he found it hard enough to pay his Taxes towards the War, without making it more expenſive by an Allowance to me. With all this, he is as fond as he is rugged, and I am his only Son.

I looked upon the young Gentleman with much Tenderneſs, and not like a Phyſician, but a Friend; for I talked to him ſo largely, that if I had parcelled my Diſcourſe into diſtinct Preſcriptions, I am confident I gave him Two Hundred Pounds worth of Advice. He heard me with great Attention, bowing, ſmiling, and ſhowing all other Inſtances of that natural good Breeding which ingenuous Tempers pay to thoſe who are elder and wiſer than themſelves. I entertained him to the following Purpoſe. I am ſorry, Sir, that your Paſſion is of ſo long a Date, for Evils are much more curable in their Beginnings; but at the ſame Time muſt allow, that you are not to be blamed, ſince your Youth and Merit has been abuſed by one of the moſt charming, but the moſt unworthy Sort of Women, the Coquets.

A Coquet is a chaſt Jilt, and differs only from a common One, as a Soldier, who is perfect in Exerciſe, does from one that is actually in Service. This Grief, like all other, is to be cured only by Time; and although you are convinced this Moment, as much as you will be Ten Years hence, that ſhe ought to be ſcorned and neglected, you ſee you muſt not expect your Remedy from the Force of Reaſon. The Cure

then, is only in Time; and the haſtening of the Cure, only in the Manner of employing that Time. You have anſwered me as to Travel and a Campagne, ſo that we have only *Great Britain* to avoid her in. Be then your ſelf, and liſten to the following Rules, which only can be of Uſe to you in this unaccountable Diſtemper, wherein the Patient is often averſe even to his Recovery. It has been of Benefit to ſome to apply themſelves to Buſineſs; but as that may not lie in your Way, go down to your Eſtate, mind your Fox-hounds, and venture the Life you are weary of over every Hedge and Ditch in the Country. Theſe are wholeſome Remedies; but if you can have Reſolution enough, rather ſtay in Town, and recover your ſelf even in the Town where ſhe inhabits. Take particular Care to avoid all Places where you may poſſibly meet her, and ſhun the Sight of every Thing which may bring her to your Remembrance; there is an Infection in all that relates to her. You'll find, her Houſe, her Chariot, her Domeſticks, and her very Lap-Dog, are ſo many Inſtruments of Torment. Tell me ſeriouſly, Do you think you could bear the Sight of her Fan? He ſhook his Head at the Queſtion, and ſaid, Ah! Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, you muſt have been a Patient, or you could not have been ſo good a Phyſician. To tell you truly, ſaid I, about the Thirtieth Year of my Age, I received a Wound that has ſtill left a Scar in my Mind, never to be quite worn out by Time or Philoſophy.

The

The Means which I found the moſt effectual for my Cure, were Reflections upon the ill Uſage I had received from the Woman I loved, and the Pleaſure I ſaw her take in my Sufferings.

I conſidered the Diſtreſs ſhe brought upon me, the greateſt that could befal an humane Creature, at the ſame Time that ſhe did not inflict this upon one who was her Enemy, one that had done her an Injury, one that had wiſhed her ill; but on the Man who loved her more than any elſe loved her, and more than it was poſſible for him to love any other Perſon.

In the next Place, I took Pains to conſider her in all her Imperfections; and that I might be ſure to hear of them conſtantly, kept Company with thoſe her Female Friends who were her deareſt and moſt intimate Acquaintance.

Among her higheſt Imperfections, I ſtill dwelt upon her Baſeneſs of Mind and Ingratitude, that made her triumph in the Pain and Anguiſh of the Man who loved her, and of one who in thoſe Days (without Vanity be it ſpoken) was thought to deſerve her Love.

To ſhorten my Story, ſhe was married to another, which would have diſtracted me had he proved a good Husband; but to my great Pleaſure, he uſed her at firſt with Coldneſs, and afterwards with Contempt. I hear he ſtill treats her very ill; and am informed, that ſhe often ſays to her Woman, This is a juſt Revenge for my Falſhood to my Firſt Love: What a Wretch am I, that might have been married to the famous Mr *Bickerſtaff.*

My Patient looked upon me with a kind of melancholy Pleaſure, and told me, He did not think it was poſſible for a Man to live to the Age I now am of, who in his Thirtieth Year had been tortured with that Paſſion in its Violence: For my Part, (ſaid he) I can neither eat, drink, nor ſleep in it; nor keep Company with any Body, but Two or Three Friends who are in the ſame Condition.

There (anſwer'd I) you are to blame; for as you ought to avoid nothing more than keeping Company with your ſelf, ſo you ought to be particularly cautious of keeping Company with Men like your ſelf. As long as you do this, you do but indulge your Diſtemper.

I muſt not diſmiſs you without further Inſtructions. If poſſible, transfer your Paſſion from the Woman you are now in Love with, to another; or if you cannot do that, change the Paſſion it ſelf into ſome other Paſſion; that is, to ſpeak more plainly, find out ſome other agreeable Woman: Or if you can't do this, grow covetous, ambitious, litigious; turn your Love of Woman into that of Profit, Preferment, Reputation; and for a Time, give up your ſelf intirely to the Purſuit.

This is a Method we ſometimes take in Phyſick, when we turn a deſperate Diſeaſe into one we can more eaſily cure.

He made little Anſwer to all this, but crying out, Ah, Sir! For his Paſſion reduced his Diſcourſe to Interjections.

There

There is one Thing added, which is preſent Death to a Man in your Condition, and therefore to be avoided with the greateſt Care and Caution: That is, in a Word, to think of your Miſtreſs and Rival together, whether walking, diſcourſing, dallying —— The Devil! (he cried out) Who can bear it? To compoſe him, for I pitied him very much, The time will come, ſaid I, when you ſhall not only bear it, but laugh at it. As a Preparation to it, ride every Morning an Hour at leaſt with the Wind full in your Face. Upon your Return, recollect the ſeveral Precepts which I have now given you, and drink upon them a Bottle of *Spaw-Water*. Repeat this every Day for a Month ſucceſſively, and let me ſee you at the End of it. He was taking his Leave, with many Thanks, and ſome Appearance of Conſolation in his Countenance, when I called him back to acquaint him, That I had private Information of a Deſign of the Coquets to buy up all the true *Spaw-Water* in Town: Upon which he took his Leave in haſte, with a Reſolution to get all Things ready for entring upon his Regimen the next Morning.

The TATLER. [N° 108

Pronaq; cum ſpectant Animalia cætera Terram,
Os Homini ſublime dedit, Cœlumque tueri
Juſſit. —— Ovid. Met.

From *Thurſday*, *Dec.* 15. to *Saturday*, *Dec.* 17. 1709.

Sheer-Lane, December 16.

IT is not to be imagined, how great an Effect well-diſpoſed Lights, with proper Forms and Orders in Aſſemblies, have upon ſome Tempers. I am ſure I feel it in ſo extraordinary a Manner, that I cannot in a Day or Two get out of my Imagination any very beautiful or diſagreeable Impreſſion which I receive on ſuch Occaſions. For this Reaſon, I frequently look in at the Play-houſe, in order to enlarge my Thoughts, and warm my Mind with ſome new Idea's, that may be ſerviceable to me in my Lucubrations.

In this Diſpoſition I entered the Theatre the other Day, and placed my ſelf in a Corner of it, very convenient for ſeeing, without being my ſelf obſerved. I found the Audience huſhed in a very deep Attention, and did not queſtion but ſome noble Tragedy was juſt then in its Criſis, or that an Incident was to be unravelled which would determine the Fate of an Hero. While I was in this Suſpence, expecting every Moment to ſee my old Friend Mr. *Betterton* appear

pear in all the Majeſty of Diſtreſs, to my unſpeakable Amazement, there came up a Monſter with a Face between his Feet; and as I was looking on, he raiſed himſelf on one Leg in ſuch a perpendicular Poſture, that the other grew in a direct Line above his Head. It afterwards twiſted it ſelf into the Motions and Wreathings of ſeveral different Animals, and after great Variety of Shapes and Transformations, went off the Stage in the Figure of an humane Creature. The Admiration, the Applauſe, the Satisfaction of the Audience, during this ſtrange Entertainment, is not to be expreſſed. I was very much out of Countenance for my dear Countrymen, and looked about with ſome Apprehenſion for fear any Foreigner ſhould be preſent. Is it poſſible (thought I) that humane Nature can rejoice in its Diſgrace, and take Pleaſure in ſeeing its own Figure turned to Ridicule, and diſtorted into Forms that raiſe Horror and Averſion? There is ſomething diſingenuous and immoral in the being able to bear ſuch a Sight. Men of elegant and noble Minds, are ſhocked at ſeeing the Characters of Perſons who deſerve Eſteem for their Virtue, Knowledge, or Services to their Country, placed in wrong Lights, and by Miſrepreſentation made the Subject of Buffoonry. Such a nice Abhorrence is not indeed to be found among the Vulgar; but methinks it is wonderful, that theſe who have nothing but the outward Figure to diſtinguiſh them as Men, ſhould delight in ſeeing it abuſed, vilified, and diſgraced.

I muſt confeſs, there is nothing that more pleaſes me, in all that I read in Books, or ſee among Mankind, than ſuch Paſſages as repreſent humane Nature in its proper Dignity. As Man is a Creature made up of different Extremes, he has ſomething in him very great and very mean: A skillful Artiſt may draw an excellent Picture of him in either of theſe Views. The fineſt Authors of Antiquity have taken him on the more advantagious Side. They cultivate the natural Grandeur of the Soul, raiſe in her a generous Ambition, feed her with Hopes of Immortality and Perfection, and do all they can to widen the Partition, between the Virtuous and the Vicious, by making the Difference betwixt them as great as between Gods and Brutes. In ſhort, it is impoſſible to read a Page in *Plato*, *Tully*, and a Thouſand other ancient Moraliſts, without being a greater and a better Man for it. On the contrary, I could never read any of our modiſh *French* Authors, or thoſe of our own Country, who are the Imitators and Admirers of that trifling Nation, without being for ſome Time out of Humour with my ſelf, and at every Thing about me. Their Buſineſs is, to depreciate humane Nature, and conſider it under its worſt Appearances. They give mean Interpretations and baſe Motives to the worthieſt Actions: They reſolve Virtue and Vice into Conſtitution. In ſhort, they endeavour to make no Diſtinction between Man and Man, or between the Species of Men and that of Brutes. As an Inſtance of this kind of Authors, among many others, let any one examine the celebrated *Rochefaucault*, who

who is the great Philoſopher for adminiſtring of Conſolation to the Idle, the Envious, and worthleſs Part of Mankind.

I remember a young Gentleman of moderate Underſtanding, but great Vivacity, who by dipping into many Authors of this Nature, had got a little Smattering of Knowledge, juſt enough to make an Atheiſt or a Free-thinker, but not a Philoſopher or a Man of Senſe. With theſe Accompliſhments, he went to viſit his Father in the Country, who was a plain rough, honeſt Man, and wiſe, though not learned. The Son, who took all Opportunities to ſhow his Learning, began to eſtabiſh a new Religion in the Family, and to enlarge the Narrowneſs of their Country Notions; in which he ſucceeded ſo well, that he had ſeduced the Butler by his Table-Talk, and ſtaggered his eldeſt Siſter. The old Gentleman began to be alarmed at the Schiſms that aroſe among his Children, but did not yet believe his Son's Doctrine to be ſo pernicious as it really was, 'till one Day talking of his Setting-Dog, the Son ſaid, He did not Queſtion but *Trey* was as Immortal as any one of the Family; and in the Heat of the Argument told his Father, That for his own Part, he expected to die like a Dog. Upon which, the old Man ſtarting up in a very great Paſſion, cried out, Then, Sirrah, you ſhall live like one; and taking his Cane in his Hand, cudgelled him out of his Syſtem. This had ſo good an Effect upon him, that he took up from that Day, fell to reading good Books, and is now a Bencher in the *Middle-Temple*.

I do not mention this Cudgelling Part of the Story with a Deſign to engage the ſecular Arm in Matters of this Nature; but certainly, if it ever exerts it ſelf in Affairs of Opinion and Speculation, it ought to do it on ſuch ſhallow and deſpicable Pretenders to Knowledge, who endeavour to give Man dark and uncomfortable Proſpects of his Being, and deſtroy thoſe Principles which are the Support, Happineſs, and Glory, of all publick Societies, as well as private Perſons.

I think it is one of *Pythagoras*'s Golden Saying, *That a Man ſhould take Care above all Things to have a due Reſpect for himſelf:* And it is certain, that this licentious Sort of Authors, who are for depreciating Mankind, endeavoured to diſappoint and undo what the moſt refined Spirits have been labouring to advance ſince the Beginning of the World. The very Deſign of Dreſs, Good-Breeding, outward Ornaments, and Ceremony, were to lift up humane Nature, and ſet it off to an Advantage. Architecture, Painting, and Statuary, were invented with the ſame Deſign; as indeed every Art and Science contributes to the Embelliſhment of Life, and to the wearing off or throwing into Shades the mean and low Parts of our Nature. Poetry carries on this great End more than all the reſt, as may be ſeen in the following Paſſage, taken out of Sir *Francis Bacon*'s *Advancement of Learning*, which gives a truer and better Account of this Art than all the Volumes that were ever written upon it.

Poetry, eſpecially Heroical, ſeems to be raiſed altogether from a noble Foundation, which makes much

much for the Dignity of Man's Nature. For ſeeing this ſenſible World is in Dignity inferior to the Soul of Man, Poeſy ſeems to endow humane Nature with that which Hiſtory denies; and to give Satisfaction to the Mind, with at leaſt the Shadow of Things, where the Subſtance cannot be had. For if the Matter be throughly conſidered, a ſtrong Argument may be drawn from Poeſy, that a more ſtately Greatneſs of Things, a more perfect Order, and a more beautiful Variety, delights the Soul of Man, than any Way can be found in Nature ſince the Fall. Wherefore ſeeing the Acts and Events, which are the Subjects of true Hiſtory, are not of that Amplitude as to content the Mind of Man; Poeſy is ready at Hand to feign Acts more Heroical. Becauſe true Hiſtory reports the Succeſſes of Buſineſs not proportionable to the Merit of Virtues and Vices, Poeſy corrects it, and preſents Events and Fortunes according to Deſert, and according to the Law of Providence: Becauſe true Hiſtory, through the frequent Satiety and Similitude of Things, works a Diſtaſt and Miſpriſion in the Mind of Man, Poeſy cheareth and refreſheth the Soul, chanting Things rare and various, and full of Viciſſitudes. So as Poeſy ſerveth and conferreth to Delectation, Magnanimity, and Morality; and therefore it may ſeem deſervedly to have ſome Participation of Divineneſs, becauſe it doth raiſe the Mind, and exalt the Spirit with high Raptures, by proportioning the Shews of Things to the Deſires of the Mind; and not ſubmitting the Mind to Things, as Reaſon and Hiſtory do. And by theſe Allurements and Congruities, whereby it cheriſheth the Soul of Man, joined alſo with Conſort of Muſick,

Muſick, whereby it may more ſweetly inſinuate it ſelf; it hath won ſuch Acceſs, that it hath been in Eſtimation even in rude Times, and barbarous Nations, when other Learning ſtood excluded.

But there is nothing which favours and falls in with this natural Greatneſs and Dignity of humane Nature ſo much as Religion, which does not only promiſe the entire Refinement of the Mind, but the glorifying of the Body, and the Immortality of both.

The TATLER. [No 109.

Perditur hæc inter miſeris lux. Hor.

From *Saturday, Dec.* 17. to *Tueſday, Dec.* 20. 1709.

Sheer-Lanes, December 19.

THere has not ſome Years been ſuch a Tumult in our Neighbourhood as this Evening about Six. At the lower End of the Lane the Word was given, that there was a great Funeral coming by. The next Moment came forward in a very haſty, inſtead of a ſolemn Manner, a long Train of Lights, when at laſt a Footman, in very high Youth and Health, with all his Force, ran through the whole Art of beating the Door of the Houſe next to me, and ended his Rattle with the true Finiſhing Rap. This did not only bring one to the Door at which he knocked, but to that of every one in the Lane in an Inſtant. Among the reſt, my Country Maid took the Alarm, and immediately running to me, told me,

me, There was a fine, fine Lady, who had Three Men with Burial Torches making Way before her, carried by two Men upon Poles, with Looking-glaſſes on each Side of her, and one Glaſs alſo before, ſhe her ſelf appearing the prettieſt that ever was. The Girl was going on in her Story, when the Lady was come to my Door in her Chair, having miſtaken the Houſe. As ſoon ſhe entered, I ſaw ſhe was Mr. *Iſaac*'s Scholar, by her ſpeaking Air, and the becoming Stop ſhe made when ſhe began her Apology.

You'll be ſurprized Sir, (ſaid ſhe) that I take this Liberty, who am utterly a Stranger to you: Beſides that, it may be thought an Indecorum that I viſit a Man.

She made here a pretty Heſitation, and held her Fan to her Face——Then, as if recovering her Reſolution, ſhe proceeded—But I think you have ſaid, that Men of your Age are of no Sex; therefore I may be as free with you as one of my own. The Lady did me the Honour to conſult me on ſome particular Matters, which I am not at Liberty to report. But before ſhe took her Leave, ſhe produced a long Liſt of Names, which ſhe looked upon to know whither ſhe was to go next. I muſt confeſs, I could hardly forbear diſcovering to her immediately, that I ſecretly laughed at the fantaſtical Regularity ſhe obſerved in throwing away her Time; but I ſeemed to indulge her in it, out of a Curioſity to hear her own Senſe of her Way of Life. Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, (ſaid ſhe) you cannot imagine how much you are obliged to me in ſtaying thus long with you, having ſo many

many Viſits to make; and indeed, if I had not Hopes that a Third Part of thoſe I am going to will be Abroad, I ſhould be unable to diſpatch them this Evening. Madam, (ſaid I) Are you in all this Haſte and Perplexity, and only going to ſuch as you have not a Mind to ſee? Yes Sir, (ſaid ſhe) I have ſeveral now with whom I keep a conſtant Correſpondence, and return Viſit for Viſit punctually every Week, and yet we have not ſeen each other ſince laſt *November* was Twelvemonth.

She went on with a very good Air, and, fixing her Eyes on her Liſt, told me, ſhe was obliged to ride about Three Miles and an half before ſhe arrived at her own Houſe. I asked after what Manner this Liſt was taken, whether the Perſons writ their Names to her, and deſitred that Favour, or how ſhe knew ſhe was not cheated in her Muſter-Roll? The Method we take (ſays ſhe) is, That the Porter or Servant who comes to the Door, writes down all the Names who come to ſee us, and all ſuch are entitled to a Return of their Viſit. But, ſaid I, Madam, I preſume thoſe who are ſearching for each other, and know one another by Meſſages, may be underſtood as Candidates only for each other's Favour; and that after ſo many Howdee's, you proceed to viſit or not, as you like the Run of each other's Reputation or Fortune. You underſtand it aright, ſaid ſhe, and we become Friends. As ſoon as we are convinced that our Diſlike to each other may be of any Conſequence, for to tell you truly, ſaid ſhe, (for it is in vain to hide any Thing from a Man of your Pene-

Penetration) general Viſits are not made out of good Will, but for fear of ill Will. Punctuality in this Caſe is often a ſuſpicious Circumſtance; and there is nothing ſo common as to have a Lady ſay, I hope ſhe has heard nothing of what I ſaid of her, that ſhe grows ſo great with me—But indeed, my Porter is ſo dull and negligent, that I fear he has not put down half the People I owe Viſits to. Madam, ſaid I, methinks it ſhould be very proper if your Gentleman-Uſher, or Groom of the Chamber, were always to keep an Account by Way of Debtor and Creditor. I know a City Lady who uſes that Method, which I think very laudable; for though you may poſſibly at the Court-End of the Town receive at the Door, and light up better than within *Temple-Bar*, yet I muſt do that Juſtice to my Friends the Ladies within the Walls to own, that they are much more exact in their Correſpondence. The Lady I was going to mention as an Example, has always the Second Prentice out of the Compting-houſe for her own Uſe on her Viſiting-Day, and he ſets down very methodically all the Viſits which are made her. I remember very well, that on the Firſt of *January* laſt, when ſhe made up her Account for the Year 1708, it ſtood thus:

Mrs. *Courtwood*---Dr.		*Per contra* ——Cr.	
To Seventeen hundred and Four Viſits received.	1704	By Eleven hundred and Nine paid.	1109
		Due to Ballance——595	
			1704

This Gentlewoman is a Woman of great Oeconomy, and was not afraid to go to the Bottom of her Affairs; and therefore ordered her Apprentice to give her Credit for my Lady *Eaſy*'s impertinent Viſits upon wrong Days, and deduct only Twelve *per Cent.* He had Orders alſo to ſubſtract One and an Half from the whole of ſuch as ſhe had denied her ſelf to before ſhe kept a Day; and after taking thoſe proper Articles of Credit on her Side, ſhe was in Arrear but Five Hundred. She ordered her Husband to buy in a Couple of freſh Coach-Horſes; and with no other Loſs, than the Death of Two Footmen, and a Church-yard Cough brought upon her Coachman, ſhe was clear in the World on the 10th of *February* laſt, and keeps ſo before-hand, that ſhe pays every Body their own, and yet makes daily new Acquaintances. I know not whether this agreeable Viſitant was fired with the Example of the Lady I told her of, but ſhe immediately vaniſhed out of my Sight, it being, it ſeems, as neceſſary a Point of good Breeding, to go off as if you ſtole ſomething out of the Houſe, as it is to enter as if you came to fire it. I do not know one Thing that contributes ſo much to the leſſening the Eſteem

Eſteem Men of Senſe have to the Fair Sex as this Article of Viſits. A young Lady cannot be married, but all the Impertinents in Town muſt be beating the *Tattoo* from one Quarter of the Town to the other, to ſhow they know what paſſes. If a Man of Honour ſhould once in an Age marry a Woman of Merit for her intrinſick Value, the envious Things are all in Motion in an Inſtant to make it known to the Siſterhood as an Indiſcretion, and publiſh to the Town how many Pounds he might have had to have been troubled with one of them. After they are tired with that, the next Thing is, to make their Compliments to the Married Couple and their Relations. They are equally buſy at a Funeral, and the Death of a Perſon of Quality is always attended with the Murder of ſeveral Sets of Coach-Horſes and Chairmen. In both Caſes, the Viſitants are wholly unaffected, either with Joy or Sorrow. For which Reaſon, their Congratulations and Condolances are equally Words of Courſe; and one would be thought wonderfully ill-bred, that ſhould build upon ſuch Expreſſions as Encouragements, to expect from them any Inſtance of Friendſhip.

Thus are the true Cauſes of Living, and the ſolid Pleaſures of Life, loſt in Show, Impoſture, and Impertinence. As for my Part, I think moſt of the Misfortunes in Families ariſe from the trifling Way the Women have in ſpending their Time, and gratifying only their Eyes and Ears, inſtead of their Reaſon and Underſtanding.

A fine young Woman, bred under a Viſiting Mother, knows all that is poſſible for her to be acquainted with by Report, and ſees the Virtuous and the Vicious uſed ſo indifferently, that the Fears ſhe is born with are abated, and Deſires indulged, in Proportion to her Love of that light and trifling Converſation. I know I talk like an old Man; but I muſt go on to ſay, that I think, the general Reception of mixed Company, and the Pretty Fellows that are admitted at thoſe Aſſemblies, give a young Woman ſo falſe an Idea of Life, that ſhe is generally bred up with a Scorn of that Sort of Merit in a Man, which only can make her happy in Marriage; and the Wretch, to whoſe Lot ſhe falls, very often receives in his Arms a Coquet, with the Refuſe of an Heart long before given away to a Coxcomb.

Having received from the Society of Upholders, ſundry Complaints of the obſtinate and refractory Behaviour of ſeveral dead Perſons, who have been guilty of very great Outrages and Diſorders, and by that Means elaps'd the proper Time of their Interrment; and having on the other Hand received many Appeals from the aforeſaid dead Perſons, wherein they deſire to be heard before ſuch their Interrment; I have ſet apart Wedneſday *the 21ſt Inſtant, as an extraordinary Court-Day for the hearing both Parties. If therefore any one can alledge why they or any of their Acquaintance ſhould or ſhould not be buried, I deſire they may be ready with their Witneſſes at that Time, or that they will for ever after hold their Tongues.*

N. B. *This is the laſt Hearing on this Subject.*

The

The TATLER [N° 110.

—— Quæ Lucis Miſeris tam dira Cupido? Virg.

From *Tueſday*, *Dec.* 20. to *Thurſday*, *Dec.* 22. 1709.

Sheer-Lane, *December* 21.

AS ſoon as I had placed my ſelf in my Chair of Judicature, I ordered my Clerk Mr. *Lillie* to read to the Aſſembly (who were gathered together according to Notice) a certain Declaration, by Way of Charge, to open the Purpoſe of my Seſſion, which tended only to this Explanation, That as other Courts were often called to demand the Execution of Perſons dead in Law, ſo this was held to give the laſt Orders relating to thoſe who are dead in Reaſon. The Solicitor of the new Company of Upholders near the *Hay-Market* appeared in Behalf of that uſeful Society, and brought in an Accuſation of a young Woman, who her ſelf ſtood at the Bar before me. Mr. *Lillie* read her Indictment, which was in Subſtance, That whereas Mrs. *Rebecca Pinduſt*, of the Pariſh of St. *Martin in the Fields*, had, by the Uſe of one Inſtrument called a Looking-glaſs, and by the further Uſe of certain Attire, made either of Cambrick, Muſlin, or other Linen Wares, upon her Head, attained to ſuch an evil Art and magical Force in the Motion of her Eyes and Turn of her Countenance, that ſhe the ſaid *Rebecca* had put to

Death ſeveral young Men of the ſaid Pariſh; and that the ſaid young Men had acknowledged in certain Papers, commonly called Love-Letters (which were produced in Court, gilded on the Edges, and ſealed with a particular Wax, with certain amorous and enchanting Words wrought upon the ſaid Seals) that they died for the ſaid *Rebecca:* And whereas the ſaid *Rebecca* perſiſted in the ſaid evil Practice; this Way of Life the ſaid Society conſtrued to be, according to former Edicts, a State of Death, and demanded an Order for the Interrment of the ſaid *Rebecca.*

I looked upon the Maid with great Humanity, and deſired her to make Anſwer to what was ſaid againſt her. She ſaid, It was indeed true, that ſhe had practiſed all the Arts and Means ſhe could to diſpoſe of her ſelf happily in Marriage, but thought ſhe did not come under the Cenſure expreſſed in my Writings for the ſame; and humbly hoped, I would not condemn her for the Ignorance of her Accuſers, who, according to their own Words, had rather repreſented her killing, than dead. She further alledged, That the Expreſſions mentioned in the Papers written to her, were become meer Words, and that ſhe had been always ready to marry any of thoſe who ſaid they died for her; but that they made their Eſcape as ſoon as they found themſelves pitied or believed. She ended her Diſcourſe, by deſiring I would for the future ſettle the Meaning of the Words, *I Die,* in Letters of Love.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Pinduſt* behaved her ſelf with ſuch an Air of Innocence, that ſhe eaſily gained Credit, and was acquitted. Upon which Occaſion, I gave it as a ſtanding Rule, That any Perſons, who in any Letter, Billet, or Diſcourſe, ſhould tell a Woman he died for her, ſhould, if ſhe pleaſed, be obliged to live with her, or be immediately interred upon ſuch their own Confeſſion, without Bail or Mainprize.

It happened, that the very next who was brought before me was one of her Admirers, who was indicted upon that very Head. A Letter which he acknowledged to be his own Hand was read; in which were the following Words; *Cruel Creature, I die for you.* It was obſervable that he took Snuff all the Time his Accuſation was reading. I asked him, How he came to uſe theſe Words, if he were not a dead Man? He told me, He was in Love with a Lady, and did not know any other Way of telling her ſo; and that all his Acquaintance took the ſame Method. Though I was moved with Compaſſion towards him by reaſon of the Weakneſs of his Parts, yet for Example's-ſake, I was forced to anſwer, Your Sentence ſhall be a Warning to all the reſt of your Companions; not to tell Lies for want of Wit. Upon this, he began to beat his Snuff-box with a very ſawcy Air; and opening it again, Faith *Iſaac*, ſaid he, thou art a very unaccountable old Fellow—Prithee, who gave thee Power of Life and Death? What-a-Pox haſt thou to do with Ladies and Lovers? I ſuppoſe thou wouldſt have a Man be in Company with his Miſtreſs, and ſay nothing to her. Doſt thou call

breaking a Jeſt, telling a Lie? Ha! Is that thy Wiſdom, old Stiffrump, ha? He was going on with this inſipid Common-place Mirth, ſometimes opening his Box, ſometimes ſhutting it, then viewing the Picture on the Lid, and then the Workmanſhip of the Hinge, when, in the midſt of his Eloquence, I ordered his Box to be taken from him; upon which he was immediately ſtruck ſpeechleſs, and carried off ſtone dead.

The next who appeared, was a hale old Fellow of Sixty. He was brought in by his Relations, who deſired Leave to bury him. Upon requiring a diſtinct Account of the Priſoner, a credible Witneſs depoſed, That he always roſe at Ten of the Clock, played with his Cat till Twelve, ſmoaked Tobacco till One, was at Dinner till Two, then took another Pipe, played at Backgammon till Six, talked of one Madam *Frances*, an old Miſtreſs of his, till Eight, repeated the ſame Account at the Tavern till Ten, then returned Home, took t'other Pipe, and then to Bed. I asked him, what he had to ſay for himſelf? As to what (ſaid he) they mention concerning Madam *Frances*—I did not care for hearing a *Canterbury* Tale, and therefore thought my ſelf ſeaſonably interrupted by a young Gentleman who appeared in the Behalf of the old Man, and prayed an Arreſt of Judgment; for that he the ſaid young Man held certain Lands by his the ſaid old Man's Life. Upon this, the Solicitor of the Upholders took an Occaſion to demand him alſo, and thereupon produced ſeveral Evidences that witneſſed to his Life and Converſation.

verſation. It appeared, That each of them divided their Hours in Matters of equal Moment and Importance to themſelves and to the Publick. They roſe at the ſame Hour: While the old Man was playing with his Cat, the young One was looking out of his Window; while the old Man was ſmoaking his Pipe, the young Man was rubbing his Teeth; while One was at Dinner, the Other was dreſſing; while One was at Backgammon, the Other was at Dinner; while the old Fellow was talking of Madam *Frances*, the young One was either at Play, or toaſting Women whom he never converſed with. The only Difference was, That the young Man had never been good for any Thing; the old Man, a Man of Worth before he knew Madam *Frances*. Upon the Whole, I ordered them to be both interred together, with Inſcriptions proper to their Characters, ſignifying, That the old Man died in the Year 1689, and was buried in the Year 1709. And over the young One it was ſaid, That he departed this World in the 25th Year of his Death.

The next Claſs of Criminals, were Authors in Proſe and Verſe. Thoſe of them who had produced any ſtill-born Work, were immediately diſmiſſed to their Burial, and were followed by others, who, notwithſtanding ſome ſprightly Iſſue in their Life-time, had given Proofs of their Death, by ſome Poſthumous Children, that bore no Reſemblance to their elder Brethren. As for thoſe who were the Fathers of a mixed Progeny, provided always they could prove the laſt to be a live Child, they eſcaped with Life, but not

not without Loſs of Limbs; for in this Caſe, I was ſatisfied with Amputation of the Parts which were mortified.

Theſe were followed by a great Crowd of ſuperannuated Benchers of the Inns of Court, Senior Fellows of Colleges, and defunct Stateſmen; all whom I ordered to be decimated indifferently, allowing the reſt a Reprieve for one Year, with a Promiſe of a free Pardon in Caſe of Reſuſcitation.

There were ſtill great Multitudes to be examined; but finding it very late, I adjourned the Court; not without the ſecret Pleaſure that I had done my Duty, and furniſhed out an handſome Execution.

Going out of the Court, I received a Letter, informing me, That in Purſuance of the Edict of Juſtice in one of my late Viſions, all thoſe of the Fair Sex began to appear pregnant who had ran any Hazard of it; as was manifeſt by a particular Swelling in the Petticoats of ſeveral Ladies in and about this great City. I muſt confeſs, I do not attribute the Riſing of this Part of the Dreſs to this Occaſion, yet muſt own, that I am very much diſpoſed to be offended with ſuch a new and unaccountable Faſhion. I ſhall however pronounce nothing upon it, till I have examined all that can be ſaid for and againſt it. And in the mean Time, think fit to give this Notice to the fair Ladies who are now making up their Winter-Suits, that they may abſtain from all Dreſſes of that Kind, till they ſhall find what Judgment will be paſſed upon them; for it would very much trouble

trouble me, that they ſhould put themſelves to an unneceſſary Expence; and could not but think my ſelf to blame, if I ſhould hereafter forbid them the Wearing of ſuch Garments, when they have laid out Money upon them, without having given them any previous Admonition.

N. B. *A Letter of the 16th Inſtant about One of the 5th, will be anſwered according to the Deſire of the Party, which he will ſee in few Days.*

The TATLER. [N° 111.

——*Procul O! Procul eſte Profani!* Virg.

From *Thurſday, Dec.* 22. to *Saturday, Dec.* 24. 1709.

Sheer-Lane, December 23.

THE Watchman, who does me particular Honours, as being the chief Man in the Lane, gave ſo very great a Thump at my Door laſt Night, that I awakened at the Knock, and heard my ſelf Complimented with the uſual Salutation of, *Good Morrow Mr.* Bickerſtaff, *Good morrow my Maſters all.* The Silence and Darkneſs of the Night, diſpoſed me to be more than ordinarily ſerious; and as my Attention was not drawn out among exterior Objects, by the Avocations of Senſe, my Thoughts naturally fell upon my ſelf. I was conſidering, amidſt the Stilneſs of the Night, What was the proper Employment of a Thinking Being? What were the Pefections

Perfections it ſhould propoſe to it ſelf? And, What the End it ſhould aim at? My Mind is of ſuch a particular Caſt, that the Falling of a Shower of Rain, or the Whiſtling of Wind, at ſuch a Time, is apt to fill my Thoughts with ſomething awful and ſolemn. I was in this Diſpoſition, when our Bellman began his Midnight Homily (which he has been repeating to us every Winter Night for theſe Twenty Years) with the uſual Exordium.

Oh! mortal Man, thou that art born in Sin!

Sentiments of this Nature, which are in themſelves juſt and reaſonable, however debaſed by the Circumſtances that accompany them, do not fail to produce their natural Effect in a Mind that is not perverted and depraved by wrong Notions of Gallantry, Politeneſs, and Ridicule. The Temper which I now found my ſelf in, as well as the Time of the Year, put me in Mind of thoſe Lines in *Shakeſpear*, wherein, according to his agreeable Wildneſs of Imagination, he has wrought a Country Tradition into a beautiful Piece of Poetry. In the Tragedy of *Hamlet*, where the Ghoſt vaniſhes upon the Cock's Crowing, he takes Occaſion to mention its Crowing all Hours of the Night about *Chriſtmas* Time, and to inſinuate a Kind of religious Veneration for that Seaſan.

It faded on the Crowing of the C ck.
Some ſay, That ever 'gainſt that Seaſon comes
Wherein our Saviour's Birth is celebrated,
The Bird of Dawning ſingeth all Night long;

And

And then, ſay they, no Spirit dares walk Abroad:
The Nights are wholſom, then no Planets ſtrike,
No Fairy takes, no Witch has Power to charm;
So hallowed, and ſo gracious is the Time.

This admirable Author, as well as the beſt and greateſt Men of all Ages, and of all Nations, ſeems to have had his Mind throughly ſeaſoned with Religion, as is evident by many Paſſages in his Plays, that would not be ſuffered by a modern Audience; and are therefore certain Inſtances, that the Age he lived in had a much greater Senſe of Virtue than the preſent.

It is indeed a melancholy Reflection to conſider, That the *Britiſh* Nation, which is now at a greater Height of Glory for its Councils and Conqueſts than it ever was before, ſhould diſtinguiſh it ſelf by a certain Looſeneſs of Principles, and a Falling off from thoſe Schemes of Thinking, which conduce to the Happineſs and Perfection of humane Nature. This Evil comes upon us from the Works of a few ſolemn Blockheads, that meet together with the Zeal and Seriouſneſs of Apoſtles, to extirpate common Senſe, and propagate Infidelity. Theſe are the Wretches, who, without any Show of Wit, Learning, or Reaſon, publiſh their crude Conceptions with an Ambition of appearing more wiſe than the reſt of Mankind, upon no other Pretence, than that of diſſenting from them. One gets by Heart a Catalogue of Title Pages and Editions; and immediately to become conſpicuous, declares that he is an Unbeliever. Another knows how to write a Receipt, or cut

up

up a Dog, and forthwith argues againſt the Immortality of the Soul. I have known many a little Wit, in the Oſtentation of his Parts, rally the Truth of the Scripture, who was not able to read a Chapter in it. Theſe poor Wretches talk Blaſphemy for Want of Diſcourſe, and are rather the Objects of Scorn or Pity, than of our Indignation; but the grave Diſputant, that reads and writes, and ſpends all his Time in convincing himſelf and the World, that he is no better than a Brute, ought to be whipped out of a Government, as a Blot to a civil Society, and a Defamer of Mankind. I love to conſider an Infidel, whether diſtinguſhed by the Title of Deiſt, Atheiſt, or Free-thinker, in Three different Lights, in his Solitudes, his Afflictions, and his laſt Moments.

A wiſe Man, that lives up to the Principles of Reaſon and Virtue, if one conſiders him in his Solitude, as taking in the Syſtem of the Univerſe, obſerving the mutual Dependance and Harmony, by which the whole Frame of it hangs together, beating down his Paſſions, or ſwelling his Thoughts with magnificent Idea's of Providence, makes a nobler Figure in the Eye of an intelligent Being, than the greateſt Conqueror amidſt all the Pomps and Solemnities of a Triumph. On the contrary, there is not a more ridiculous Animal than an Atheiſt in his Retirement. His Mind is incapable of Rapture or Elevation: He can only conſider himſelf as an inſignificant Figure in a Landskip, and wandring up and down in a Field or a Meadow, under the ſame Terms as the meaneſt Animals about

about him, and as ſubject to as total a Mortality as they, with this Aggravation, That he is the only one amongſt 'em who lies under the Apprehenſion of it.

In Diſtreſſes, he muſt be of all Creatures the moſt helpleſs and forlorn; he feels the whole Preſſure of a preſent Calamity, without being relieved by the Memory of any Thing that is paſſed, or the Proſpect of any Thing that is to come. Annihilation is the greateſt Bleſſing that he propoſes to himſelf, and an Halter or a Piſtol the only Refuge he can fly to. But if you would behold one of theſe Gloomy Miſcreants in his pooreſt Figure, you muſt conſider him under the Terrors, or at the Approach, of Death.

About Thirty Years ago I was a Shipboard with one of theſe Vermin, when there aroſe a briſk Gale, which could frighten no Body but himſelf. Upon the rowling of the Ship he fell upon his Knees, and confeſſed to the Chaplain, that he had been a vile Atheiſt, and had denied a Supreme Being ever ſince he came to his Eſtate. The good Man was aſtoniſhed, and a Report immediately ran through the Ship, That there was an Atheiſt upon the Upper-Deck. Several of the common Seamen, who had never heard the Word before, thought it had been ſome ſtrange Fiſh; but they were more ſurprized when they ſaw it was a Man, and heard out of his own Mouth, That he never believed till that Day that there was a God. As he lay in the Agonies of Confeſſion, one of the honeſt Tarrs whiſpered to the Boatſwain, That it would be

a

a good Deed to heave him over Board. But we were now within Sight of Port, when of a ſudden the Wind fell, and the Penitent relapſed, begging all of us that were preſent, as we were Gentlemen, not to ſay any Thing of what had paſſed.

He had not been aſhore above Two Days, when one of the Company began to rally him upon his Devotion on Shipboard, which the other denied in ſo high Terms, that it produced the Lie on both Sides. and ended in a Duel. The Atheiſt was run through the Body, and after ſome Loſs of Blood, became as good a Chriſtian as he was at Sea, till he found that his Wound was not mortal. He is at preſent one of the Free-Thinkers of the Age, and now writing a Pamphlet againſt ſeveral received Opinions concerning the Exiſtence of Fairies.

As I have taken upon me to cenſure the Faults of the Age, and Country which I live in, I ſhould have thought my ſelf inexcuſable to have paſſed over this Crying one, which is the Subject of my preſent Diſcourſe. I ſhall therefore from Time to Time give my Countrymen particular Cautions againſt this Diſtemper of the Mind, that is almoſt become faſhionable, and by that Means more likely to ſpread. I have ſomewhere either read or heard a very memorable Sentence, That a Man would be a moſt inſupportable Monſter, ſhould he have the Faults that are incident to his Years, Conſtitution, Profeſſion, Family, Religion, Age, and Country; and yet every Man is in Danger of them all. For this Reaſon, as I am an old Man, I take particular

ticular Care to avoid being covetous, and telling long Stories: As I am Cholerick, I forbear not only Swearing, but all Interjections of Fretting, as Pugh! Piſh! and the like. As I am a Layman, I reſolve not to convince an Averſion for a wiſe and good Man, becauſe his Coat is of a different Colour from mine. As I am deſcended of the ancient Family of the *Bickerſtaffs*, I never call a Man of Merit an Upſtart. As a Proteſtant, I do not ſuffer my Zeal ſo far to tranſport me, as to name the Pope and the Devil together. As I am fallen into this degenerate Age, I guard my ſelf particularly againſt the Folly I have been now ſpeaking of. And as I am an *Engliſhman*, I am very cautious not to hate a Stranger, or deſpiſe a poor *Palatine*.

The TATLER. [N° 112.

Accedat Suavitas quædam oportet Sermonum, atque Morum, haudquaquam mediocre Condimentum Amicitiæ. Triſtitia autem, & in omni Re Severitas abſit. Habet illa quidem Gravitatem, ſed Amicitia remiſſior eſſe debet, & liberior, & dulcior, & ad omnem Comitatem Facilitatemque proclivior. Tull.

From *Saturday*, *Dec.* 24. to *Tueſday*, *Dec.* 27. 1709.

Sheer-Lane, *December* 26.

AS I was looking over my Letters this Morning, I chanced to caſt my Eye upon the following one, which came to my Hands about

Two Months ago from an old Friend of mine, who, as I have ſince learned, was the Perſon that writ the agreeable Epiſtle inſerted in my Paper of the Third of the laſt Month. It is of the ſame Turn with the other, and may be looked upon as a Specimen of *Right Country Letters.*

SIR,

THis ſets out to you from my Summer-Houſe upon the Terras, where I am enjoying a few Hours Sunſhine, the ſcanty ſweet Remains of a fine Autumn. The Year is almoſt at the loweſt; ſo that in all Appearance, the reſt of my Letters between this and Spring will be dated from my Parlour-Fire, where the little fond Prattle of a Wife and Children will ſo often break in upon the Connexion of my Thoughts, that you'll eaſily diſcover it in my Style. If this Winter ſhould prove as ſevere as the laſt, I can tell you before-hand, that I am likely to be a very miſerable Man, through the perverſe Temper of my eldeſt Boy. When the Froſt was in its Extremity, you muſt know, that moſt of the Black-birds, Robins, and Finches, of the Pariſh (whoſe Muſick had entertained me in the Summer) took Refuge under my Roof. Upon this, my Care was, to riſe every Morning before Day to ſet open my Windows for the Reception of the Cold and the Hungry, whom at the ſame Time I relieved with a very plentiful Alms, by ſtrewing Corn and Seeds upon the Floors and Shelves. But Dicky, *without any Regard to the Laws of Hoſpitality, conſidered the Caſements as ſo many Traps, and uſed every Bird as a Priſoner at Diſcretion. Never did Tyrant exerciſe more various Cruelties: Some of the poor Creatures he chaſed to Death about*

about the Room; others he drove into the Jaws of a Blood-thirſty Cat; and even in his greateſt Acts of Mercy, either clipped the Wings, or ſinged the Tails, of his innocent Captives. You'll laugh, when I tell you I ſympathized with every Bird in its Misfortunes; but I believe you'll think me in the Right for bewailing the Child's unlucky Humour. On the other Hand, I am extreamly pleaſed to ſee his younger Brother carry an univerſal Benevolence towards every Thing that has Life. When he was between Four and Five Years old, I caught him weeping over a beautiful Butterfly, which he chanced to kill as he was playing with it; and I am informed, that this Morning he has given his Brother Three Halfpence (which was his whole Eſtate) to ſpare the Life of a Tom-Tit. Theſe are at preſent the Matters of greateſt Moment within my Obſervation, and I know are too trifling to be communicated to any but ſo wiſe a Man as your ſelf, and from one who has the Happineſs to be,

Your moſt Faithful,
and moſt Obedient Servant.

The beſt Critick that ever wrote, ſpeaking of ſome Paſſages in *Homer* which appear extravagant or frivolous, ſays indeed that they are Dreams; but the Dreams of *Jupiter*. My Friend's Letter appears to me in the ſame Light. One ſees him in an idle Hour; but at the ſame Time in the idle Hour of a wiſe Man. A great Mind has ſomething in it too ſevere and forbidding, that is not capable of giving it ſelf ſuch little Relaxations, and of condeſcending to theſe agreeable Ways of Trifling. *Tully*,

when he celebrates the Friendſhip of *Scipio* and *Lelius*, who were the greateſt, as well as the politeſt, Men of their Age, repreſents it as a beautiful Paſſage in their Retirement, that they uſed to gather up Shells on the Sea-Shore, and amuſe themſelves with the Variety of Shape and Colour, which they met with in thoſe little unregarded Works of Nature. The great *Ageſilaus* could be a Companion to his own Children, and was ſurpriſed by the Ambaſſadors of *Sparta*, as he was riding among them upon an Hobby-Horſe. *Auguſtus* indeed had no Play-Fellows of his own begetting; but is ſaid to have paſſed many of his Hours with little *Moori ſh* Boys at a Game of Marbles, not unlike our modern Taw. There is (methinks) a Pleaſure in ſeeing great Men thus fall into the Rank of Mankind, and entertain themſelves with Diverſions and Amuſements that are agreeable to the very weakeſt of the Species. I muſt frankly confeſs, that it is to me a Beauty in *Cato*'s Character, that he would drink a chearful Bottle with a Friend; and I cannot but own, that I have ſeen with great Delight one of the moſt celebrated Authors of the laſt Age feeding the Ducks in St *James*'s Park. By Inſtances of this Nature, the Heroes, the Stateſmen, the Philoſophers, become as it were familiar with us, and grow the more amiable, the leſs they endeavour to appear awful. A Man who always acts in the Severity of Wiſdom, or the Haughtineſs of Quality, ſeems to move in a perſonated Part: It looks too Conſtrained and Theatrical for a Man to be always in that Character which

which diſtinguiſhes him from others. Beſides that, the Slackening and Unbending our Minds on ſome Occaſions, makes them exert themſelves with greater Vigour and Alacrity, when they return to their proper and natural State.

As this innocent Way of paſſing a leiſure Hour is not only conſiſtent with a great Character, but very graceful in it, ſo there are Two Sorts of People to whom I would moſt earneſtly recommend it. The Firſt, are thoſe who are uneaſy out of Want of Thought; the Second, are thoſe who are ſo out of a Turbulence of Spirit. The Firſt are the impertinent, and the Second the dangerous Part of Mankind.

It grieves me to the very Heart, when I ſee ſeveral young Gentlemen, deſcended of honeſt Parents, run up and down hurrying from one End of the Town to the other, calling in at every Place of Reſort, without being able to fix a Quarter of an Hour in any, and in a particular Haſte without knowing for what. It would (methinks) be ſome Conſolation, if I could perſwade theſe precipitate young Gentlemen to compoſe this Reſtleſneſs of Mind, and apply themſelves to any Amuſement, how trivial ſoever, that might give them Employment, and keep them out of Harm's Way. They cannot imagine how great a Relief it would be to them, if they could grow ſedate enough to play for Two or Three Hours at a Game of Puſh-pin. But theſe buſie, idle Animals, are only their own Tormentors: The Turbulent and Dangerous are for embroiling Councils, ſtirring up Seditions, and ſubverting Conſtitutions, out of a meer Reſt-

leſneſs of Temper, and an Inſenſibility of all the Pleaſures of Life that are calm and innocent. It is impoſſible for a Man to be ſo much employed in any Scene of Action, as to have great and good Affairs enough to fill up his whole Time; there will ſtill be Caſms and empty Spaces, in which a working Mind will employ it ſelf to its own Prejudice, or that of others, unleſs it can be at Eaſe in the Exerciſe of ſuch Actions as are in themſelves indifferent. How often have I wiſhed, for the Good of the Nation, That ſeveral famous Politicians could take any Pleaſure in feeding Ducks. I look upon an able Stateſman out of Buſineſs like a huge Whale, that will endeavour to overturn the Ship, unleſs he has an empty Cask to play with.

But to return to my good Friend and Correſpondent, I am afraid we ſhall both be laughed at, when I confeſs, that we have often gone out into the Field to look upon a Bird's-Neſt; and have more than once taken an Evening's Walk together on purpoſe to ſee the Sun ſet. I ſhall conclude with my Anſwer to his foregoing Letter:

Dear SIR,

I Thank you for your obliging Letter, and your Kindneſs to the Diſtreſſed, who will, doubtleſs, expreſs their Gratitude to you themſelves the next Spring. As for Dick *the Tyrant, I muſt deſire you will put a ſtop to his Proceedings; and at the ſame Time take Care, that his little Brother be no Loſer by his Mercy to the* Tom-Tit. *For my own Part, I am excluded all Converſation with Animals that de-*

light

light only in a Country Life, and am therefore forced to entertain my ſelf as well as I can with my little Dog and Cat. They both of 'em ſit by my Fire every Night, expecting my coming Home with Impatience; and at my Entrance, never fail of running up to me, and bidding me welcome, each of 'em in his proper Language. As they have been bred up together from their Infancy, and ſeen no other Company, they have learned each others Manners, ſo that the Dog often gives himſelf the Airs of a Cat, and the Cat, in ſeveral of her Motions and Geſtures, affects the Behaviour of the little Dog. When they are at Play, I often make one with them; and ſometimes pleaſe my ſelf with conſidering, how much Reaſon and Inſtinct are capable of delighting each other. Thus you ſee, I have communicated to you the material Occurrences in my Family, with the ſame Freedom that you uſe to me; as I am with the ſame Sincerity and Affection,

Your moſt Faithful
Humble Servant,
Iſaac Bickerſtaff.

The TATLER. [N° 113.

Ecce iterum Criſpinus! Juv.

From *Tueſday Dec.* 27. to *Thurſday Dec.* 29 1709.

Haymarket, December 23.

WHereas the Gentleman that behaved himſelf in a very diſobedient and obſtinate

Manner at his late Tryal in *Sheer-Lane* on the 20th Inſtant, and was carried off dead upon the taking away of his Snuff-Box, remains ſtill unburied; the Company of Upholders not knowing otherwiſe how they ſhould be paid, have taken his Goods in Execution to defray the Charge of his Funeral. His ſaid Effects are to be expoſed to ſale by Auction at their Office in the *Haymarket* on the 4th of *January* next, and are as follow:

A very rich Tweezer-Caſe, containing Twelve Inſtruments for the Uſe of each Hour in the Day.

Four Pounds of ſcented Snuff, with Three gilt Snuff-Boxes; one of them with an inviſible Hinge, and a Looking-glaſs in the Lid.

Two more of Ivory, with the Portraitures on their Lids of Two Ladies of the Town; the Originals to be ſeen every Night in the Side-Boxes of the Playhouſe.

A Sword with a Steel Diamond Hilt, never drawn but once at *May-Fair*.

Six clean Packs of Cards, a Quart of Orange-Flower-Water, a Pair of *French* Sciſſars, a Tooth-pick Caſe, and an Eyebrow Bruſh.

A large Glaſs-Caſe, containing the Linnen and Clothes of the Deceaſed; among which are, Two embroidered Suits; a Pocket Perſpective, a Dozen Pair of Red-heeled Shooes, Three Pair of Red Silk Stockings, and an Amber-headed Cane.

The Strong Box of the Deceaſed, wherein were found, Five Billetdoux, a *Bath* Shilling,

a

a crooked Sixpence, a Silk Garter, a Lock of Hair, and Three broken Fans.

A Preſs for Books; containg on the Upper Shelf,

Three Bottles of Diet-Drink.

Two Boxes of Pills.

A Syringe, and other Mathematical Inſtruments.

On the Second Shelf are ſeveral Miſcellaneous Works; as,

Lampoons.

Plays.

Taylors Bills,

And an *Almanack* for the Year Seventeen Hundred.

On the Third Shelf,

A Bundle of Letters unopened, indorſed, (in the Hand of the Deceaſed) *Letters from the Old Gentleman.*

Leſſons for the Flute.

Toland's Chriſtianity not Myſterious. And a Paper filled with Patterns of ſeveral faſhionable Stuffs.

On the Loweſt Shelf,

One Shooe.

A Pair of Snuffers.

A *French* Grammar.

A Mourning Hatband: And Half a Bottle of Uſquebaugh.

There will be added to theſe Goods, to make a compleat Auction, a Collection of Gold Snuff-Boxes

Boxes and Clouded Canes, which are to continue in Faſhion for Three Months after the Sale.

The Whole are to be ſet up and prized by *Charles Bubbleboy*, who is to open the Auction with a Speech.

I find that I am ſo very unhappy, that while I am buſie in correcting the Folly and Vice of one Sex, ſeveral Exorbitances break out in the other. I have not throughly examined their new-faſhioned Petticoats, but ſhall ſet aſide one Day in the next Week for that Purpoſe. The following Petition on this Subject was preſented to me this Morning.

The Humble Petition of William Jingle, *Coach-maker and Chair-maker of the Liberty of* Weſtminſter.

To *Iſaac Bickerſtaff* Eſq; Cenſor of *Great Britain*:

SHEWETH,

'That upon the late Invention of Mrs. *Catherine Croſs-Stitch*, Mantoe-maker, the Petticoats 'of Ladies were too wide for entring into any 'Coach or Chair which was in Uſe before the 'ſaid Invention.

'That for the Service of the ſaid Ladies, your 'Petitioner has built a round Chair, in the Form 'of a Lanthorn, Six Yards and an half in Circumference, with a Stool in the Centre of it; 'the ſaid Vehicle being ſo contrived, as to receive the Paſſenger by opening in Two in the 'Middle, and cloſing Mathematically when ſhe 'is ſeated.

'That

'That your Petitioner has also invented a 'Coach for the Reception of one Lady only, 'who is to be let in at the Top.

'That the said Coach has been tried by a La- 'dy's Woman in one of these full Petticoats, 'who was let down from a Balcony, and drawn 'up again by Pullies, to the great Satisfaction 'of her Lady, and all who beheld her.

'Your Petitioner therefore most humbly 'prays, That for the Encouragement of Inge- 'nuity and useful Inventions, he may be heard 'before you pass Sentence upon the Petticoats 'aforesaid.

'And your Petitioner, *&c.*

I have likewise received a Female Petition, signed by several Thousands, praying, That I would not any longer defer giving Judgment in the Case of the Petticoat, many of them having put off the making new Clothes, till such Time as they know what Verdict will pass upon it. I do therefore hereby certify to all whom it may concern, That I do design to set apart *Tuesday* next for the final Determination of that Matter, having already ordered a Jury of Matrons to be impannelled, for the clearing up of any difficult Points that may arise in the Tryal.

Being informed, That several Dead Men in and about this City do keep out of the Way and abscond, for Fear of being buried; and being willing to respite their Interment, in Consideration of their Families, and in Hopes of their Amendment, I shall allow them certain Privileged-Places, where they may appear

to

to one another, without cauſing any Lett or Moleſtation to the Living, or receiving any in their own Perſons from the Company of Upholders. Between the Hours of Seven and Nine in the Morning, they may appear in Safety at St. James's *Coffee-houſe, or at* White's, *if they do not keep their Beds, which it more proper for Men in their Condition. From Nine to Eleven, I allow them to walk from* Story's *to* Roſamond's *Pond in the* Park, *or in any other publick Walks which are not frequented by the Living at that Time. Between Eleven and Three, they are to vaniſh, and keep out of Sight till Three in the Afternoon; at which Time, they may go to* Change *till Five; and then, if they pleaſe, divert themſelves at the* Hay-Market, *or* Drury-Lane, *till the Play begins. It is further granted in Favour of theſe Perſons, That they may be received at any Table, where there are more preſent than Seven in Number; provided, that they do not take upon them to talk, judge, command, or find Fault with any Speech, Action or Behaviour, of the Living. In which Caſe, it ſhall be lawful to ſeize their Perſons at any Place or Hour whatſoever, and to convey their Bodies to the next Undertakers; any Thing in this Advertiſement to the contrary notwithſtanding.*

The

The TATLER. [N° 114.

Ut in Vitâ, ſic in Studiis, pulcherrimum & humaniſſimum exiſtimo, Severitatem Comitatemque miſcere, ne illa in Triſtitiam, hæc in Petulantiam procedat. Plin. Epiſt.

From *Thurſday*, *Dec.* 29. to *Saturday*, *Dec.* 31. 1709.

Sheer-Lane, *December* 30.

I Was walking about my Chamber this Morning in a very gay Humour, when I ſaw a Coach ſtop at my Door, and a Youth about Fifteen alighting out of it, who I perceived to be the eldeſt Son of my Boſom-Friend that I gave ſome Account of in my Paper of the 17th of the laſt Month. I felt a ſenſible Pleaſure riſing in me at the Sight of him, my Acquaintance having begun with his Father when he was juſt ſuch a Stripling, and about that very Age. When he came up to me, he took me by the Hand, and burſt into Tears. I was extreamly moved, and immediately ſaid, Child, How does your Father do? He began to reply, My Mother—But could not go on for weeping. I went down with him into the Coach, and gathered out of him, That his Mother was then dying, and that while the holy Man was doing the laſt Offices to her, he had taken that Time to come and call me to his Father, who (he ſaid) would certainly break his Heart if I did not go and comfort him. The Child's

Child's Diſcretion in coming to me of his own Head, and the Tenderneſs he ſhowed for his Parents, would have quite overpowered me, had I not reſolved to fortify my ſelf for the ſeaſonable Performances of thoſe Duties which I owed to my Friend. As we were going, I could not but reflect upon the Character of that excellent Woman, and the Greatneſs of his Grief for the Loſs of one who has ever been the Support to him under all other Afflictions. How (thought I) will he be able to bear the Hour of her Death, that could not, when I was lately with him, ſpeak of a Sickneſs, which was then paſt, without Sorrow. We were now got pretty far into *Weſtminſter*, and arrived at my Friend's Houſe. At the Door of it I met *Favonius*, not without a ſecret Satisfaction to find he had been there. I had formerly converſed with him at his Houſe; and as he abounds with that ſort of Virtue and Knowledge which makes Religion beautiful, and never leads the Converſation into the Violence and Rage of Party-Diſputes, I liſtened to him with great Pleaſure. Our Diſcourſe chanced to be upon the Subject of Death, which he treated with ſuch a Strength of Reaſon, and Greatneſs of Soul, that inſtead of being terrible, it appeared to a Mind rightly cultivated, altogether to be contemned, or rather to be deſired. As I met him at the Door, I ſaw in his Face a certain Glowing of Grief and Humanity, heighten'd with an Air of Fortitude and Reſolution, which, as I afterwards found, had ſuch an irreſiſtible Force, as to ſuſpend the Pains of the Dying, and the Lamentation of the neareſt Friends who

who attended her. I went up directly to the Room where she lay, and was met at the Entrance by my Friend, who, notwithstanding his Thoughts had been composed a little before, at the Sight of me, turned away his Face and wept. The little Family of Children renewed the Expressions of their Sorrow according to their several Ages and Degrees of Understanding. The eldest Daughter was in Tears, busied in Attendance upon her Mother; others were kneeling about the Bed-side: And what troubled me most was, to see a little Boy, who was too young to know the Reason, weeping only because his Sisters did. The only one in the Room who seemed resigned and comforted, was the dying Person. At my Approach to the Bed-side, she told me, with a low broken Voice, This is kindly done——Take Care of your Friend—Don't go from him. She had before taken Leave of her Husband and Children, in a Manner proper for so solemn a Parting, and with a Gracefulness peculiar to a Woman of her Character. My Heart was torn in Pieces to see the Husband on one Side suppressing and keeping down the Swellings of his Grief, for Fear of disturbing her in her last Moments; and the Wife even at that Time concealing the Pains she endured, for Fear of encreasing his Affliction. She kept her Eyes upon him for some Moments after she grew speechless, and soon after closed them for ever. In the Moment of her Departure, my Friend (who had thus far commanded himself) gave a deep Groan, and fell into a Swoon by her Bed-side. The Distraction of the Children, who thought

thought they ſaw both their Parents expiring together, and now lying dead before them, would have melted the hardeſt Heart; but they ſoon perceived their Father recover, whom I helped to remove into another Room, with a Reſolution to accompany him till the firſt Pangs of his Affliction were abated. I knew Conſolation would now be impertinent; and therefore contented my ſelf to ſit by him, and condole with him in Silence. For I ſhall here uſe the Method of an ancient Author, who in one of his Epiſtles relating the Virtues and Death of *Macrinus*'s Wife, expreſſes himſelf thus; "I ſhall ſuſpend my Advice to this beſt of Friends, till he is made capable of receiving it by thoſe Three great Remedies, (*Neceſſitas ipſa, Dies longa, & Satietas Doloris*) The Neceſſity of Submiſſion, Length of Time, and Satiety of Grief.

In the mean Time, I cannot but conſider with much Commiſeration, the melancholly State of one who has had ſuch a Part of himſelf torn from him, and which he miſſes in every Circumſtance of Life. His Condition is like that of one who has lately loſt his Right Arm, and is every Moment offering to help himſelf with it. He does not appear to himſelf the ſame Perſon in his Houſe, at his Table, in Company, or in Retirement; and loſes the Reliſh of all the Pleaſures and Diverſions that were before entertaining to him by her Participation of them. The moſt agreeable Objects recall the Sorrow for her with whom he uſed to enjoy them. This additional Satisfaction, from the Taſte of Pleaſures in the Society of one we love, is admirably deſcribed

deſcribed in *Milton*, who repreſents *Eve*, tho' in Paradiſe it ſelf, no further pleaſed with the beautiful Objects around her, then as ſhe ſees them in Company with *Adam*, in that Paſſage ſo inexpreſſibly charming.

With Thee converſing, I forget all Time,
All Seaſons, and their Change; all pleaſe alike.
Sweet is the Breath of Morn, her Riſing ſweet
With Charm of earlieſt Birds; pleaſant the Sun,
When firſt on this delightful Land he ſpreads
His Orient Beams, on Herb, Tree, Fruit and Flower,
Gliſt'ring with Dew; fragant the fertile Earth
After ſoft Showers, and ſweet the coming on
Of grateful Evening mild; the ſilent Night,
With this her ſolemn Bird, and this fair Moon,
And theſe the Gems of Heaven her Starry Train.
But neither Breath of Morn when ſhe aſcends
With Charm of earlieſt Birds, nor riſing Sun
In this delightful Land, nor Herb, Fruit, Flower,
Gliſt'ring with Dew, nor Fragrance after Showers,
Nor grateful Evening mild, nor ſilent Night,
With this her ſolemn Bird, nor Walk by Moon,
Or glittering Star-light, without Thee is ſweet.

The Variety of Images in this Paſſage is infinitely pleaſing, and the Recapitulation of each particular Image, with a little varying of the Expreſſion, makes one of the fineſt Turns of Words that I have ever ſeen: Which I rather mention, becauſe Mr. *Dryden* has ſaid in his Preface to *Juvenal*, That he could meet with no Turn of Words in *Milton*.

It may further be obſerved, That though the Sweetneſs of theſe Verſes has ſomething in it of a Paſtoral, yet it excels the ordinary Kind, as much as the Scene of it is above an ordinary Field or Meadow. I might here, ſince I am accidentally led into this Subject, ſhow ſeveral Paſſages in *Milton* that have as excellent Turns of this Nature, as any of our *Engliſh* Poets whatſoever; but ſhall only mention that which follows, in which he deſcribes the Fallen Angels engaged in the intricate Diſputes of Predeſtination, Free-will, and Fore-knowledge; and to humour the Perplexity, makes a Kind of Labyrinth in the very Words that deſcribe it.

Others apart ſat on a Hill retir'd,
In Thoughts more elevate, and reaſon'd high
Of Providence, Fore-knowledge, Will and Fate,
Fix'd Fate, Free-will, Fore-knowledge abſolute,
And found no End in wand'ring Mazes loſt.



The End of the Second Volume.

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